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FRANCE AND THE OECUMENICAL COUNCIL OF 1869.

THREE men have been especially remarkable in the ranks of Catholic Liberalism. Two of these were the Abbé Lacordaire and the Count de Montalembert, the former of whom had recommenced his famous displays of eloquence in the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was in vain that his enemies had tried to keep him in obscurity, in consequence of his early association with Lamennais. He had but to open his lips in the little chapel of the Collège Stanislaus where his splendid orations produced an effect which, in spite of all the clamors of bigotry, raised him to the pulpit of the metropolitan cathedral. Various precautions were taken by his opponents, the outlines of his discourses were demanded; but once caught in the flood-tide of his eloquence, the torrent carried everything before it, and the archbishop's court sought in vain in the fiery improvisation of the orator for the sketch which had been previously approved. He trod the verge of the abysses with-

out, however, falling into them; but the modern spirit of Liberalism pervaded all he said. His attempt to restore the Dominican order in France is well known. The white robe of the monk contrasted strangely with his thoroughly secular style of thought and expression. His conferences have led to much criticism; their arguments are often sophistical, the dialectic is at times fanciful, and, after all, the basis of Catholic doctrine is defended in its utmost rigor; but a generous spirit breathes through all his utterances, and his audience, always subdued and enchanted, yielded to the electric power of his eloquence, on the surface of which ever floated his ardent love of liberty. Immediately after the *coup d'état* all the pulpits of Paris were closed to the illustrious Dominican, and he was never heard again in the city, except on the one occasion of his reception into the French Academy. Since his death in 1861, many of the secrets of his inner life have been made public.

The brilliant orator who at times produced all the effect of an ancient tribune, practised the strictest austerities of his Order. He inflicted on himself almost unparalleled macerations, and these, no doubt, helped to shorten his life. He thirsted after humiliation and suffering, and did not shrink from an extreme of asceticism, which could scarcely be surpassed by a Hindu fakir. In the depths of his heart Lacordaire suffered intensely from the bitter conflict between the convictions of his youth, and his sincere yet enforced submission to the Papacy. He well knew that the spirit is above the letter, and that the spirit of Rome was not that which animated either his life or his words.

M. de Montalembert was the worthy rival and faithful friend of the great Dominican preacher. More plastic and profoundly influenced by an affectionate nature, he had greater difficulty in freeing himself from the strong links which bound him to Lamennais; but yet for a time the rupture was more entire. There was, indeed, one phase of his life when he preferred the church to liberty. This was during the strong reaction which followed the Revolution of 1848. On the eve of the events of 1851 his attitude was not what might have been expected from his antecedents. His horror of demagogues inclined him for the moment towards Imperialism, but when he arose from this moral swoon, with what astounding eloquence did he launch his thunders against Absolutism and all its tools, especially against those nearest to him who had dishonored Catholicism by unworthy alliances! Sincerely Christian, of an ardent and enthusiastic nature, he once more hoisted his true colors and unfurled them bravely in the face of the most obstinate prejudices. The Anglo-Saxon race has no more fervent and enlightened admirer than this Catholic nobleman. The third chief of the liberal Catholic party of 1852 was a young professor of the Sorbonne, M. Frédéric Ozanam, who, in the midst of a brilliant career, was carried off by consumption, before he had attained the age of forty. By his learned and eloquent lectures on foreign literature, he had the unspeakable advantage of coming constantly into contact with the students of the University. He was

also one of the originators of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, an association of laymen intended to form among the young Catholics a bond of active charity in the relief of the poor and destitute. Ozanam combined the finest gifts of intellect with exalted piety. Amid weakness and suffering he might often be seen visiting the homes of the poor to administer relief and sympathy. In consequence of his efforts the association, which in its commencement was the expression of pure Christian love, rapidly advanced to success. Ozanam possessed all the generous impulses of youth, and he had dreams of an alliance between his most precious beliefs, human and Divine. This idea formed the very soul of that teaching, which obtained distinguished success for him at the Sorbonne, by the accuracy of its learning, and the effect, slightly feverish, perhaps, of an eloquence which exhausted his strength. He used at times expressions of singular boldness, such as, "There are people who do not believe in God except when a purple mantle has been thrown over his shoulders." "No, no," exclaimed he on another occasion, "I do not believe that fire has ever had power to conquer one thought, however false and detestable it might be." Perhaps the most touching feature in the history of M. Ozanam is the perfect resignation with which he learnt that in the prime of his maturity, while enjoying the purest domestic happiness, in the midst of a splendid career of usefulness, with brilliant prospects before him, he must renounce all that made life precious. We know nothing finer than his death-bed scene as described by Lacordaire.

Among the adherents of the same party we must not forget to mention the Prince Albert de Broglie, the distinguished representative of a noble French family. He was grandson of Madame de Staël, and son of the Duc de Broglie, one of the finest and purest specimens of a liberal Christian statesman. M. Albert de Broglie has proved himself worthy of his rich inheritance. As the well-known historian of the church of the fourth century, his talent is never more strikingly displayed than in the discussion of religious and political questions, which he handles with a bold irony that is singularly incisive. We see that he had not

been trained in the stormy atmosphere of Lamennais and his school. Liberty came to him as an undisputed birthright; he claims it with less passion and less breadth than does Montalembert, but no inconsistency can be laid to his charge. As for the Liberalism of M. de Falloux, he holds it neither by inheritance nor from the apostolate of Lamennais. By birth and education he belongs to the strictest sect of the Legitimists. He is the author of the "Life of the Inquisitor, Pious V.," and in this work he has declared that toleration is the virtue of the ages without faith. We cannot, therefore, recognize him as a Liberal on principle, although he has since entirely broken with the extreme Catholic party, and now ranks, though with some reserve, among the defenders of civil liberty. "*Le Correspondant*," a monthly magazine, which has become the organ of the liberal Catholics, owes to him its extraordinary success.

We must beware of forgetting the interesting group known as the new French "Oratoires," and organized by Père Gratry, the large-hearted and sympathetic apologist of modern Catholicism. Too much disposed to use mathematical processes in the place of moral demonstration, he is always eloquent, high-minded, and enamored of liberty, and though somewhat too indulgent to the Jesuits, is ever eager to harmonize the irreconcilable in theory and practice. We must also mention another man of mark, M. Arnaud de l'Ariège, the generous and talented representative of democratic ideas in combination with profoundly Christian principles. At the epoch which we have now reached, he had far outstripped the majority of liberal Catholics in demanding the separation of Church and State as the first condition of the individual development of personal faith.

The reconstitution of Gallicanism proper a few years before had led to the formation of a third party, unimportant as to its numbers, but counting among its adherents some distinguished names. The Abbé Guettie, the learned historian of the French Church, had tried to find in the national traditions a firm basis of resistance to Ultramontanism. His heavy and badly-written work was a well furnished arsenal of weapons against Rome.

A no less decided partisan of this section was that eminent theologian the Abbé Monet, professor of theology in Paris, well known by his valuable works against Pantheism, as well as against that school of Traditionalists who, the better to ensure the authority of the Church, would overturn all the foundations of truth. The Abbé Monet, though an orthodox Catholic, was hostile to the exaggerated pretensions of the Papacy, but was more favorable to the rights of the national French Church than Lacordaire, with whom, in 1848, he had labored in founding "*L'Ere Nouvelle*." For this act of independence the Holy See had never forgiven him, and it had with a very bad grace confirmed his appointment to a bishopric *in partibus*, to which it demurred on the plea of his being subject to fits of deafness. This literally meant that he had turned a deaf ear to the commands of the Roman court, an unpardonable sin in that quarter. The most extreme liberal of the Gallican party was, however, to be found in the cell of a philosophical anchorite, M. Bordas Demoulin, known to the public by his works on the philosophy of Descartes, who, with his disciple, M. Huet, formed the whole of this particular school. This paucity of numbers was, however, compensated by the strong faith and indomitable energy of its leader. M. Bordas Demoulin, determined not to abate one jot of his proud independence, lived in poverty and solitude, whence he sent forth the imprecations of an indignant prophet against the humiliations of the Church, expatiating in glowing terms on what might have been its possibilities if it had not openly allied itself with democracy. Above all, he insisted on the immediate necessity of breaking every tie which bound it to the temporal power, that, with a wooden cross in its hand and the word of liberty on its lips, it might recommence the conquest of a world which had repudiated it. He has developed his great ideas in a volume entitled "*Des Pouvoirs Constituants de l'Eglise*," in which he explains his entire theory. M. Huet has given wider circulation to these notions in a series of short clever papers, which are instinct with the same austere, yet liberal spirit. This small clique presents to us one of the most interesting

manifestations of the period. Such was the aspect of affairs in the Catholic Church of France, immediately after and to some extent under the influence of the *coup d'état* of December. From this brief sketch we are now in a position to understand its principal divisions, and the characters of the men who played important parts in them. We shall next inquire in what way the momentous decisions of the court of Rome in subsequent years have led to fresh troubles and inaugurated new conflicts.

The first of these decisions was the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. It were useless to dilate on the vast import of this bold stroke of the Papacy. However important in itself as a doctrinal decision which gave unqualified sanction to Mariolatry, the fact of daring to promulgate a new dogma without a general Council was the most dangerous and insolent of Ultramontanist innovations. Nothing like it had ever been known. In times past, the solemn right of defining doctrines had always been reserved to the representatives of the Church assembled in Council. Now nothing could much less resemble a legitimate council than the pretended consultation by letter with the principal bishops, and the hasty gathering together in Rome of a few of their number. In the great ages of faith, a similar encroachment on the part of the Papacy would have created universal indignation—or rather, the fear of public opinion would have stifled such a project in its birth. The Jesuits of Rome knew well enough that they had now no need to dread giving a shock to the minds of men by this experiment, although it was far more audacious than anything ever before attempted. There was great joy in the camp of the Papal fanatics. The followers of the *Univers* mounted the Capitol and chanted Simeon's song. In the complete subjection of the Church to the Papacy they saw the dawn of a glorious day.

The more liberal of the Ultramontanists felt no scruple in applauding the new dogma. The *Correspondant* joined the chorus of the *Univers*, and the Abbé Gratry excelled all his compeers in exalting the glories of Mary. The old Gallicanism alone seemed cut to the heart. The most distinguished of its adherents

groaned in secret, but it was well known that to many among them these were days of grief and bitterness.

MM. Bordas Demoulin and Huet issued a bold protest. In a book entitled, "*Essais sur la Réforme Catholique*," they pointed out that the old traditions were utterly set at naught by the Jesuits at Rome. "What a crime," exclaimed M. Huet, "thus to run counter to the time-honored method of arriving at truth! What a crime, above all on the part of those whose prime mission is to teach it, who have solemnly sworn to defend it!" These bold champions did not hesitate to pronounce the new dogma a heresy. "As it involves," said they, "all the corruptions, so it forces us to demand radical and complete reform. The crisis admits neither of concession nor delay. When an outrage is committed against God's revelation, submission is not obedience, but apostasy and unfaithfulness to the faith of Jesus Christ" (p. 605). MM. Bordas Demoulin and Huet spoke out boldly that which many others thought and muttered in secret. The strongest protest came from an aged priest, the Abbé Laborde, a man universally respected, who, on hearing what was brewing at Rome, set off thither, naively imagining that the voice of truth would gain a hearing from the princes of the Church, even though it came through an unknown country priest. He presented to the Pope a brief but earnest manuscript, entitled, "*La Croyance à l'Immaculée Conception ne peut devenir un Dogme de Foi*." It were worth while to read his account of the persecutions that he underwent from the Pontifical police. Hunted as a felon, driven by force from the Eternal City, he returned to France to breathe his last in the wards of a hospital, where, with his dying hand, he penned his final protest against these modern heresies. The cry of the just, which in vain sought to gain a hearing on earth, reached heaven, and the sentence of the dying man against the usurpations of the Papacy was the solemn voice of Him who holds the keys of hell and of death.

The rapid succession of great political changes have strangely complicated the internal crisis of Catholicism. The most serious of these events has been

the Italian war, which overthrew the power of Austria, the natural protector of the Papacy in the Peninsula. The latter, deprived of several of its finest provinces and threatened with the loss of others which groaned under its yoke, naturally assumed an attitude of violent opposition to the new kingdom of Italy, which it at once excommunicated. The ancient political régime possessed in its eyes a sacred character, inasmuch as it was from this only that it could claim the conservation of temporal power. This explains the fact that since the Italian war of 1859 the reaction has found more favor than ever at Rome, and the hatred of civil and religious liberty has assumed proportions truly fanatical. Absolutism in every sense is the rampart of the temporal power of the Papacy, which can only justify itself from this stand-point. It now becomes easy to comprehend by what means the Holy See was led on to the Encyclical of 1867 with its accompanying Syllabus. Surely it would not have been drawn into such unqualified imprudence if it had not felt that it was now being driven into a permanent position of aggressive warfare. Every advance of Liberalism seemed to it to batter down a stone from the fortress behind which it defended its political sovereignty. Thus it fell foul of its true enemy while pretending to be deeply concerned for its interests, and took up a stand upon the temporal power as a sacred entrenchment which should prove an exception to the general principles of modern society.

The Pope was right. The logic of events is not arrested by man's caprice. A truce to inconsistency; we can do nothing by half measures. It is impossible to plead for liberty at Paris and to fight against it at Rome. The time is past when we could say that what is "truth on one side of the Alps is falsehood on the other!" Liberal Catholicism, whether or no, must take part in the crusade against Pontifical absolutism, and in this long siege against Rome, which can only end in the utter overthrow of the "Wall" of this China of the West. From these considerations we may obtain a clear explanation of the internal conflicts of Catholicism and the condemnations launched against some of

its most illustrious defenders. It is that all their apologies for disguising or maintaining the abuses of the temporal power of the Papacy have not compensated for the injury they have inflicted upon it by daring to advocate the cause of liberty.

However, the conductors of the *Correspondant* do not stint their defence of the temporal power; they overwhelm Italy with their hatred, simply because she has touched the loaves and fishes of the Lord's anointed. They attack her with their fiercest polemic, while they shut their eyes to the amount of evil that the Papacy had inflicted on her as the unflinching obstacle to her enfranchisement.

When Count Cavour adopted as his motto that fine sentiment of M. de Montalembert, "*L'Eglise libre dans l'Etat libre*," the Liberal Catholic party were ready at once to accuse him of blasphemy. Orators, publicists, and bishops vied with each other in defaming and outraging the Italian nation, and insulting her aspirations. The Bishop of Orléans rivalled his colleague of Poitiers in his efforts to drag it in the mud, and to glorify the beauty, gentleness, and liberality of the pontifical rule. The party represented by the *Correspondant* did more than use its pen in the same cause; it also furnished its keenest sword in the person of General Lamoricière, the warrior of Castelfedondo. One voice alone in the Catholic camp refused to join in the chorus with the defenders of the priest-king, and that was M. Arnaud de l'Ariège, who, in 1866, published a volume entitled "*L'Italie*," in which he protested, in the name of religion, against these fatal confusions of faith and politics. We cannot help quoting the following passage, which nobly maintains the honor of spiritual Christianity in the midst of this theocratic fever:—

"In whatever part of the civilized world a heavy blow is aimed at the rights of conscience, every man feels himself involved, and there rises at once an universal protest.

"When fanatical priests at Rome carried away a Jewish child from its home, every friend of justice, whether Rationalist, Protestant, or Catholic, forgot his distinctive faith, and thought only of the rights of the outraged father. When in Spain Protestant

Christians were condemned by the temporal power on account of their religion, the whole Jewish community throughout the world nobly pleaded the cause of their Christian brethren.

"Shall Rome alone, of all civilized peoples, fail of her mission? Now, when liberty is the great need of the age—a need so imperious that even those who curse her in their hearts are compelled to wear a mask, when she is the pole-star toward which the eyes of all the oppressed on earth are turned—shall Rome, the temporal kingdom of the Pope, prove the insurmountable obstacle? This, which holds in check not only Italy but the whole Christian world, is a prodigious calamity which takes the form of a challenge from the spirit of the past to crush the aspirations of the whole civilized world.

"Thus, whatever events are taking place in Europe, this great fact must never be lost sight of. Let the peoples never forget that every conquest of liberty will be precarious, every solution incomplete, so long as the question is not radically settled at Rome by the abolition of the temporal Papacy. Such is our reason for having, during some years past, raised the cry, *Delenda est Carthago*." Every institution of our times must be submitted to the crucible of liberty. The obstinacy of the Romanist clergy in clinging to a political basis, will only convince the Liberals everywhere that the Church has no other foundation on which to stand, and that failing this, she must at once sink into ruin."

Such language could not but be offensive at Rome; by way of retaliation the Papacy was bound to show its gratitude to the eminent men who had fought as its champions, nevertheless it rewarded with unqualified approbation those only who were its entire slaves.

It looked with suspicion on the support of the liberal Catholics, well knowing that the spirit which animated them was, in fact, the same which first aroused Italy, and now encouraged her revolt against itself. The Papacy had now become alive to the fact that it is impossible long to cherish the love of civil liberty, more especially liberty of conscience for the world in general, and at the same time to proscribe it in one little enclosure. This misapprehension was, however, soon to be dissipated, and nothing hastened the impending rupture more than the great manifestation of liberal sentiment which took place at the Catholic Congress of Mechlin, in the month of August, 1863. The Count de Montalembert, in tones which vividly recalled

to those who heard him the impetuous editor of *L'Avenir*, took the initiative. On the 20th and 21st of August, 1863, he delivered two orations, in which, with splendid eloquence, he summed up all the principles of liberal Catholicism, without overlooking their glaring inconsistencies. These orations were afterwards published in a pamphlet, and to be appreciated should be read in their entirety. In these vehement utterances Montalembert asserts his claim to a share in the heritage of Cavour, and developes anew the famous motto, '*L'Eglise libre dans l'Etat libre*.' We cannot deny that he begins cautiously; he calls the illustrious founder of Italian freedom a great criminal; he takes pains to show the way in which his ideas on the complete independence of the Church may be reconciled with the Roman theocracy; that, according to the approved phrase, the temporal and spiritual power ought to be united at Rome, that they may be separated elsewhere. But these concessions, all of which are perfectly sincere on his part, only bring out in stronger relief his bold demands for freedom. He loudly declares that he has nothing to regret in the past; that the Church ought resolutely to turn its back on the old *régime*, and loyally to make use of the great powers of the time—of universal suffrage, of the freedom of association, of the press, and of worship—in order to remove all the misunderstandings of this epoch. To this last point the great orator devotes the whole of his second address. We will let him speak for himself. We shall by-and-by see the importance of this extract in the history of contemporary Catholicism.

"Of all the liberties which up to the present time I have undertaken to defend, I hold liberty of conscience to be the most precious, the most sacred, the most legitimate, the most necessary. I have loved, I have defended liberty of every kind, but, I glory above all, that I have fought as the champion of this. To-day, after so many years, so many struggles, and so many defeats, I cannot speak of it without unusual emotion. Yes! be it ours to love to defend every form of liberty; but it is religious liberty that claims our warmest respect, that demands our most entire devotion, for it broods over the loftiest and purest regions of thought and activity, while it sweeps through their widest domain; its empire reaches from the depths

of individual conscience to the most conspicuous manifestations of national life. It alone illumines two lives and two worlds—the life of both soul and body, of heaven and earth, belonging alike to all without exception, to the poor as well as to the rich, to the strong as to the weak, to peoples as to their kings, to the youngest of our little children as to the genius of a Newton or a Leibnitz—yet! strange and melancholy fact! it is religious liberty the most fragile, the most delicate of all, which we fear to touch, lest we should destroy it; it is this which, proclaimed everywhere as right in theory, is the least of all comprehended, respected, and shielded from a thousand rude and treacherous attacks, too often unperceived and unpunished.

"I must confess, however, that this enthusiastic devotion to liberty, which animates my soul, is not common among Catholics. Many like it well enough for themselves—which is no great merit, for, as a general rule, every man would like every kind of liberty for himself—but pure religious liberty, liberty for the consciences of others, the liberty of a form of worship which they deny and reject, disquiets and disgusts many amongst us.

"In the interest of Catholicism, I plead then for liberty of conscience without reserve or hesitation. I freely accept all the consequences, whatever they may be, which public morality does not condemn, and which equity demands.

"This brings me to a delicate but essential question, which I approach without evasion, because, in all discussions of this nature, I have ever found the wisdom of boldly meeting this natural and often thoroughly sincere objection current amongst the adversaries of the liberties of Catholics. Can we now, this day, demand liberty for truth, that is, for ourselves (for every man, if he is sincere, must believe that he holds the truth), and refuse it to error, that is, to those who do not think as we do. I distinctly answer, no! here, I know full well, *incedo per ignes*, and I hasten to add that I make no pretension to anything beyond the expression of my individual opinion. I bow before all the tests and all the canons which may be quoted against me; I neither contest nor discuss one of them, but I cannot stifle the deep convictions of my innermost heart and conscience; I cannot refrain from expressing, after having for twelve years studied the efforts which are being now made to rehabilitate men and things, that in my youth no one among Catholics dreamt of defending this liberty. I declare then that I feel an inexpressible horror at every species of punishment or penance inflicted on humanity under the pretext of serving or defending religion. The fagots lighted by the hands of Catholics do not excite less horror than the scaffolds on which Protestants have immolated so many martyrs (loud applause); and I quiver

with pain as I feel on my own lips the gag that has been forced into the mouth of those who preached their faith with pure consciences. The Spanish inquisition saying to the heretic, 'The truth or death, is as odious to me as the French terrorist saying to my grandfather, 'Liberty, fraternity, or death!' (Renewed applause.) The human conscience has a right to demand that these hideous alternatives shall be no longer imposed upon it." (Great applause.)*

Surely such language as this leaves nothing to be desired in point of explicitness. Welcomed with enthusiasm by his own party, though by many of them deemed somewhat extreme, it called forth loud cries of indignation from his opponents, especially among the vehement apostles of Jesuitism, for M. de Montalembert had aimed a vigorous blow at the fundamental principles of this powerful school, and at all the foundations of its secret teaching. We have no doubt, that immediately after the congress of Mechlin, and in consequence of the demands and accusations which sprang out of that assembly, the Encyclical of December 8th, 1864, was prepared; for reading it without prejudice, and taking the words in their natural sense, we cannot fail to find in it the plainest denial of all that Montalembert had pleaded for with such generous earnestness before the assembled congress.

These are the words of the present so-called Vicar of Christ upon earth:—

"You are not ignorant, most venerable brethren, that there are, in the present day, many men who apply to civil society the absurd and impious principles of naturalism, who dare to say that good government and civil progress demand that society should be constituted and ruled altogether apart from religion, as if there were no such thing, or, at least, ignoring any difference between the true religion and those which are false. Further, in defiance of the doctrine of the Bible, the Church, and the Holy Fathers, these men do not shrink from declaring that the best government is that which does not recognize its obligation to repress, by legal penalties, the violators of Catholic law, except when the public tranquillity demands it. Setting out from this absolutely false idea of social government, they hesitate not to adopt that erroneous opinion, so fatal to the Catholic Church and the salvation of souls, which our

predecessor, Gregory XVI., of blessed memory, characterized as madness; it is this,—that liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every human being; that it ought to be proclaimed, and secured by the law of every well-constituted state, and that every citizen should be at full liberty to express publicly his opinions, whatever they may be, by word of mouth, in print, or otherwise, without being subject to any limitation from the civil or ecclesiastical power; but, in making these rash assertions, they do not consider that they are preaching the liberty of perdition, and that if human opinion is allowed license to question everything, there will never be wanting men who will dare to resist the truth, and place their confidence in the words which man's wisdom teacheth; a most deadly and pernicious error which Christian faith and wisdom ought carefully to avoid, according to the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And, since wherever religion is banished from civil society, where the doctrine and authority of Divine revelation are set at nought, the true notion even of right and justice is obscured and lost, and material force takes the place of true justice and legitimate right, there it is that certain men, taking no account of the most sure principles of sound reason, dare to proclaim that the will of the people, manifested in what they call 'public opinion,' or in any other manner, constitutes the supreme law, independent of all right Divine or human, and that in politics, accomplished facts have the force of right simply in virtue of their being facts. But who does not see and feel, that society, freed from the restraints of religion and true righteousness, can henceforth have no other end than the accumulation of wealth, and can be subject to no law in any of its actions, but the quenchless desire to gratify its passions, and serve its own interests! This explains to us why men of this class pursue, with cruel hatred, the religious orders; never taking into account the incalculable services rendered by them to religion, society, and literature, they utter vile slanders against them, declaring that they have no warrant for their existence; thus echoing the calumnies of heretics. In fact, as our predecessor, Pius VI. of blessed memory, very wisely said, 'the abolition of the religious orders inflicts a wound on liberty,' the liberty of obeying the Master's commands, does despite to a mode of life commended by the Church as conformable to the doctrine of the Apostles, and inflicts a wound on those illustrious founders whom we adore at our altars, and who established these orders under the direct inspiration of God.

"But these men go further, and, in their impiety, declare that the faithful should be deprived of the privilege of publicly giving alms in the name of Christian charity, and

would even abolish the law which on certain days forbids servile work, in order to provide opportunity for Divine worship; and all this under the false pretext that this privilege and this law are at variance with the principles of a sound political economy.

"Not content with banishing religion from public life, they would even exclude it from the bosom of the family. Teaching and professing the fatal errors of communism and socialism, they affirm that domestic society, from which the family derives its existence, is a purely civil institution, and consequently that from the civil law are derived all the rights of parents over their children, above all the right to teach and educate them.

"As for these mistaken men, the chief end of their maxims and machinations is wholly to withdraw the education of youth from the healthy doctrine and holy influence of the Church, in order that they may taint and defile, with the most pernicious errors and vices of all sorts, the tender and susceptible hearts of the young. In fact, in all ages, those who have been eager to overturn social and religious order, and to annihilate all laws, human and Divine, have made it the prime object of their devices and efforts to degrade and deceive youth, because, as we have indicated above, their great hope is the corruption of the generation that is to come.

"Neither must we neglect to teach that royal power is given to some men, not only for the government of the world, but, above all, for the protection of the Church; and that nothing can be more advantageous or more glorious for kings and governors than to conform themselves to the words which our most wise and courageous predecessor, Saint Félix, wrote to the Emperor Zeno, to 'leave the Church to govern herself with her own laws, and to allow no one to put any obstacle in the way of her liberty!' In fact, it is certain that it is to their interest, whenever they are concerned with matters relating to God, scrupulously to follow the order which He has prescribed, and not to prefer but to subordinate the royal will to that of the Priests of Christ."

We place below a few of the propositions CONDEMNED in the Syllabus appended to the Encyclical.

Pius IX. pronounces his anathema on the following commonplaces:—

That every man is free to embrace and profess that religion which, according to the light of reason, seems to him to be true.

24th.—That the Church has no right to use compulsion; it has no temporal power, direct or indirect.

54th.—That the Church ought to be separated from the State and the State from the Church.

74th.—That matrimonial causes and relations belong to civil society.

77th.—That in our time it is useless to regard the Catholic religion as the only state religion to the exclusion of every other cultus.

78th.—That the law is right which in certain Catholic countries provides for foreign residents the enjoyment of their own peculiar forms of worship.

80th.—That the Pope might and ought to put himself in accord with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization.

We must now consider what was the effect produced by this document on the three sections of French Catholicism, namely: the absolute Ultramontanists, the liberal Ultramontanists, and the Gallicans. We need scarcely interrogate the first of these parties: its response is what it always has been. Its exultations are characterized by the insolence of victory and revenge. Its journals, *L'Univers* and *Le Monde*, abused without measure the advantage they had just gained. They saw their favorite doctrines defended by the sacred buckler of infallibility, and they never ceased to extol the whole system of civil and religious tyranny. The Pontiff himself declared that they alone comprehended him, and that the apologists of the Inquisition and the dragonnade were the chosen organs of eternal truth.

The second section, the liberal Catholics, represented by the *Correspondant*, while secretly champing the bit, began by bowing before the storm. The pontifical condemnation struck its tenderest part. We need but compare the Pope's Encyclical with Montalembert's manifesto at Mechlin to see that the sentiments of the two documents are wide as the poles asunder. The *Correspondant* should have preserved its silence. An Encyclical is not a dogma; it may be accepted with reserve. Unfortunately, the Bishop of Orléans did not believe in observing such a measure of prudence, which would have been quite in harmony with his dignity. Incensed at the advantage reaped from the Encyclical by the enemies of the Church, he published a pamphlet to show that the Pope had spoken well, and had only condemned license and not liberty. By a clever diversion, the impetuous prelate, rushing head foremost into political controversy, entered on a vehement discussion

of the convention concluded between France and Italy on September 8th, 1864, immediately after which the French occupation of Rome had taken place. After thus truculently denouncing a treaty which he characterized as treason, he discussed the Encyclical, and launched out into a thousand subtle interpretations to show its hidden depths of meaning, and to prove that a reasonable construction might be put upon the Holy Father's anathemas. This was simply patching the new piece on the old garment, and, according to our Lord's words, making the rent worse. No interpretation, however clever, could disguise the agonizing transparency of the Pope's words. All the world knew that the Bishop of Orléans and his party would have moved heaven and earth to prevent the appearance of the Encyclical; and that his attempt to show that it had been prepared especially for their satisfaction, was one of those extraordinary expedients which, by their excessive cleverness, defeat themselves. M. De Montalembert took care not to be led into the snare. He was silent for a time, but when he spoke, he gave utterance to precisely the same thoughts and convictions which he had avowed in the past, just as if the Encyclical had never appeared. We may see how thoroughly incorrigible he was, by perusing his noble work on the American war, in which he takes the opportunity to pay a fresh homage to the Anglo-Saxon race, and to civil and religious liberty.

The Encyclical did not the less trouble many upright consciences. We have a remarkable proof of this in a volume which the *Correspondant* would not venture to advertise, though it was written by one of its staff, M. De Metz Noblat, a thoughtful man, whose lofty, powerful mind gave him great influence among the well-known group of the liberals of Nancy. It is entitled "*L'Eglise et l'Etat*," and contains a collection of articles on the great question of the relations between the temporal and spiritual powers. It is clear that the author inclines towards their separation, although he gives no decisive judgment. He concludes his volume with a solemn declaration, that it is more than a simple exposition of his own

ideas; it is the burden of his conscience which he cannot but make known in face of the assumptions of the Papal court. He asserts that he speaks not for himself alone, but that his scruples and anxieties are shared by a large number of those who cannot cheapen their deepest convictions. Hence the importance of his noble protest.

We have now to trace the effect of the Encyclical on those who still adhere to Gallicanism. All the most distinguished members of this party were cut to the heart, but their doctrine of the non infallibility of the Pope, when speaking only in his own name, enabled them to regard the Encyclical as simply a Romish manifesto, bad enough, no doubt, but not binding on their consciences. It had been at all times desirable that this distinction should be clearly made, in order to neutralize the vexatious results of pontifical declarations, which always, in spite of the theory of their inchoate inspiration, produced an immense effect. The French Government had hit upon an excellent plan of giving it greater notoriety by forbidding its official publication, under the pretext that it clashed with civil rights. This interdiction was not made until the press, with its thousand mouths, had spread the Encyclical in all directions, and only served to interest the liberal feeling of France in favor of a document, which had been so foolishly burked. The State, by meddling in this matter, went the surest way to complicate the question.

The effect of the Encyclical on M. Huet was just that of the last feather which broke the camel's back. After the death of Bordas Demoulin, Huet stood alone in the breach, and found it exceedingly difficult to maintain his bold Liberalism, and at the same time to hold by the Catholic Church. Subsequently he yielded to a violent mental reaction, and gave up not only Catholicism but Christianity itself, and he now ranks among the opponents of revelation, as is too evident from the painfully interesting volume in which he gives an account of the evolutions of his mind, under the title of "*La Revolution Religieuse au 19me Siècle*," from which we cite the following passage:

"Our age has seen but one Catholic who may be called liberal in the sense in which

this term is applied to modern Protestant and Jewish reformers; I allude to Bordas Demoulin. He knew how to combat face to face the successors of St. Peter. He conceived the bold design of reconstituting, upon the ruins of old abuses, a primitive Christian liberty which should include all orders in the Church, laity as well as clergy; but the events proved that Bordas was too far advanced for the present age. He ought to have lived in the sixteenth century. He died nominally a Catholic, but at heart, perhaps, the truest Protestant of his epoch. Three events of great importance and significance have marked the reign of Pius IX., and have consigned Catholicism for ever to Ultramontane rule. These are the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of 1854, the Austrian Concordat of 1855, and the Encyclical of 1864. These acts have shut Catholicism within a circle, from which it is impossible for it to escape.

"We are not here treating a theological question, we are merely sketching the history of a religious movement. In this respect the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception appears to us to be the most remarkable event that has occurred in the annals of Catholicism for more than a century. Surely our contemporaries must be indifferent to results, or secure of success, for this great event has passed almost unperceived. Let us pause over this date, December 8th, 1864; it marks the opening of a new Catholicism, which we must be allowed to call an extreme Catholicism, from which the spirit of the times and of modern society can hope neither for truce nor quarter.

"As to the manner of conducting this business, care was taken that the episcopate, which is the rival power of the Papacy, should find itself not simply ignored, but disgraced. The Papal party acted advisedly in bringing two hundred bishops to Rome to affirm the definition of a dogma, but where all deliberation was forbidden, and they were forced, like so many mutes at a funeral, to be present in silence at one of the most solemn acts of Catholic life. From that time they were degraded from the position of pastors to the level of the flock, and the inordinate ambition of Rome was satisfied. The infallibility of the Pope, which France, for so many years had refused to acknowledge, was alas! publicly declared amid the applause of good Catholics. The theocracy of Gregory VII. revived with fresh power. We must wait to see what will be the results of all this; the future alone can declare them. I know that some of the most highly respected among the clergy lament, groan, and yet hope in secret; but can Catholicism ever retrace its steps? The Church, so to speak, has burnt her ships. All hope of reform is at an end. The rapid movement of modern life withdraws it from

the antiquated Church, which is now stereotyped by this Ultramontane dogma. Superstition, which comports only with the subtleties of rabbinical scholasticism, is extending its dominion. M. Bordas foretold the fall of Catholicism, if it should ever dare to reform itself. We shall see it, said he, utterly degraded and finally degenerate into Paganism. This prophecy is in course of accomplishment. The new Catholicism, or Marianism, is dogmatically as incompatible with scientific as it is with political or social progress. Casting from it the educated classes, it will become the religion of the peasants, among whom, like the early Roman paganism, it will perish. Some few of the *élites*, led astray by the prejudices of custom and early training, and a few metaphysicians of the past may still take refuge in the shelter of the old sanctuary. As for the masses their true intellectual and moral life is drained. The reign of Pius IX. marks the fatal date of the decadence."

Such was the effect of the Pope's Encyclical on a thoughtful, conscientious man. It would seem as if the infatuated folly which carried the Papacy to this extreme of audacity, at the same time infected the whole French Catholic Church, for, in December, 1868, she inaugurated a campaign which of all others was the best calculated to multiply such defections as that of M. Huet.

This campaign arose out of a perfectly harmless innovation on the part of the Minister of Public Instruction, who, in order to bring greater educational advantages within the reach of young girls, had arranged for courses of instruction from the Professors of the Lycées in all the principal towns of France. Assuredly there was essentially nothing in such a project to inspire alarm. The mothers of families were left perfectly free as to whether or not they would send their daughters to these classes, which, moreover, were to be conducted on principles that should be entirely neutral on religious questions. But the Church would not understand it thus. It regarded the education of woman as its own peculiar domain. To dispute this was, in its view, an unwarrantable encroachment, an intolerable usurpation of its rights. So thought Mgr. Dupanloup, and he issued pamphlet after pamphlet, in which he denounced the dark project of giving secular education to young girls, who ought only to be nursed and brought up in the bosom of the Church. This cry of alarm sounded far and wide; the

"*mandements*" of his colleagues responded to his appeal, following one another with scarcely a pause. Nothing could be more pitiful than this episcopal prosing, which could do nothing but parade its grief like a woful elegy, with a deep black border. Unfortunately, the general silliness of this elegiac literature was relieved by occasional denunciations, and the lovers of liberty were charged with the cost of its tears. It would not even weep *gratis*. This particular question soon widened and embraced many others. Not only the education of young girls, but the whole scheme of University instruction was attacked. A vast system of petitioning was organized, under the initiative of the Bishop of Orléans, who had set fire to the powder by his pamphlet, entitled "*Les Alarmes de l'Épiscopat*," in which he enumerated the various signs of Materialism in the education of youth, which so greatly disquieted his episcopal brethren. By a strange perversity, he set on foot a petition which, demanding liberty of instruction for itself, appealed to the State to overlook and keep a check on certain free associations which provided higher education for females. Here we have a specimen of the endless equivocation of the Catholic party. Whenever it speaks of liberty, we know that it means only its own, and that it would like to keep everybody else in chains. The talon has too often protruded from the velvet paw for us to pay one moment's attention to its professions of liberality. Have we not seen it seizing every opportunity to take advantage of the university monopoly? We should sympathize with it, if it asked for liberty of instruction in all departments; but we are increasingly convinced that although the State ought, as much as possible, to aid the dissemination of knowledge, it is not its province to instruct, for the moment that the State becomes the schoolmaster, at least in France, it must have a fixed doctrine, be it philosophical, religious, or political, and we are at once saddled with a State history, philosophy, and religion. We do not hesitate to say that whatever may be the materialistic influence of free education, it is liberty alone that can cure its own evils. Let all monopolies be destroyed, and there is no longer any privileged class. This is all that we ask.

But French Catholicism would gag the mouths of its opponents, and make use of the State as its *gendarme*.

In the identical petition which demanded liberty of instruction a plea was put in against popular libraries, which the Church would like to have overhauled, because, according to the view of M. Dupanloup, "there are sophists, like M. Jules Simon, who insist that God has no need to be defended by the law." Such is the upshot of this bastard Liberalism. It brings to mind the ridicule which last year covered a certain Doctor Machelard, who brought before the consideration of the Senate some abomination, which he pretended to have heard. It was discovered the day after this fearful disclosure that the faithful witness was a deaf man, who could hear nothing but his own conjectures or suspicions.

Nothing could be better adapted to bring religion into discredit than the discussion before the Senate of the famous petition from fathers of families. The Senate, as a rule, is conservative of everything except religion. In spite of its Bench of Cardinals, it is far from being an apostolic company. Doubtless it has gained experience in the service of three or four successive *régimes*, but it is of a kind that ill accords with zeal for the faith; and any religious cause that is brought before the Senate, be it Protestant or Catholic, makes but a sorry figure. The Marshals who, with one hand on their sword-hilt and the other twirling their moustaches, confess the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, will produce an effect more comic than edifying. As to the cardinals, we may appeal to their own speeches. Is there any enlightened friend of religion who would not have given anything if these most reverend dignitaries would have held their peace? The only result of the debates in the Senate has been to furnish an opportunity to M. Ste. Beuve proudly to raise the standard of a free philosophy and to enlist all the scoffers on his side—an easy success in presence of such grievous blundering. The Minister of Public Instruction confined himself to timidly pleading extenuating circumstances without attempting to base his argument on any high principle. In fact this would have been impossible, for he no more than his opponents wished for true

liberty. He only wanted to get an order of the day which should confirm him in his own position.

Nothing but irritation and misunderstanding came out of these debates, and only the enemies of religion reaped any advantage from them. Such was the issue of the fine campaign inaugurated by the Bishop of Orléans at the very moment when the Encyclical was quite enough to bring discredit upon Catholicism, if not on Christianity itself.

But we must not lose sight of the real state of things which, however disguised by circumstances, is at all times that of profound division in the bosom of the French Catholic Church. This is perhaps more conspicuous in Paris than elsewhere. There, on the one side, are the religious orders, the houses of the Jesuits, which, owing to their indisputable success as teachers of youth, and more especially their work in the great military schools of government, have considerably multiplied of late years. In the centre of Paris, close around the church of Ste. Geneviève, we find a religious enclosure, a kind of Roman colony, pledged to all the traditions of Ultramontanism. At its head are such dignitaries as Mgr. de Ségur, an old chamberlain of the Pope, who has long played the part of a Legate, carrying on a direct correspondence with the Vatican, and giving information about the teachings and practices of his ecclesiastical inferiors. This, however, has been put an end to. The Archbishop of Paris, determined no longer to tolerate these inquisitorial proceedings of a subaltern, made forcible entry into the houses of the Jesuits, who had vainly tried to escape from his control.

The party known as the "*Zélants*" found strong supporters in the Faubourg St. Germain among the families of the old legitimist aristocracy. The opposite tendency is, however, at present very powerful at Paris. Among its adherents may be reckoned the Theological Faculty, with its learned Dean, Mgr. Marét, and Mgr. d'Arbois, the present Archbishop, one of the most enlightened and learned among the clergy at the present time. His fine expressive face bears the seal of mental superiority and austere habits. His piety is enthusiastic, and nothing can be more impressive than his

impassioned addresses. He dreads all Ultramontane extremes, and while he ardently loves France, and desires her glory, he mourns over the absurdities which compromise religion and modern thought. Unhappily he looks far too much to the civil power for support. He is not content with showing deference to it; he is its prime friend and admirer. His discourse at the first communion of the Prince Imperial went beyond all reasonable measure of official respect to the government. This is the one feature of the Gallican Church which he should at any cost abandon, for his dependent attitude injures religion far more than his finest allocutions can serve it. We frankly express this regret at the same time that we cherish a warm sympathy with a prelate who seems so admirably adapted to stem the current of Ultramontane follies. He has suffered much from the suspicions and accusations aimed against him by the "*Zélants*." It is well known that he is in bad odor at Rome. When he pleads his own case before the Pope, his personal advantages and eloquent speech dissipate all the prejudices felt against him; but as soon as his back is turned, his accusers return to the attack, and undo his work. The Archbishop has gathered around him in Paris a large number of intelligent, enlightened, liberal men, among the junior clergy, from whose influence we should augur a better future for the Church of France if the opposing current were not so mighty and so favored by the highest ecclesiastical power.

The boldest step taken by the Archbishop of Paris has been that of allowing Père Hyacinthe to preach in the pulpit of Notre Dame, under whose vaults crowds have gathered to listen to his eloquent appeals. Père Hyacinthe has not yet identified himself with any theological dogma; indeed it seems uncertain whether he has any strong dogmatic tendency; but his preaching is characterized by a generous, earnest spirit, which has already made him a power on the side of liberty. Connected by family ties with the old University party, he received a solid classical education, took orders in his early youth, and became a barefooted Carmelite. He possesses the gift of eloquence in a degree which places him in the first

rank of pulpit orators. His first appearance in Notre Dame was a triumph. Eager crowds thronged the place two hours before the appointed time. He is small of stature, with a frank, intelligent face, and a sonorous voice. He speaks as if inspired by the impulses of his mind and heart, and in his best efforts there is an entrancing power that is altogether unequalled. This cannot be said of all his utterances; sometimes the thread of his discourse is snapped and lost in the rushing torrent of his improvisation. His dialectic is occasionally subtle as that of a seminarist, and his images are often too abundant, but the indefinable electric flash of genius kindles and quickens all he says. Père Hyacinthe's imagination is majestic and beautiful, and never more dazzling than when he paints with a master's hand some fine Oriental Scripture scene. Hitherto he has touched only on ordinary subjects, such as the personal God, eternal principles of right, civil society, religious society, &c. We long to find him treating the deeper questions of spiritual life, such questions as must lead his hearers directly to the feet of Jesus Christ. The most remarkable feature of his preaching is that noble breadth of sentiment which acknowledges and bids God speed to true piety wherever it is found. Another characteristic of his preaching is its freedom from sacerdotalism. He boldly urges the universal priesthood set up by God in the bosom of every family, and declares that every father and mother ought to be the priests of their own household, and that the great misery of the Church in the present day springs from the fact that God's people have renounced this solemn responsibility.

Doubtless it is easy to bring charges of inconsistency against a popular preacher, but such inconsistencies, almost inevitably growing out of his position, do not alter the fact that this mighty voice has given utterance to the sorrows and aspirations of the Christian conscience in the very heart of Catholicism. The soul of the great orator, like an Eolian harp, vibrates to the wind that passes over it. Père Hyacinthe's conferences are far more than isolated manifestations; they reveal a general state of feeling in the multitude who re-

echo them. The rage which they excite elsewhere, the cruel disdain with which they are treated by the *Univers* increases what we may term their barometric value. The Abbé Loyson teaches from his chair of Moral Philosophy in the Theological Faculty of Paris the same liberal sentiments, and in a form still more distinct, though less ornate. It is true that Père Hyacinthe has been succeeded in the pulpit of Notre Dame by Père Felix, who preaches there regularly during Lent. This eloquent preacher is the mouthpiece of the Jesuits, and has placed at the service of Romish dogma his clear, keen intellect, which, capable as it is of taking many *détours* in sophistical argument, never fails to come back and make humble prostration before the great idol of Papal authority. Last year he conducted two conferences against Protestantism, in tones full of bitterness and injustice, and in which all the old calumnies were resuscitated. The contrast is, indeed, striking between the two popular preachers; but this contrast is only an epitome of all contemporary Catholicism. We should have liked to give specimens of the oratory of these great rival preachers, but our space is exhausted. We should have liked also to say much on the subject of Catholic piety. It would have been highly interesting to trace in the region of daily practical life these two currents which, in the domain of thought and the conflicts of the Church, are ever rushing wildly against each other. We might cull choice specimens from one of the most touching of recent publications, *Les Recits d'une Sœur*, by Madame Craven, from the recent poetic portraiture of Eugénie de Guérin, or from the Abbé Gratry's graphic sketch of the young catholic theologian, the Abbé Pereyre, which brings before us a noble specimen of deep and earnest piety. On the other hand we see these streams, so pure at their source, adulterated, vitiated, and strangely mingled with the most abject superstitions, such as the pretended miracles of "La Vierge de la Salette," and "La Vierge de Lourdes," those prodigies of absurdity, fruits worthy only of the charlatan priests of an expiring paganism. We wished also to have enlarged on the development of

a new form of worship, which is much in vogue nowadays, the adoration of St. Joseph, which seems to be greatly on the increase, if we may judge from its eminently silly devotional literature. These strongly contrasted features must never be lost sight of when we are endeavoring to understand contemporary Catholicism. We may take as our guide in these interesting researches, a valuable work by the Abbé Michaud, on *L'Esprit et la Lettre de la Vraie Piété*, in which he strongly protests against the abuses of modern pharisaism and against every thing that would enervate and materialize true religion. This, however, is too vast and important a theme to be lightly skimmed. It has been our endeavor to show that the divisions of Catholicism are general and universal, and that they bear upon practice as much as on theory.

It is under the circumstances which we have been endeavoring to describe that the meeting of the Œcumenical Council, summoned by the Pope for December next, is about to take place. Its preface and programme are contained in the *Encyclical* of 1864. Verily the Catholic Church has never before reached so momentous a crisis, for now everything around her wears the aspect of change. In the sixteenth century the Council of Trent was competent to decide any doctrinal question without the fear of exciting violent internal conflicts. Civil society, in spite of some slight efforts in France and Spain to show their independence of the Holy See, was at that time closely bound to the Church. Now, all is utterly changed, with the exception of the Pope's little principality. The State is now constituted on a wholly different basis from the Church. The State is a merely secular institution, and knows well that it cannot return to its old religious limitations. Such is the position of things in which the ecclesiastical representatives of Catholicism are summoned to make decrees not only concerning doctrine—a matter that might create but little excitement—but also upon the relations of civil society to the Church.

This great ecclesiastical machine called a general Council is about to be constructed and set to work before the whole world. Its wheels will have to work in

an absolute vacuum, for as to any decrees that it may make touching the political relations of religion, it is all but idle talk. The Council is simply a *coup d'église* of the Ultramontanists. It is a Jesuit plot; and the audacious men who take the lead in it reckon before everything to make use of it against the Liberals. It is not modern impiety that they trouble themselves about, for they know perfectly well that its abettors but mock at their anathemas; it is the liberal tendency in the bosom of their own Church which engrosses their energies; it is this which they hope to crush. Possibly they may succeed; only, that which they thus think to destroy may perhaps burst its bonds, and be marshalled once more outside the narrow limits within which they had thought to stifle it. There is their supreme danger. Two recent publications, which now lie before us, bring out the gravity of this position of affairs more forcibly than anything we have stated. Both of these refer to the forthcoming council. One is a letter on the future Œcumenical Council by the Bishop of Orleans. This is a hymn of hope, and brings to mind—shall we say it?—the timid boy who whistled as he crossed the churchyard to keep his courage up. It is, at least, a spurious effort to reassure himself against some invisible danger of which he has a vague and indefinite dread. The Bishop affirms that everything will pass off in the most glorious fashion, and that true liberty will result from this blessed and triumphant council. "Liberty," says he, "has she any cause for anxiety? What can those men have to dread who from the Catacombs to the Carmelite Massacre have established Christianity with their lives in their hands? Shall the bishops of America combine with the bishops of Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland in a conspiracy against liberty?" The eloquent prelate wisely omits the Bishop of Rome. He knows that we have no need of encouragement from America and Switzerland; but that a little may be required from France and much from the Holy City, whence comes the Encyclicals and anathemas against modern society. We believe that at Rome there is a permanent conspiracy against liberty, shown at one time by grievous moans over the most trifling signs of progress, at another

by significant acts such as the Austrian Concordat and the steps which followed its abolition. Further, we believe that the convocation of this council is a part of that conspiracy, and that one object of it, which is fully decided on, is to formulate into dogmas and temporal power, the entire negation of liberty of conscience, and all the other fine things that are taught and practised at Rome. Our anxieties, therefore, are all alive with respect to the results of this celebrated and dangerous council, and we do not stand alone; witness the second publication to which we have referred, which has but just issued from the pen of M. Arnaud de l'Ariège, and is entitled "*La Révolution et l'Eglise*." In it the author clearly develops his views as to the impossibility of harmonizing Christianity with modern society, so long as the Church remains a political establishment united to the State. He shows that this confusion of things essentially different was the destructive characteristic of Paganism, which ignored the rights of conscience because it knew nothing of the true God. In our days it compromises everything, and deteriorates everything, and by enlisting religion in the service of absolutism, renders it distasteful to every generous nature. These grand ideas are developed from reason and history with rare vigor and force of language. The author does not hesitate to denounce the miserable policy of the Court of Rome, especially on the eve of the council. He thus expresses himself:—

"Whence does this pretended divorce arise? Why should the Church seem to have lost that discernment of the wants of the age in which it lives, and that power of renewing its youth which has given it during eighteen centuries such unexampled longevity? What radical alteration would such divorce have effected in the onward progress of humanity? Would the great movement of civilization have suddenly changed its course? Might we not think so when a Church which has been the initiator in all progressive movements is suddenly arrested, and can do nothing but launch anathemas against the modern world?

"It is time that the dignitaries of the Church should take this view. The France of the present day is and wishes to remain the France of '89. To allow it to believe that the Church represents a social right opposed to the social right of '89,—founded

on principles irreconcilable with those principles,—would be not only to make a divorce with the Revolution, but to make a divorce with France itself. Catholic France has certainly deep roots in its national history, and its fidelity to its religious traditions—in spite of the retrograde policy of its ministers—is a wonderful and striking testimony to this fact. It has also the instinctive conviction that this antagonism rests upon a prodigious misunderstanding.

"But it is not without danger that the public mind is left indefinitely in agitation and indecision upon interests so important as these. Already the Church has alienated the liberal, active, living portion of the country. We find it difficult to express ourselves with sufficient clearness when we speak of these violent anarchical spirits, whose fundamental doctrine is, the revolt of man against God, the abolition of all moral discipline, and the negation of all social power. That these men should be the irreconcilable enemies of Christianity, and that the Church should not cease to condemn their errors is all very natural; but the fact that the subversive theories and the most legitimate conquests of the Revolution should be enveloped in common anathemas, combines at once peril and injustice.

"Let those who are trying to force the Church into this line of reaction know that the question is not now concerning confused tendencies and distractions where religious incredulity endeavors to aid the reform of the political status, but concerning practical principles which are accurately defined, concerning a new social right which is taking possession of the whole world, and which, having had its first manifestation in France, is no longer the dream of a few Utopians, but has become a fact, and an indestructible one.

"Such is the present situation: the Revolution is affirming itself, formulating itself, and becoming the foundation of all civilized nations, while the Church is protesting with the perseverance of despair. This antagonism has already produced disastrous effects; we fear it is producing effects incalculably more disastrous.

"During three centuries hostility has been proclaimed between the Church—which has made itself the cringing parasite of absolute governments in order to assure its own power—and secular society, just becoming conscious of its rights; while the people, anathematized because they wish to be free, have not ceased to advance and increase in importance."

We regret that our space does not allow us to quote the eloquent passage in which M. Arnaud de l'Ariège depicts the withering influence of the Papacy on the Austrian Empire and on the fair

lands of Italy and Spain, and points to the peculiar combination of circumstances which lead liberal Catholics to anticipate with strong misgivings the results of the Ecumenical Council.

Will this courageous note of warning be regarded? In a few months we shall see. If the council proves to be what all the preceding circumstances would lead us to fear, if it sanctions the adoption of the Syllabus, if it officially and dogmatically confirms the rupture between Rome and modern society, it will be responsible before God and men for the aggravated unbelief which it will provoke wherever Catholicism is regarded as the representative of Christianity. The fearful crisis which will alienate the minds of men from the Gospel, and in fact from the very idea of God, will be precipitated with a violence surpassing anything that we have hitherto seen. But the crisis within the Catholic Church will not be less serious. Possibly the votaries of Rome may succeed in concealing it for a time; perhaps many of the more liberal-minded among them may have the courage to fight against it; nevertheless, it cannot be avoided.

The unhesitating and unqualified condemnation of a tendency whose roots are deep and far-reaching, which is not the accident of the moment, but which is connected with a long series of events in the past, will bring sooner or later a rupture which will be hastened by the disappearance of the fiction of endowed religions. It will introduce an epoch of trouble and anxiety, but at the same time of agitation that shall be fruitful of good results. Catholicism, itself reformed, shall bring its tribute to the great religious movement which is going on all over the world, and to which no one church by itself is equal; if, on the contrary, liberal Catholicism is crushed and extirpated, there will ere long remain nothing of the great Roman Church but a lifeless corpse ready to vanish away.

The conclave of ecclesiastics which is to take place at the end of this year, under the peculiar combination of circumstances which we have endeavored to explain, is an event of great significance. In any case, it will be the winding-up of a long drama, to which we

may fairly apply the title of Racine's tragedy, "Les frères ennemis." There can, in fact, be no opposition more radical and determined than that which exists between the two parties who constitute the Catholicism of the present day.

The signal wonder of the Romish Church of our time is not its unity, which is only a myth, but its continued affirmation of unity in the midst of divisions so rooted and startling.

Fraser's Magazine.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

A REMARKABLE discussion has been going on of late in France on the subject of female education, which throws a curious light on the Catholic view of ideal womanhood and its fruits, and is particularly interesting to us in England, where the same questions (though under a strangely different aspect) are in fact being battled over, *i. e.*, what is the result we ought to aim at in our education of women, and how is it to be obtained.

The object for which woman was put into the world, which may for shortness be symbolized as that weekly enounced by the *Saturday Review*, is pretty nearly equivalent to the opinion of M. de Maistre, a great Catholic authority quoted by the Bishop of Orleans in his interesting little volume on *Les Femmes studieuses*. "To be able to understand what men are doing and talking of so far as to know that Pekin is not in Europe, and that Alexander the Great did not request in marriage a niece of Louis XIV.," "is to be their greatest *chef-d'œuvre*;" "they may love and admire the beautiful, but must not be allowed to seek to express it;" "art, or study of any kind must only be carried on by way of amusement;" "woman is only ridiculous and unhappy if she attempts anything serious in any department of knowledge;" "she becomes a monkey;" in short, though she may be receptive of the thoughts of others, the power of original thought cannot and ought not to be hers.

To this the Bishop, Dupanloup, replies by giving a long list of women whose gifts have been uncontested. He goes on to say that "not only have they a right to intellectual cultivation, but that it is also a duty. God never makes useless gifts, and woman has received from her Creator the gift of intelligence,

that it may be used. A strict account will be required of every talent it is said in the Bible, and I know of no Father of the Church who has thought that this parable does not concern women as much as men." "St. Augustine says that no creature to whom God has granted the lamp of intelligence ought to act like the foolish virgins and let her lamp go out for want of trimming, not only for her own sake, but for that of others." "Woman," the Bishop goes on, "has not been considered as an intelligent free being, created in the image of God and responsible to Him for her actions, but as the property of man, *made only for him who is her end and aim*" (the italics are his), "a fascinating creature to be adored, but still an inferior being for the use and pleasure of man, who is alone her master, legislator, judge—as though she had herself neither soul, conscience, nor moral liberty, and as if God had not given her also faculties, aspirations, rights as well as duties."

Monseigneur Dupanloup does not mince matters. He goes on to say that "coquetterie is the natural result of this education which makes man the only end of the destiny of woman;" that "if the one man to whom she has been given is vicious, cross, or unworthy of affection, when temptation comes in the form of that superior being for whom she has been taught to think herself created, having been always told that she is an incomplete being, incapable of a separate existence, unless she be very strongly fortified by Christian principle she is enchained by the fatal attraction."

He proceeds to show that "the repressed capabilities, and unsatisfied desires which are not allowed to feed on what is good and true, fix on all sorts of false and unwise objects, and hence the lowness of mental and moral tone, the

feeble-mindedness of many women evidently fit for better things, but whose education has been stopped when they were really children." "A clever woman," he says, "will not remain confined to such arid duties as M. de Maistre desires. The knowledge that 'Pekin is not in Europe,' and the like, will not satisfy her, and unless she has intellectual pleasures as a rest from material duties, she will resort to frivolity to escape from their *ennui*." He might have moreover added that a really superior woman will always do whatsoever she has to do better than the mere drudge. "Serious and earnest mental application, real exertion of thought, are necessary. Even music and drawing are not enough unless they are of the higher order." "We must not deceive ourselves. Rigid principles with nothing but futile occupation, devotion with a merely material or worldly life, produce women without resources in themselves, and often insupportable to their husbands and children." "Earnest intellectual occupation calms exaggerated feelings of anxiety, restores the balance of her mind, and satisfies any just and noble desires she possesses; it gives peace sometimes more than any prayer, and brings back the spirit of order and good sense."

Mutilating the tree into a stunted shrub is not the way to improve it, "and the woman who feels that she has missed her aim in life, exhausts herself in vague aspirations. 'Vocation' is a word as applicable to women as to men. There is a divine plan for each soul, the realization of which is helped on by our efforts, or checked by our want of energy. We cannot foresee always to what end God intends his gifts, but he certainly has given them for some object. After all, the desire to keep women ignorant is chiefly caused by the idleness of men, who desire to keep their superiority without trouble. It is a vicious circle: idle men wish their wives to be ignorant and frivolous, and as long as women continue so, they wish men to be idle. They seem to think that they have gained a victory when they have succeeded in making their husbands neglect their business. How many magistrates, lawyers, and notaries are worried by their wives into failure and want of exactness in their attention to their work."

The Bishop's description of "polite" life in Paris is very graphic and somewhat terrible; "a young woman seems to think that she has married in order to be able to run about the world and amuse herself: balls, concerts, visits, *the turf*, do not leave a moment of rest day or night. Later in the year come the watering places and bains-de-mer. Whether he likes it or not, the husband must share this exuberance of excitement; he is often bored and often remonstrates, but the wife employs all her grace, skill, and seductiveness, which God had given her for a very different use, to induce him to yield." "If she has married a literary man, an orator, or a philosopher, and he takes up a book to escape from this whirl, she pouts (which is thought charming when she is twenty), dances round him, puts on her bonnet, comes back, sits down, gets up, looks repeatedly in the glass, takes up her gloves, and ends by an explosion against all books and reading, which are of no use but to make a man absent and unbearable. For the sake of peace, the husband throws away his book, loses the habit of reading, and in time, failing to raise his companion to his standard, he sinks down to hers."

Certainly, in France, husbands must be more complying than with us, and female influence stronger, for it would be a strange household in England where such fantastic tricks could succeed.

He goes on to show a state of things to which fortunately there is no parallel with us. "In the well-to-do classes," he declares, as soon as there is any question of marriage, a young man is called upon to give up his profession, "for every girl who has enough to live on insists on her husband's doing nothing. A soldier or a sailor must remain single, or marry a dowerless girl. This senseless prejudice is such an accepted fact that even the most rational mothers of a certain class hardly advise their sons to adopt a profession, or only for a few years, for say they, 'a married man cannot go on with one.' How can men be expected to work under such conditions, or care for a position which may have at any moment to be given up? What zeal or ambition is proof against the knowledge that at five or six and twenty, when a man has just got over the difficulties which beset the beginning of all careers,

he is to renounce everything? I have known mothers in despair at seeing their sons, in the very moment of success, forced to forsake it all at the peremptory demand of a young girl and the blindness of her parents, who cannot foresee the dangers of idleness, and the inevitable regrets, the monotony of a tête-à-tête after the emotions of *Solferino*, the unceasing excitement of our Algerian garrisons, or the adventurous life of a naval officer. It is the part of a Christian woman to teach her daughters to dread the dangers of brutal stupidity and idleness; the social and intellectual suicide produced by having no employment, no office, no work; the religious and political necessity of taking up a useful position in life and asserting one's influence in the cause of right."

He complains that the separation of mind between men and women is becoming more and more dangerous; "if she has read nothing but frivolous books, and has no idea of what can be said on both sides of a question, now that all subjects are discussed and reasoned upon, how can she give that help, virtue, purity, and faith which are her peculiar province? She must become serious, reflective, firm, courageous, I will even say manly in thought, to be able to do her part. There are no noble works in which woman has not borne part; she is intended as the 'socio' of the man—even more, his helpmate, support, counsellor, 'adjutorium.'"

With regard to her children, "study is necessary to accomplish her most important duties; she must attend to their intellectual as well as their moral education. How many an affectionate mother has lost her influence over her sons from the want of the power to guide or understand them. Sound judgment and capacity are required as well as love; whereas now the chasm between the sexes becomes daily greater, the contrast between her occupations and the life she should lead, working with and for man, and like him for God."

At present what does education do for girls, who at eighteen are taught that all is finished with their first pink gown, "and who fling themselves headlong into the rapturous delights of going out into society? They have learnt nothing thoroughly, not even that on which they

spend so much time. A girl will practise four hours a day at the piano, and possess at the end no knowledge of the great masters, their styles or schools. Music has degenerated into a brilliant noise, which does not even soothe the nerves." Drawing as usually taught does not even develop the sense of the beautiful. A girl may be able to draw what is called well, and not know a good picture from a bad one, or whether *Perugino* was the master or the pupil of *Raphael*.

As to the charge of pedantry, or of being a "blue stocking," these are not the consequences of real knowledge; it is the incomplete development of the mind, the smattering of sciences and accomplishments which make a woman believe that she knows what she is really ignorant of.

Moreover, when there is no proportion between aspirations and the power of realizing them, the half-educated mind will not be satisfied with common life, but will seek its pleasures in excitement and emotion.

There is one point to which the Bishop incessantly recurs, which certainly does not bear by any means the same proportion to the life of women in England as in France—dress. He describes how it takes up the conversation for several hours at least every day, how it saps the foundation of everything serious even in virtuous and Christian women. He complains of the inordinate time taken up in shopping, the way in which milliners and ladies' maids become the confidantes of girls, that a mother teaches her daughter to think that dress is one of her greatest interests and primary duties, talks and allows her to talk about it for hours, and to judge of everything in the world by its criterion.

"A girl accordingly, at her outset in life, asks only for jewels, lace, and a title; she thinks only of these, of herself in short, even on the very day when she is about to consecrate her life to devotion to the most serious duties" (underlined in the original). "When she finds, as life goes on, that she must give up instead of being an idol, serve instead of being served, the trial is a hard one."

He then says that some sort of plan of life is necessary to secure a certain proportion of details to the whole. In

architecture a great work is sometimes sacrificed for the want of this harmony. Let the architect of his own life look to it. If there is difficulty in gaining time for reading, let women learn the art of seizing on odd times, of using disengaged moments.

Study makes women like their homes, and instead of being "crushed and flattened under the enormous weight of nothing," as De Maistre calls it, gives them an occupation and an interest there. For this, however, she must give herself a chance in matter of time: if she stays out every night at late balls and parties, how can she work in the morning?

In short, nothing could be more admirable than the Bishop's tone, or more judicious than his remarks, and probably Monseigneur d'Orleans, a clever, ambitious man, very earnest in what he considers the right, was considerably pleased with the effect he had produced. He had proved his case only too well; his facts do not seem to have been disputed. The Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, member of the Senate, followed suit, and it now only remained to find a proper remedy for such a grievous state of things. A paternal government, of course, felt itself called on for action, and the Minister of Public Instruction appealed to the whole lay body of teachers to organize a better system for the education of women.

To the horror of the Bishop, it was proposed to establish courses of instruction for girls, lectures, lessons by the professors of the university, in short all the "personel et matériel scientifique" of all the 80 lycées and 260 colleges of France was to be employed in the cause.

Monseigneur Dupanloup was furious. To have himself "nursed the pinion which impelled the steel" was too much for his equanimity, and, forgetting all his former philosophic calm, he uttered a loud long shriek of terror in two pamphlets, declaring that the "whole was the result of a conspiracy to take the education of women out of the hands of the Church."

To which M. Sauvestre, as one of the representatives of the lay and reforming part of the community, replies in a little book called *Sur les genoux de l'Eglise*. "If," said he, "the Church

has already had the whole of the education of girls in her own hands, as by your own confession is the case, upon it must fall the responsibility of the state of things which has called forth the reprobation of the two bishops." "For nearly twenty years the priests in France have enjoyed an influence recalling the worst days of the Restoration; for ten years the clergy have had the direction of almost all education, as Monseigneur admits, and what is the result in his own words?—"flimsy, frivolous, superficial. A young woman in general knows nothing, absolutely nothing; she can only talk of dress, steeplechases, and the absurdities of other people. She knows by heart all about the most famous actors and horses, the names of the performers at the Opéra and the Variétés; she is more familiar with the *Stud Book* than the *Imitation*. Last year she betted on Tourques, this year on Vermouth, &c.; she will tell you the best milliners, the most fashionable saddlers, and weigh the respective merits of the stables of the Comte de Lagrange and the Duc de Morny; but, alas, should conversation turn on any subject connected with history or geography she is struck dumb; she is incapable of talking on business, art, politics, or science." "These girls," says Sauvestre, "so well up in horses and theatres, all come out of fashionable convents; could any one, indeed, live in the world who had not been educated in a convent?" He goes on to describe how an attempt has been made to destroy all lay instruction, to support and encourage Jesuit colleges and convents, and the schools of the various brotherhoods and sisterhoods (where the young mind is perverted out of all distinctions of right and wrong, and the casuistry of Liguori is put in the place of morality, where the pupils are taught to "distinguish between theft which is permissible and theft which is blamable," between defamation to be avoided and that which is permissible to defend the holy interests of the Church and morality—of which last permission the outside world will perhaps think that the Bishop has occasionally availed himself liberally in his second pamphlet).

Sauvestre then gives his authorities, beginning with a catechism in very gen-

eral use, sanctioned by the Church, headed by testimonials from the Bishop of Strasburg and Bishop of Verdun, at much length, third edition, 1866.

"Is it always wrong to steal?"—A. "No; it may happen that the person from whom you take the property has no right to oppose you, or you are in extreme distress, and only take what is absolutely necessary to deliver yourself from it; or in secret as a sort of compensation, which you cannot otherwise obtain, of things which are due to you in justice" (this last is even a point of doctrine which is called "secret compensation"). "Thus servants who do not think themselves paid according to their merits, the shopkeeper who thinks he is selling too cheaply, can right themselves by this convenient doctrine."

The chapter on "Defamation" shows how "calumnies need not be retracted in the five different cases; *i. e.*, when you cannot do so without injuring your own character by the exposure more than your neighbor's by the defamation, &c., &c.," which is followed by "Dispensation from the fulfilment of a sworn promise," and "if conscience," says M. Sauvestre, "is inconveniently painful, the child is told that there are eight kinds of conscience, among which figure the 'scrupulous' and the 'capacious.'"

"Nothing appears too small on which to give directions. For instance, there is a chapter on Magnetism, "which it is probable may be practised if you do not summon the devil to interfere;" table-turning, however, "is expressly forbidden as a devilish practice." It is forbidden to open and read sealed letters . . . "unless you have reason to suppose that the writer of the letter or the person to whom it is addressed will not object!" (you yourself being the judge).

Then come Exercises for Girls according to the method of St. Ignatius. She is to imagine that she sees before her some holy scene and place; "for instance, that of the Annunciation: fancy the little house where the holy Mary is awaiting in the moonlight the beautiful angel who is to bring to her the happiness and glory of maternity." Then comes "the Contemplation of the Circumcision" in the same way; "imagine yourself in the stable where it is per-

formed," the whole scene being given in what we must consider most extraordinary detail.

The coarse materialism of the Exercises upon Death and Hell is still worse. "You are to realise through every sense—sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch—what will take place on your own death-bed, your cries of pain, the death-rattle, your agony and fear; then the tolling of the bell, the grave-digger digging your grave, your nasty smell after your death, your funeral, the conversation of those who see you carried along and discuss your character."

The contemplation of hell is "to bring up before your mind, first the abyss, its length, width, and depth, filled with an enormous fire; then the horrible smell of the smoke, as of pitch and sulphur; the taste, all that can be conceived of bitterness, such as tears, the noise of sighs, cries of agony, blasphemy, and howling amidst the roaring of the flaming fire," &c., &c.

Part of the recommendations for a holy life consists in a seclusion of four weeks, wherein five such exercises are to be used each day. "You are to deprive yourself as much as possible of the light of the day, the doors and windows are to be closed, only light enough left to read and perform necessary things. Avoid all thoughts which can give you joy, *such as the Resurrection.*" "A hair-cloth shirt, girdle with small iron chains, and discipline even to the drawing of blood, are recommended. No conversation except with the director. The patients are to live with this phantasmagoria of death, hell, and the crucifixion, to weep, accuse themselves of sin, invoke phantoms, and to believe in their own guilt; if they do not appear at their call, to lash themselves, torture their bodies in order to drive away all reality and judgment. By the time the seclusion is ended, the wretched victims have probably lost all control over their reason, require a director indeed, and are in a fit state of subjection to the priest." These Exercises, singularly called spiritual, are used in all the religious houses in France, and are to be found in every variety of edition and of different arrangement; "they produce a deep self-contempt, the giving up of thought and action alike to the director, the

fear of hell, a systematic destruction of reason and conscience. This is what the priests have put in the place of morality, and this is why the country desires to take the direction of education into its own hands."

The Bishop had gone so far, in his first work, as to allow that female education as now conducted, "even the most religious, does not give any taste for serious work, or but too rarely; that it dissipates, weakens, and debases the minds of women, instead of strengthening and raising them." Who, answers the layman, are to blame for this if the priests are always crying woe to "those who seek in human science for what will satisfy their curiosity," and when the ideals held up for imitation are those contained in the *Lives of Saints, Servants of Mary, &c.*, the absurdities and indecencies of which are too unpleasant to quote? These books are given as prizes, and constitute the staple religious reading in schools and convents (the "besotted lecture pieuse," which Miss Brontë describes with such horror in *Villette*). What must be a girl's notion of a useful life and of true pity, who is called upon to admire, e.g., "the blessed Benoite Reineval," who "used the discipline every day from her fifteenth to her forty-fifth year, wore hair-cloth fifteen years, iron bracelets armed with sharp points twelve years, iron garters four years, a corset of tin pierced inside like a rasp for five years," which sound like the penances of some Indian fakier in honor of some hideous Juggernaut.

There are 72,000 monks and nuns in France who devote themselves to teaching, 62,000 in lycées and colleges, 5,800 in ecclesiastical establishments; nearly one-half of the *écoles primaires* are in the hands of the Congregationalists; while the examinations and certificates required from lay teachers are not exacted from the 8,000 sisters who direct schools, 7,000 of whom are without certificates.

The manner in which history is taught by this army of monks and nuns is so remarkable that, unless its influence was lost through its own violence, it is difficult to understand how any liberalism could exist in France at this moment. The manuals on science, history, &c., used in the different schools, by M. Chantrel of the *Univers*, M. Gabourd, &c.,

works which have passed through many editions, show how.

"One of the high-sounding words employed by freemasons, infidels and Protestants, is toleration. . . . Truth and virtue alone can possess the rights of liberty; error and vice have no rights; they can have none. . . . To prevent and punish evil, to interdict the propagation of error, is not to be a persecutor, for no one can be said to persecute evil. . . . In a Catholic society, to practise or teach heresy is to attack the constitution of law and of society."

"Careful study shows that whatever has been done agreeably to the wishes of the Holy See, and in conformity to its instructions, has been just and beneficial;" a complete justification, says M. Sauvestre, "of the Inquisition and the butcheries of St. Bartholomew. That pious massacre was approved of by the Holy See, the head of Coligny was sent to the Pope, and a medal struck at Rome in its honor, with the effigy of Gregory XIII. on one side, and the slaughter of the Huguenots by an angel, on the other the words, *Ugonottorum Strages*, 1572. Three frescoes were, moreover, painted in the Vatican on the subject."

"There are three degrees of social liberty," says M. Chantrel; "but the highest is where good only is free; the Church admits nothing of toleration. It may be necessary *for a time* to tolerate these evils," i.e., the "*liberté des cultes et de la presse*," that is, as long as it cannot do otherwise. "To deny authority by divine right is a principle destructive of social order." The King has a right divine, under the direction, of course, of the Church. Sauvestre gives other gems from the historical summaries, such as, "The Protestants began the massacre of St. Bartholomew;" the crusade against the Albigenes, the slaughter by the Baron des Adrets, the hangings, butcheries, women ripped open, &c., were caused by their own fault: "The outrages against God and his saints had inflamed the imaginations of men to such a pitch of fury, that they no longer confined themselves to the limits they ought to observe. . . . Massacres are the inevitable effects of heresy," says M. Gabourd.

"It was at Vienna that Pilate died, two years after the crucifixion of the Just One. . . . Herod Agrippa and Herodias

finish their days at Lyons. . . . Martha, Mary, Lazarus, Mary Magdalen, landed on the coast of Provence, where they planted the cross."

"*Les Provinciales* are nothing but a tissue of misrepresentations, either exaggerated or absolutely calumnious; the book, indeed, was burnt at last by the public executioner." A *History of France*, one of the class-books of the Jesuits, describes the revocation of the edict of Nantes—"The dragonnades did not occasion the death of any Calvinist, and excited the most vivid enthusiasm in France; any excesses must be attributed to the military zeal of Louvois; those which took place after the edict received the approbation of Louis XIV., but if he was wrong almost the whole of France was wrong also." Then negligently, as if it were an affair of small moment, it observes, as to the number of exiles, that, according to the computation of Vauban, "they were between 80,000 and 100,000; or, according to statistics furnished to the Duc de Bourgogne, 67,000 to 68,000 refused to abjure."

In the succeeding reign Cardinal Dubois is represented as a much calumniated man, spotless; while the chief fault of Louis XV. was that he sent the Jesuits out of France.

Modern history is told in an equally remarkable manner:

"The taking of the Malakoff was accomplished by the French troops marching in, bearing an image of the Virgin, and Pelissier placed the success of the assault under the protection of one of her fêtes."

The dangers of science are guarded against by the *Catechism of Perseverance*, 22d edit., headed by the approbation of the Pope and a whole string of cardinals, the almost incredible silliness of which must be studied to be believed. It is, of course, in the form of question and answer.

"On the third day God placed the sea therein bed prepared for it."

"Q. What do you observe of the extent of the sea?—A. That it is neither too great nor too little.

"Q. What did he cover the earth with?—A. With green grass, because it suits our eyes better than any other color; if it had been red, black, or white, we could not have borne the sight" (so that the

Esquimaux and the negroes are probably blind).

"Q. Why were the stars created on the fourth day?—A. To teach men that they were not the cause of the productions of the earth, God ordained this so as to prevent idolatry.

"Q. What do you observe about fish?—A. I observe that it is a wonder that they should be born and live in sea-water, which is salt, and that this whole race has not been annihilated long ago."

"On the fifth day God made the birds. Like fish, they are born of the sea, and it is a great miracle that that element should have produced in the twinkling of an eye two species so entirely different."

In an "exercise" given to the pupils of a convent in Ille et Vilaine the vision of a nun who had appeared to one of the sisters gives much information as to purgatory. "It is like a lime-kiln, but some souls endure icy cold. The Holy Virgin does not often come there, but when she does, she talks to every soul and tells them how long their time will be." "St. Joseph very rarely visits the souls, she has only seen him once." The nun who saw the vision offered a calming gift of holy water; the soul was pleased, but said that it felt hot, and, vanishing, left a piece of the burnt flesh of her fingers behind, which looks like burnt velvet. "To doubt the truth of this apparition," says the directress, "appears impossible, considering the infinite good resulting from this twofold miracle." "The flesh of a soul!" says Sauvestre, admiringly. If it is replied that great absurdities might be detected in out-of-the-way English girl-schools, and that it is not fair to observe on these, the answer is evident; Mrs. Jones's or Mrs. Brown's silliness is on her own undivided responsibility; the French convent schools are part of a great organization carried on under the guidance of the infallible Catholic Church.

The details of the strange, mystic, amorous passion inculcated towards the Saviour in these young girls are too disgusting to give, but Sauvestre relates a trial in which a certain Rev. Father Gonzaga figured before the law courts of Poitiers, where letters were produced, such as "I threw you palpitating into the arms of your husband" (Jesus

Christ); showing how such sentiments may be abused.

A rapport was distributed to the Chambers in 1863, says Sauvestre, which says:

"During the thirty previous months, out of 34,873 lay public schools, 99 teachers were condemned, 19 for crimes, 80 for misdemeanors, *i. e.*, one in every 352 schools. Out of 3,531 public schools, conducted by ecclesiastics, there were 55 condemnations, 23 for crime, 32 for misdemeanors, *i. e.*, one in every 64 schools. The calculation of crime taken separately makes the comparison still worse, *i. e.*, one in 1,835 lay teachers; one in 153 ecclesiastics. The species of crime was such that these statistics were no longer allowed to be published after 1863."

Again, a circular from the General Superior of the Institute of Christian Schools, May, 1861, published surreptitiously, contains the following concerning the state of things in his own order: "Until the present time we have thought it best only to hint at this vice, but the gravity of the circumstances has become such that this delicacy is no longer possible when we consider the deplorable facts which have successively appeared." He quotes two former circulars in 1854 and 1860, and says, "These warnings have been given in vain."

"The brothers are chiefly taken from young men fresh from the plough or from tending cattle, induced to join the order greatly by the wish to escape military service; they make a promise of which they do not understand the extent, a black robe is thrown over their shoulders, and they become at once teachers. Are the brutal instincts of these untaught natures surprising?"

It certainly gives a strange idea of the state of French morals when the Bishop thinks that he has reduced the question of public lectures to a hopeless absurdity by saying, "Carry out your principles, let the Minister declare that any man, any Frenchman, has a right to open a 'Cours' for young girls, unless the Departmental Council oppose it in the interest of public morals, and see what would be the result!"

Which is exactly the scheme now being established in most of the large towns in England, without any protec-

tion either from ministers or mayors, and which yet the most zealous advocate of female modesty has not remonstrated against for this reason.

No words in the Bishop's vocabulary seem large enough to express his horror for this "plan détestable, audacieux, irréligieux, cet étrange principe," fearful and new. Indeed the honest terror which he exhibits against the teaching of girls from fourteen to seventeen by professors is so genuine that we can only wonder at the state of things it implies. He cites "le grand roi" Louis XIV. (a curious guardian of female delicacy) as an authority against it, tells how when Napoleon established the girl-schools for the Légion d'honneur, "ce grand homme" ordained that *no man, not even a gardener*, was to be admitted within the precincts; even the directress herself was only to receive one in the *parloir*. The Bishop declares openly that it would be impossible to send a French girl "seule dans une voiture publique à 500 lieues, ou en pleine mer à 5,000, confiée à un capitaine pour l'Australie, comme cela se fait chaque jour en Angleterre et en Amérique. Essayez en France et vous verrez; ou plutôt n'essayez pas, car vous savez bien que c'est impossible." Instead, however, of deploring such a state of things, he evidently considers it part of the "distinction des femmes françaises dans toute l'Europe," which, he adds, is "depuis longtemps incontestée."

Clearly he is not of the opinion of the Irish melody—

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her o'er the green isle.

It is very clear that the French maiden is no "Una."

It is indeed curious to read Monseigneur Dupanloup's books, where the facts are mostly uncontested and where the steps of his argument are admirable, yet feeling all the while that they tend to an absolutely opposite conclusion. As a matter of course a Roman Catholic Bishop cannot conceive Christianity beyond the pale of his Church, and religion itself is identified with the particular form to which he belongs; but we should not find much difference on this point in the opinions of a presbyter of the Scotch communion, an ordinary

Anglican rector, or a Methodist minister: "the right is what I think, the good is what I am." Still it is put more rudely than even our controversies accustom us to hear. "Your religion," he says to the Protestants, "consists entirely in destroying ours." He reproaches M. Duruy for having said something in favor of Luther, and remarks, "Bossuet, avant d'effacer l'impïété et l'immoralité de ce moine apostat," &c. (there may be some difference of opinion in Europe, as to whether Luther has been *effacé* or not). He goes on, "To take girls out of the influence of priests is to deprive them of all religion, to make them atheists." "Religion, modesty, morality, are worth all theologies in Europe," to which every one would agree. "Atheism and immorality are worse in women than in men," Q. E. D. "La femme sage, modeste, laborieuse," can only be obtained "sur les genoux de l'Église," in the face of his own report of the utter failure hitherto of this very influence in the ordinary modern French woman.

Still it is evident that the new form of instruction is not without great danger in so inflammable a community, and the scheme of the Minister has so many unwise provisions, that French girlhood seems likely to be as much ruined by the too great publicity of the new régime as by the absurd monastic regulations at present in force, and may fall between the two schools of extreme views.

If the Bishop could persuade himself to try and find a remedy for the evils of the Minister's new system, instead of indulging in this prolonged tempest of oburgation, he would render the greatest service to the state. Let him lift up his testimony against "public exhibitions in the Sorbonne," against "receiving prizes in the Salles publiques des Mairies, at Comices Agricoles, Expositions," and the like, against reciting odes before a large mixed audience, which are all most dangerous for young girls, and specially for French girls it is evident. These however are by no means inventions due to M. Duruy and his assistants. They exist already in many French girl-schools and in the crowning of the *Rosière*.

Many of the subjects of lectures cited

by the Bishop are certainly not very judicious; but does he think the erotic literature of the convent more likely to produce modest women? As he says, many of the professors may have gone far in scientific rationalism, but a study of the surprising facts of the Catechism is hardly likely to fortify the mind against its attacks. He complains of the books placed in the libraries of the lycées, and mentions amongst them with horror *Don Quixote*, "our joyfullest and all but our deepest modern book," observes Carlyle; and the *Jerusalem Delivered*, "our great Christian epic," as it is generally considered. He says these will stain "la foi et la délicatesse des mœurs." Does he really, after the wise counsel given in his first volume, consider the abominable lives of saints to be more edifying?

And so we return once more to the original idea of the opposition between faith and knowledge, the belief that ignorance and innocence are synonymous, the virtues of darkness, the devotion to Plato's "shadows of the cave," the honest terror that light of all kinds must be dangerous for the eyes, the source of the myths, older than Faust (the old German story, not Goethe's) or even Prometheus, that the gods will punish the desire of knowledge, which is not good for man, still less for woman.

It is supposed that a young girl is more likely to be religious for believing that Pilate died at Vienna, and that birds were born of the sea; more modest, for never even seeing a man, "even a gardener." "Is man more wise than his Creator?" as Job inquired, no one can tell how many hundred years ago. Has he separated men from women in families in the world? Male and female created He them. And these attempts to improve God's arrangements by concocting such an utterly artificial, unnatural life, bears its own fruit of evil, and tends to a fearful reaction, as the Bishop himself bears witness. At the first contact with the real world, the bewildered girl, seeing man almost for the first time, as a natural result, feels a morbid interest in these charming fiends, so seductive, so terrible that they were not even to be looked at.

As to the experience we may gain by studying these different experiments in

education, we shall probably feel that one extreme is almost as bad as the other; the unbelieving professors and the superstitious nuns are both of them very little to our taste. The reaction from the ignorant and narrow restrictions on female teaching in France has led to a desire "that girls should study exactly the same things as men;" and if Messrs. Albert & Co. give them lectures on Abélard and Rabelais, upon Rousseau and Voltaire, as M. Dupanloup declares, we shall certainly agree with him, that however useful in a study of French literature for grown-up intelligences, these are utterly unfitted for young girls.

We do not wish the Home Secretary to request the masters of Eton and Harrow, and "all the grammar schools," to undertake the education of English girls, and we shall certainly not confide our daughters to the petty jealousies, the narrow intellects and hearts, of the conventual Mrs. Stars and Miss Saurins. Still, if we return to the advice of the Bishop before he lost his temper and the balance of his judgment, we shall find his observations as applicable in our own case as in France. To enable a girl to learn something which she cares for so thoroughly as to make it a real interest in her after life, to allow her a greater choice of subjects—indeed to choose that for which she has a "vocation," to use a grand word—to discourage that foolish smattering of knowledge, that series of indifferently taught accomplishments which every girl is forced to pass through, and which nine-tenths of them drop entirely when they are married; in short, to be accurate and conscientious, and not to be allowed to skate over the surface of history and languages as they now too often do, is what we should aim at. A girl who conceives that she understands French, Italian, and German will often be found to misuse half the genders in her French talk, not to be able to translate an ordinary Italian letter, and when you ask her the meaning of the page of German which she is reading off so glibly, prove that she does not understand half the principal words, which yet she does not take the trouble to look out, but goes on snatching at the sense as if such trifles did not signify; while, not improbably,

you may find the young lady undertaking the study of some dead language in the same fashion.

There is no examination, no comparison with other minds possible in the ordinary governess education in England; and only those who have occasion to test it can conceive the extraordinary incorrectness of the information, the shallowness of the knowledge of the common "well-educated" girl, the want of any power of reasoning, of any knowledge of the logical sequences of cause and effect in her mind.

Women have hitherto never been made to feel that there is any importance in the accuracy of what they learn; they have never been compelled to bring up their knowledge, as it were, to a pitched battle, to find out which were trusty battalions of facts to be relied on, and which would give way under the least pressure. They have never realized what it is to know that a class or a fellowship, an appointment for India or a clerkship in a public office—*i. e.*, the whole future of their lives—depended upon the correctness of their construing of a Greek play, their facts concerning Charlemagne or Charles V., their differential calculus or their algebra; and wanting these material incentives, they and their parents have been perfectly satisfied with the slovenly results incident to such dilettante teaching as they have hitherto been only able to obtain.

Knowledge will not give women more influence, as sometimes seems to be feared; indeed, it is hardly possible to be greater than it is, and certainly not desirable; but it will enable them to use wisely, for wise ends, that which they possess in such large measure already. Indeed, if men at all realized the amount which they exercise at present in life, they would take care that they were better fitted to wield it. Fénelon, certainly no advanced Liberal, says, "there is no doubt that the bad education of women does more harm than that of men." It is often at present the least estimable part of a woman which gives her this sway over man.

If we attempt to calculate the power of a mother over her children in their early days, both with regard to their health and characters, the power, both

for good and for evil, of young women over young men, that of mothers over their sons, of wives over their husbands, and make some sort of estimate of its aggregate, we shall not any longer consent to leave the preparation for such a sphere of action in the hands of the worst educated of human beings—i. e., the larger portion of the governesses and schoolmistresses of England.

To know how little we know is the result of all real knowledge, and this certainly will not make women presumptuous or vain; it is the half knowledge, the shallow impertinence of "cram," which is really dangerous.

A clever, educated woman may be reasoned with and convinced; it is the ignorant, narrow, obstinate woman, seeing only one side of a question, believing that there can be no right but her own, who, adhering doggedly to her own way, so often carries the day against her busy husband, who has no time and no inclination to battle out the infinitesimal trifles, which yet make up so large a part of life. It is the inferior mind which generally rules the household. A man or woman with many interests in life, and sympathy with many ideas, does not care to contest indifferent matters; and to be always on the watch to obtain that large field of influence which falls in "by lapse" gives an incalculable advantage in the long run.

The difference between men and women is so radical, both bodily and mentally, that save in the most exceptional instances, there cannot be the smallest danger of a deeper education making them too much like men. There is a pathetic story by George Sand, given in a *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where the difference is touched upon with extreme feeling by one who had done her best to make herself, as she thought, manly: most truly, "Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."

There is a great complaint made at present against fast girls and frisky matrons—these certainly have not erred from over-education. If it be only as an experiment, we may at least try a different course. As to the fear of that most unpleasant of results, the making "learned women," this is an evil which at present would seem very little to be dreaded. Although the love of reading is quite as

common among girls as among boys, the over-devotion to it amid the engrossing cares of after life is not likely to be exceedingly dangerous.

It is the power of assimilation which is so wanting in ordinary minds, and which ought to be cultivated—to teach them that the random skimming of a dozen reviews, the whipt cream, as it were, of other folks' knowledge, is not equal to the painstaking digging out of the essence of one fact and making it their own. Robertson complains of the dreadful habit of swallowing books which is growing on this generation. "I have," he says, "read fewer books than most girls of nineteen;" but then he had made use of them.

To this should be added the acquiring the rare art of intelligent listening, so as to benefit one's self and assist the speaker; "neither to disturb, divert, nor lower the conversation," says Dupanloup, "the first of the liberal arts," as some one calls it; and this would appear to be essentially feminine. Yet there is generally no worse listener than a young girl, unless it be in affairs of sentiment, when "a fellow feeling makes her wondrous kind."

There has been an extraordinary change in opinion on these questions even during the last few months. Three of our universities have already given our girls the opportunity of testing their knowledge by examination; lectures are being established in most of our great towns, on almost all conceivable subjects; and there has been a general sifting and overhauling of our girl schools and teachers. Whether in the efforts now making we have yet hit upon the best methods of communicating knowledge without injuring home character remains to be seen; but even if, as seems probable, a "college for women" cannot generally be made to fit into the present arrangements of society, it will at least give an opening for girls to obtain (if they please) a year or so of honest work in any pursuit for which they have real talent, and which the extremely fragmentary nature of women's ordinary home life renders so difficult to arrange. Above all, it will prepare teachers with some recognized standard of ability and acquirements such as we cannot now obtain. It will get rid of the broken-down lady who, knowing nothing her-

self, aspires to teach that nothing to our daughters—to whom we have been hitherto chiefly condemned.

Probably also by giving some sort of certificate like the diploma required for governesses in Germany and elsewhere, it will cause that ill-used class to be both more considered and better paid, and so open the field to a higher order of ability.

It is evident that household cares can no longer find the same occupation for woman as of old. Before the time of machinery and of shops, the feeding and clothing, the comfort, even the existence of the whole establishment depended upon her; her wise forethought, her manual dexterity, and her power of management, provided for all, and this was a sufficiently interesting and difficult duty for her life, and a large opening for her energies. The "virtuous woman" in Proverbs is no household drudge; she is a merchant, an agriculturist, and an admirable ruler; she "maketh fine linen and selleth it," "she considereth a field and buyeth it," and "with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard;" she has evidently a turn for art, and wears very fine clothes, silk and purple, but "she is good to the poor, she openeth her mouth with wisdom," she looks after her household and children, and "causes her husband to be honored," "strength and honor are her clothing," and her "rejoicing" is particularly mentioned. This woman certainly wanted neither occupation nor consideration. Her particular work is done, but it is her modern equivalent which we want now to produce.

"The brain of woman," said Professor Barlow some time since, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, "though smaller absolutely than that of man, is larger relatively to the size of her body." He fortifies himself with many quotations from professors both German and English for the fact, and proceeds to say that "this large development of her intellectual organs requires culture," and the danger of leaving them to run to seed is great. With these large brains, the rare susceptibility and quick perceptions which women generally possess, unless good and useful pursuits are open to them, and they have worthy objects to occupy their minds, they will take up with those which are mean and low, but which offer a chance of power, always peculiarly charming to an inferior. It is not by their noblest qualities that some of the least excellent of the sex have ruled so royally. A woman can flirt by nature, but she reaches her best development only as the result of very careful culture.

To put the question in its lowest form, women are half the human race, and merely as a matter of numbers it may be worth trying whether the world would not advance faster if "a good education" were given them. There is amongst us the widest disparity of opinion as to what constitutes this "good education," but as no party believes that we possess it, or anything approaching to it, at the present moment, in the midst of our own uncertainties, any evidence as to the mistakes and experience of other nations becomes exceedingly valuable.

Fraser's Magazine.

OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND ANNIHILATION.

THERE was a piece of poetry, or at least of verse, which I was constrained in my youthful days to commit to memory, and publicly repeat, with appropriate gesticulation, before a large assemblage. It was Cato's soliloquy about the immortality of the soul. School-books are much changed: I think this old favorite piece has now disappeared from them. I inwardly rebelled against that piece, even as I repeated it. In that piece, the accomplished author makes

Cato speak of human nature as shrinking from annihilation:

"Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught?"

I quote no more: that is the idea, and then it is beaten out thin.

This is accepted by many without due thought. Is there in human nature this shrinking from annihilation? I doubted

it as a little boy. I doubt it much more now. There are some certain facts which look another way.

What is the most prevalent vice of humanity? It is the use of intoxicating liquors or drugs. Find human beings where you may, savage and civilized, they have found out something that can intoxicate; and a great many habitually use that to excess. And what is the great end of all intoxicating liquors or drugs? Why, it is unconsciousness. It is to get away from one's self: in fact, it is annihilation for the time. On a day of drenching rain and storm like this, you give a few pence to the poor soaked, starved hopeless beggar; and the beggar hurries to spend the pence on a glass of drugged and poisonous whiskey, seeking therein oblivion of his cares. And it is a sorrowful fact, that many educated persons, both men and women, pressed by a load of anxiety and misery, do by like means get away from it. Even the trouble which rises no higher than the rank of worry, sometimes has driven to the same wretched relief: which is some way down the inclined plane that conducts to utter perdition. But you see, that far from there being the universal dread, and inward horror, of falling into naught, there is nothing more longed after by a considerable portion of the race. Every one has known, when terrible physical agony was pressing, the blessed relief of the powerful opiate, under which the iron claw of pain relaxes, and you feel yourself floating away into rest. The most beneficent discovery of modern times is assuredly of that anæsthetic, which makes human beings unconscious through critical times of their life, in which consciousness would be agony. Are there not some who have made such a wretched thing of life, that its presence is hopeless misery: and the best they wish for is to be relieved of its intolerable load? Poor Burns was perfectly sincere when he wrote,

"Oh life, thou art a weary load,
Along a thorny, wretched road,
To wretches such as I."

And Sophocles meant it, when he wrote the famous chorus in the *Œdipus Coloneus*, of which the first lines mean this: "Not to be, is best of all: but when one

hath appeared, then to return with swiftest foot to whence he came, is next." The sum of the matter is, that to many people, life is pain: and it is natural to wish to get away from pain, anywhere, anyhow.

Of course you will say, that I am speaking of a very deplorable section of mankind, the forlorn hope of humanity. Yet it is curious how from the higher view, the religious point of view, you will find things said which virtually come to the same thing, Mrs. Barrett Browning thought there was no text, even in the Psalms, that sounded so delightful as the renowned one, "So (it ought to be *surely*) He giveth His beloved sleep." I remember a sermon by that great preacher Mr. Melvill, in which, after quoting the words, the preacher burst out, "What could He give them better?" That is, what could He give that is better than unconsciousness,—which is annihilation? To have a being of which you are not aware, is exactly the same thing as to have no being at all. *Nirvana* is the thing which millions of human beings think the best thing: and nirvana is annihilation. For absorption into the Deity, or into nature, is to all intents annihilation. The final loss of individual consciousness is annihilation. The little drop of being falling into the great ocean, and ceasing to have any separate conscious existence, is annihilated as the little drop. It may be worked up again into something else; but it is not *that* any more. And to me, to my sense and conviction, to say that my soul at death will go out, like the extinguished flame that goes nowhere, and to say that it will go back to the great ocean of Being it came from, mean exactly the same thing; and mean annihilation. In either case, I myself should cease to be.

I have heard it maintained with some ingenuity, that the highest idea of a Christian life is a pantheistic idea; that the highest attainment in holiness is to have one's will so subordinated to the will of God that one ceases, in fact, to be a separate being. No doubt it is a grand attainment when the creature can really look up to the Creator and say, *Fiat voluntas Tua*, meaning what is said. But this is quite different from absorption. There is no loss of individual con-

sciousness here. There is no loss of individual will here; though the individual will is so thoroughly in harmony with the Divine will, that they shall always pull the same way. To go on through life, willing what God wills, and consciously happy in willing so, is anything but absorption in the Deity; anything rather than annihilation. Consciousness, will, individuality, are all in vivid existence. It is not "Henceforth I go out and am extinguished:" it is "*Henceforth I live.*"

But, to go back to the assertion that great numbers of human beings, far from shrinking from annihilation, do in fact regard it as a great blessing. Let me record what was once said to me by a thoughtful and devout friend. He said that he believed that times come to every one, in which he would willingly sink into nothingness. It is sometimes said with sincerity, *I wish I was in my grave*; and when that is said, the idea vaguely present is that of annihilation. That was in Job's mind, when he spoke of the sleep he longed for. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." But my friend said he believed the thing which kept many from seriously desiring annihilation, is the fear that life could not be quenched without most awful pain. There is that to be snuffed out, which will not go out easily. Now we know that consciousness may be got rid of in both ways, painfully and painlessly. No one can tell with what amount of feeling, either in mind or body, life under the falling axe of the guillotine flashes away. It is momentary, the great change; though indeed even that has been questioned; but how much agony may be concentrated in a moment, not many know. But we know of a poison which quenches life with appalling rapidity. Less than a moment is enough. Yet that moment is long enough for the dying person to begin an unearthly cry of agony, which is cut short in the middle. Once I had a dog, a young Newfoundland, a great big creature. He became terribly ill, of a disease which caused him great suffering, and after months of doctoring the case was declared hopeless. I resolved the poor thing should die with the least possible pain. So I got a vial, containing as much prussic acid as would kill several

elephants, and while my dear old dog painfully climbed up and put his great paws upon my shoulders, I opened his mouth and poured the whole vial into it. The dog, in half a minute, began to utter a strange howl, but the howl suddenly stopped, and he rolled on his side stone-dead. It was one of the saddest sights I ever saw. But I was far from clear that my poor fellow-creature had the easy end I had hoped. The pain was short, but it was plainly very sharp. And we all remember the fable of the Eastern king, who dipped his head in a vessel of water and lifted it up again, yet in the interval lived a long and anxious life. But there are ways of extinguishing consciousness without any pain. Opiates float you away. Even the coarse means of alcohol, as people learn who have sleepless nights, soothes into nothingness without the least pain. If the quenching of animal life were all that is meant by annihilation, then annihilation might be painless. It is when one thinks of a spiritual principle within, of whose nature we know absolutely nothing, which may be essentially incapable of death, or which may have that tenacity of life that it shall be capable of death only through unutterable suffering, that one looks a little way into the awful possibilities of humanity. Archbishop Whately suggested that the day may come when only good shall remain in the universe, not through the reclamation of evil, but the stamping of it out. But awful thoughts present themselves in relation to the actual destruction of a soul's conscious individuality.

I suppose we are all agreed that this life would not do to go on forever. *Anxius vixi*—and anxiety is not the worst. If you are placed in a responsible position, it is weary work to think every morning before you get up, that on this day you may fail in temper or in judgment in a way which may do much harm, and which plenty of illset people will be ready to pounce upon and make the worst of. And you cannot be always on your guard, with all your wits about you. The moment comes in which the habituated and cautious crosser of the London streets finds himself full in the way of the fatal hansom, and is crippled or killed. Yet with all detractions from

the enjoyment of this life, there once was an aged professor who declared that he wanted nothing more. He was content, through illimitable ages, that he might rise and breakfast, walk away to his class-room and give his lecture, come home and dine and read the reviews. But in the little company in which he said all this, no other agreed with him. It must be something away from these weary worries. The way in which we manage to bear up, is by vaguely fancying that the future will be entirely different from what the past has been. And with all, going on, the load gathers on the heart—the foot grows weary. The day comes when you can no longer have your children all under your roof as it used to be—they must be away, far away, with thousands of miles between them and you; and I do not just now see how, unless you be a vilely selfish being, you can after that ever have a light heart any more. There is something very touching, when you see on the faces of those you know the plain signs that life is just a little too hard and heavy for them; is wearing them out and breaking them down. And this is so with most. If there be easy-minded people now, who “daff the world aside and let it pass,” I do not know any of them. A little while since I beheld a large assembly of clergymen, most of them country clergymen. None of them had been disestablished or disendowed—none were likely immediately to be so. I saw many faces there, some which I can remember for a good many years; seen at intervals through that time. The faces were aging; that is nothing, for with advancing years all things must age. But the lines of care and thought on many of them were much deeper than when I saw them last. They were worn faces, most of them. One could not but think upon the slow and weary struggle, year after year, to make the ends meet; of many depressing calculations. Then the religious perplexities of these days weigh very heavily upon some; and the political aspect is to some a very sad one. It is difficult to get rid of the convictions of all one's life; specially difficult for those who have nothing to gain by so doing. The better world would need to be something exceedingly different from this world. One could not face the old

thing over again. And what the better world is, we are not told. We have not the faintest clear conception of what the place, and the life, can be, in their details. It will be all good and happy, no doubt; but everything we used to know will have passed away.

In my youth, I knew a worthy country parson, old and gray. Just in front of his house spread the churchyard—an ancient churchyard of large extent, with innumerable graves. Beyond the churchyard rose noble hills, richly clad with noble trees. And the venerable man's one joke was to point the visitor from the sombre foreground to the lovely background of the picture, and to say, “You see I can show you a beautiful prospect beyond the grave.” What should we give to the man, priest or prophet, who could indeed let us look for a few minutes behind the veil! Every diligent student of the New Testament knows the solemn reserve it holds as to what is *there*. Brief, general, without detail, manifestly figurative, are the notices of revelation as to the other world. And those who have been there and returned seem to have kept silence. “Where wert thou, brother, those four days? There lives no record of reply.”

It has long appeared to me, that (apart from a sanction which this is not the place to name) the great disproof of annihilation, and the great consideration which constrains human beings to shrink from annihilation for themselves and others, is found in the realm of the affections. Of a truth there is in human nature Addison's “horror of falling into naught,” when we think of those very dear to us who are dead, who are dying. Here it is that the natural belief in immortality has its foundation. And it is very remarkable to see how some, who have shaken themselves pretty nearly free of all other dogmatic belief, have clung to the belief of the immortality of the soul. It was Mr. Buckle, of the *History of Civilization*, who wrote that “the belief in a future state approaches certainty nearer than any other belief; and it is one which, if eradicated, would drive most of us to despair.” And the eloquent but sceptical writer founds his belief just on this, that IT MUST BE TRUE. In what I shall venture to call an unfor-

tunate paper published in *Fraser* ten years since, and which he wrote immediately after the death of a mother to whom he was attached with entire devotion, he speaks thus :

"To note the slow but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, to see the strength gradually waning, the limbs tottering more and more, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees, the eye paling and losing its lustre, the tongue faltering as it vainly tries to utter its words of endearment, the very lips hardly able to smile with their wonted tenderness—to see this is hard indeed to bear, and many of the strongest natures have sunk under it. But when even this is gone, when the very signs of life are mute, when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us naught save the shell and husk of what we loved too well, then truly, if we believed the separation to be final, how could we stand up and live?"

There is something touching and striking in this moan, wrung from the heart of the sceptic by the pure misery of his first great bereavement. You cannot read the essay in which the passage stands, without feeling that it was written at a very white-heat of feverish passion. The man felt that a certain dog-

matic belief was absolutely needful to hinder his going mad or killing himself; and he judged that a belief which he found absolutely necessary must be certainly true. Now that he is gone, and so many years have passed, there is no harm in saying that when he brought his essay to the good and never-forgotten man who then edited this magazine, he was in such a state of nervous agitation that he was unable to count the pages of it.

The subject greatens on me—and this little dissertation, which was intended to do no more than question one little point in relation to a grand and awful subject, must either come to an end, or go upon a tack not quite suited to the pages of a magazine. Wherefore let it end. Let it end by my saying that unless man be intended for a life after death, all this amid which we live is a miserable mockery. All religion—all religions that have ever been; all the churches and temples which overspread the earth; all that worship of Something which is a pure necessity of humanity; all are meaningless. And Sophocles would be right: "Not to be, is best of all!" A. K. H. B.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.—THE FIRST AND LAST PERIODS OF ROMAN IMPERIALISM COMPARED.

I HAVE already said that there are two very distinct periods in the imperial history, and that these are divided by a long revolutionary period of transition. The end of the first period I placed at Marcus Aurelius; we may be more precise if we choose and place it at the breaking out of the Marcomannic war. The beginning of the other period may be placed at the accession of Diocletian, when the unity and tranquillity of the Empire were restored and the outlines of the new system of government were sketched. The transition period which intervened is, perhaps, the most melancholy in European history. It presents some of the worst tyrannies, some of the bloodiest revolutions, and some of the

most enormous calamities in history. It presents Europe suffering from two plagues at once; the one the plague properly so called; the other, a mutinous, omnipotent, and half-barbaric soldiery.

To this middle period I shall not again call your attention. I propose now to place the first and third periods before you in contrast, in order to make more clear the radical and universal change which had taken place in the interval. In other words, I propose to institute a detailed comparison between the Empire under Hadrian or the Antonines, and the Empire under Constantine or Theodosius.

First, then, in the early period the Roman world was clearly and broadly separated from the barbaric, but in the latter period the separation has disappeared. In the earlier period certain

nations belonged to the one and certain other nations to the other; the nations beyond the frontier were of a different stock from the nations within it. There was a distinction of blood, as well as of place and of institutions. In the latter period the physical boundary remains, and also the distinction of institutions; but the German blood is to be found in the Roman population as much as out of it. Germans are within the Empire, and not only so, but more diffused through the Empire than any other nationality. The Empire had before been a specific substance with a distinct form. It is still a distinct form, but the substance or stuff is no longer distinguishable from that of barbarism. The word Roman has ceased to be a national designation, and has become a legal or technical term. There are Roman citizens still in the eyes of the law, but they are as likely to have the features and habits of barbarians as of those who are not Roman citizens. There is still a Roman army; there are still legions officered still by centurions and tribunes; but the soldiers are now very commonly Goths, Vandals, and Sarmatians. There are still famous Roman generals as in the days of Scipio and Marius; and famous victories are won, as in old days, over barbarous hordes; but Stilicho was a Vandal and Aëtius a Sarmatian, and their victories were won perhaps with Roman science, but certainly by barbarian hands. Even the forms are in some cases barbarous. Roman soldiers now rushed to the charge with the old German war-cry, called the *barritus*; when Julian became Emperor, he was lifted on a shield like a Frankish chief.

Even in the earlier period the word Roman had been stretched considerably beyond its original meaning. There were already multitudes of Roman citizens who had never set foot in Rome. But it was still a name denoting certain nations and excluding others, and it was still justified by the fact that Rome remained the seat of government and the centre of the Empire. It was considered the strangest instance of eccentricity in Tiberius that he retired without necessity from Rome, and deliberately preferred to live elsewhere; a hundred years later the first Antonine lived ex-

clusively, and the second usually, at Rome. But now, not only had the word Roman ceased to be exclusive of any nationality, but it was used to describe an empire of which Rome was not the centre. Diocletian took the government away from Rome, and Constantine provided a worthy seat for it on the Bosphorus. Nor by this change did Rome merely cease to be the sole seat of government; it lost its metropolitan character altogether. The Emperors of the West abandoned it as well as those of the East. They preferred to sit first Milan and then Ravenna. There are still other claims to the title of Roman, which the earlier Empire had possessed and which the later Empire wanted. In the time of the Antonines the fact that the Empire had been founded by a conquering nation issuing from Rome, was still conspicuously seen in the distinction between those subjects of the Empire who had the Roman citizenship and those who had not. The distinction was becoming faint, but so long as it was recognized by the law, so long as in the army the legions consisting of Roman citizens were distinct from the allied cohorts and squadrons consisting of those who wanted the citizenship, so long the Empire might still be said, in a sense, to be Roman. But during the transition period this distinction also was effaced. When all the freemen of the Empire were placed on an equal footing, and the distinction between legions and allies disappeared in the army, the last visible record of Rome's conquest was obliterated.

We are accustomed to think of that Holy Roman Empire which disappeared from the world within living memory, as having been Roman only in name. The misnomer in that case was certainly more glaring, but it was hardly more real than in the case of the Empire of Constantine. It is true that the Empire of Constantine had arisen out of that of the Antonines without breach of continuity, and that the change had been gradual. Still it had been a very complete change; one by one most of the Roman characteristics had disappeared. The appropriateness of the title could only be discovered from history. The Empire might be called Roman, as Constantine might be called Cæsar. But

Constantine was as much connected by blood with the old Julian gens of Alba Longa as the vast political system half-Oriental, half-barbaric, in which so many nations were united, was connected with the drowsy old provincial town on the banks of the Tiber, which Ammianus has described for us.

If the Empire was no longer Roman either by nationality or in the sense of being connected as an appurtenance or dependency with the city of Rome, neither was it Roman in the sense of possessing the political institutions which had originally belonged to Rome. Here the contrast between the age of Constantine and that of the Antonines is particularly marked. Under the Antonines the Empire retained much of the political character of the old Republic. It was in fact nearer to the Republic than it had been under the first Cæsars. Just at that exceptional period the State was guided by a President for life, nominated by his predecessor from among the most promising men of the age, possessing indeed power limited by nothing but his will, but choosing for the most part to regard his Senate with deference. This Senate was a chosen body of distinguished men selected by the Emperor from the whole Empire, and required to take up their residence in Italy. They formed a dignified club at Rome, and gave a powerful expression to the feelings of the upper classes. The old Republic had often witnessed a similar government, when a Dictator had managed the State with the confidence of the aristocratic Senate. The monarchical element was there but in the form least repugnant to Republicanism, for the monarch was not hereditary nor separated by any clear demarcation from his subjects.

In the time of Constantine the government is essentially different, for the Senate as an organ of general aristocratic opinion has practically disappeared, and the Life-President has become a Sultan. Both these changes were natural, and omens of them had appeared even before the Antonines. The Senate of Nero was almost as insignificant as that of Constantine, and no Sultan could trample on human beings more contemptuously than Caligula. When the earlier Emperors were restrained, it was

by their own good sense or virtue; the system was entirely without checks. But what before only the bad Emperors had been, every Emperor was now, and the Senate was now habitually as insignificant as before a bad Emperor had occasionally made it. An Augustus, a Trajan, an Antoninus, had found it politic, and perhaps judged it right, to treat the Senate with great respect, and to secure its co-operation in government. But the Emperors of the later series who answer best to these, and who were the wisest rulers—Diocletian, Constantine, Valentinian, Theodosius—steadily disregarded and trampled on the Senate; only a weak Gratian flatters it. Nor has it only lost favor with the Emperors; it has suffered a great change of character. In the first place there is now no longer a single Senate, but two—one at Rome and another at Constantinople; and next, there are now a multitude of senators scattered through the provinces who do not practically attend the meetings of the body at either of the two capitals. These changes were calculated to destroy the influence of the Senate as an organ of public opinion. Its judgment was no longer the solemn decision of a picked body of distinguished men assembled at the centre of government. It was assembled partly at Rome, which was not the seat of government, but a venerated ancient city possessing a circle of very distinguished and extremely indolent, noble families; and partly at Constantinople, which was sometimes nominally the seat of empire, but often only the seat of the Eastern Government. The decisions of these two bodies might be contradictory, nor did they necessarily represent the opinion of the senatorian order which was scattered through the Empire. Thus changed in character, and steadily discouraged by the Emperor, the Senate loses almost all its influence. It is preserved as a convenient *nucleus of wealth* for the operations of the tax-gatherer. As a political organ it becomes only once again conspicuous, and that is when the Roman Senate makes its fruitless protest in favor of the ancient gods, and once more sits, as in the old Gallic invasion, to represent a lost cause and to be bearded by victorious invaders.

When I say that the Emperor has become a Sultan, I mean, not only that he has assumed Oriental state, and a kind of sacred character as head of the Christian Church, but also that his immeasurable superiority to his subjects is admitted by them in their hearts, that the very conception of liberty has disappeared, and that that period has already begun which only ended with the French revolution, the period during which government had a supernatural character and exercised a dazzling or enchanting power over the minds of men. This spell, which the whole seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were uneasily laboring to shake off, was first thrown upon men's minds by Diocletian and Constantine. By these men the deep distinction that had so long existed between the Greeks and Romans on the one hand, and the Orientals on the other, was effaced. They destroyed what we may call the classical view of life, which asserts human free will, and regards government merely as a useful and respectable machinery for economizing power, and introducing order, beauty, and virtue into human affairs. In place of it they introduced the Asiatic view, which rests upon unalterable necessity, and elevates government into a divinity, teaching the subject to endure whatever it may inflict, not only without resistance, but without even an inward murmur; and, in short, to say to government what religion commands us to say to Providence, "Thy will be done."

With the Oriental theory of government was introduced Oriental cruelty and wastefulness of human life. In the earlier Empire there had been seen cruel Emperors, but now cruelty has become part of the system. The history of this time might be written in letters of blood. Executions, tortures, massacres, make the staple of the narrative even in the reigns of good Emperors. The great Theodosius massacres thousands of innocent people in a transient fit of passion. Constantine puts to death his wife and son. Valentinian, a brave and able Emperor, sheds as much blood as Caracalla, apparently from no bad motive, but only from a kind of mania for severity which has infected government. When the Em-

peror is of weak character, this uniform cruelty is intensified by his fears. Constantius does not appear to have been a monster like Caligula or Nero; he was simply a weak man; yet his tyranny, as described by Ammianus, appears far more tremendous than theirs. Theirs at the utmost is European, his is Asiatic.

It is the redeeming feature of this despotism that the rule of hereditary succession is not habitually practised in it. The ablest generals are still frequently invested with the purple, and there appeared during this period rulers who, in their merciless energy and the vastness of their views, resembled the Czar Peter. But the hereditary principle would occasionally creep in, and when it did so it always inflicted irreparable injury. The evils of hereditary succession can be guarded against when they can be calculated upon. The real burden of government can then be devolved upon ministers. But when the law of birth intrudes itself into an elective monarchy, when a weak man or a child is placed upon a throne which is commonly filled by merit, he is expected to govern personally; no adequate ministerial organization is at hand to screen his deficiencies; and his incompetence tells to its full extent upon his empire. The hereditary principle should be excluded altogether if it is not exclusively adopted. The right of nominating his successor, which was given in the Roman Empire to the Emperor, gave him the power of ruining everything by a single act. One corrupt or partial appointment was fatal. The nepotism of Aurelius brought on the dismal revolutionary period; the nepotism of Theodosius brought in the barbarians.

The worst kind of government is that which is regarded by its subjects as divine, and at the same time is really weak. Such was the government of Constantius, of Honorius, of Valentinian III.; imbecile, and at the same time despotic, plaguing the world like an angry deity, and misgoverning it like an ignorant child. But these were exceptional cases. Government during this period was commonly at a higher level. It was Asiatic, but it was commonly able. Compared with Asiatic governments, it was good. If the Em-

peror was regarded as a divinity, at least he earned his deification for the most part by merit. He was not such a deity as those which Egypt worshiped, a sacred ape or cat, but rather a Hercules or Quirinus who had risen by superhuman labors to divine honors. But compared with the government of the Antonines, it was barbaric. The Empire has fallen into a lower class of states. Reason and simplicity have disappeared from it. Subjects have lost all rights, and government all responsibility. The reign of political superstition has set in. Abject fear paralyses the people, and those that rule are intoxicated with insolence and cruelty. It is an Iron Age.

Government having assumed godhead, assumes at the same time the appurtenances of it. It is surrounded with "thousands of angels." A principal feature of this age as contrasted with that of the Antonines is the enormous multiplication of offices and officials. In this respect the Empire had from the beginning advanced upon the Republic. I have already shown that the most conspicuous change introduced by the imperial system was the creation of a number of great offices principally of a military character. A kind of martial regularity and strictness of discipline had been given to the State. By the side of the old civic and free organization had been placed a military organization which was despotic. Under the Antonines the two had subsisted together in harmony, and despotism had worn an almost republican dress. But the civic organization had now disappeared entirely, and had been superseded by a bureaucracy framed after the military model. The holders of function, who were originally elected by the people to rule over the people, have now become soldiers, bearing the commission and under the orders of the commander-in-chief. All officials alike bear the name of *milites*, and their service is called *militia*; even when their functions are purely civil they bear military titles, such as *centurio*, *principilarius*. It seemed at the beginning of this period as if the very conception of any power not military had disappeared from the world. Where is now the toga of Cicero? The Empire had become a camp. But this state of things was not to last. It was

indeed destined that all power should assume the military type; civil life was to be reorganized on the model of military life. But the distinction between the civil and the military power was brought back by Constantine soon after it had seemed to be lost. Civil life is merged for a moment in military, and is then again differentiated; but when it reappears, the military stamp is on it. The military title of prætorian prefect is given to four men whose functions are purely civil, and who exercise supreme jurisdiction each over a quarter of the Empire. Meanwhile the military functions are committed to new officers called *Duces*, the originals of our modern dukes; a distinctive war-office is created; there is a commander-in-chief of the infantry and a commander of the cavalry. The old *legatus*, such as he is described in the life of Agricola—a despotic sovereign within his own province, a general and a judge at the same time—has disappeared. The civil and military professions have been created, and each is elaborately organized; but the civil profession is an offshoot from the military. The Army, as it were, destroyed the State, and then created a new State out of itself.

Upon the system of the Antonines this is, in one sense, a great improvement. Such a vast empire evidently could not be satisfactorily governed without a complicated organization, nor could it be safe from disturbances without a separation of the civil and military governments. The distribution of the Empire into præfectures, vicariates, dioceses; the creation of an army, of public servants embodied and drilled with all the formality of an army; these were administrative reforms of the first magnitude, and they make the government of Constantine seem a far more finished machine than that of the Antonines. But the well-being of a State does not always increase with the administrative efficiency of its government. An all-powerful government was created: since liberty in that age was out of the question, such a government, had it been wise, might have been the best thing for the State. But it was all-powerful for evil as well as for good, and in the end, after saving the Empire, it ruined it.

I showed in my last lecture that the

Empire was essentially weak for want of the first conditions of vigor in a society, —population and industry. It was too weak to bear the ponderous weight of such a government. For, besides the cruelty, this government had all the wastefulness of Oriental rule. The army of officials might be necessary to carry on government, but they ruined the people. Their enormous number of itself entailed ruinous expenses. Moreover, in making ostentation a principle, the government had, as it were, committed itself to extravagance. Extravagance involved oppressive taxation, and the agents of this taxation, the official class, inevitably formed the habit of rapacity. Thus for the tyranny of an Emperor, to which in earlier times the people were sometimes exposed, was now substituted the uniform, universal, crushing tyranny of an official class.

Evils seldom come in this world without their compensations. I have been enumerating the symptoms of a long decay, the decay of a world. Steadily downward to a lower level of civilization and of happiness sank the Roman Empire. Its population barbarized by immigrations from beyond the frontier; its old civic freedom disappearing even from memory; its organ of opinion, the Senate, sinking into an insignificant committee of placemen; its Emperor putting off the sense of responsibility, and along with it all restraints of human feeling; its administration assuming a military ruthlessness and peremptoriness; its government generally becoming its own triumphant and insolent enemy,—Rome, the representative of European civilization, the inventor of civilized jurisprudence, and the inheritor of Greek philosophy, descends to the level of an Asiatic State. She passes through the fire to that military Moloch whose minister she had made herself. With genius dead, and the intellect fallen into such rudeness that she can scarcely tell us articulately the story of her woes, we see her more than once prostrate before one of those monstrous human idols that are worshipped in Asia, a silly creature educated in insolence and wearing a diadem, cruel and irresistible, deriving all his strength from human weakness, yet exacting copious libations of human blood and the utmost farthing of trea-

sure. But to all these losses there were compensations, and these I proceed to consider. The Asiatic despotism had some points of advantage over the classic. Liberty, which in its old forms had disappeared, began to spring up in new ones. In the first place, at the moment when freemen sank to be slaves, slaves began to turn into freemen. We do not know distinctly the steps of the transformation, but, like all the other changes to which I have called attention, it took place between the age of the Antonines and that of Constantine. A class of agricultural serfs came into existence, attached to the soil and irremovable from the spot on which they lived. They are sometimes called slaves, but they appear to have had property, and they had rights against their masters and duties to the State. In the decay of population human beings had risen in value. The government wanted recruits for its legions, and began to lay claim to the services of those who before had been the chattels of private citizens. In the decay of industry it was necessary to provide for the cultivation of the soil. One of the peculiarities of this government, in which human free-will was almost suppressed, was its principle of assigning vocations by arbitrary compulsion to whole classes of men. Many governments have assumed the right of pressing people against their will into some vocations, particularly into military service. But in the age of Constantine a principle of forced enlistment is applied to almost all functions. Men are forced into municipal offices against their will, in some cases they are pressed into trade. It was by another application of the same principle that one class of the population is bound to agricultural labor. The government, as it were, enlists an army of cultivators, whom it controls with as much rigor as its army, properly so called. These cultivators are in the strictest sense servants of the soil. They have a definite function in the community, and for the fulfilment of it they are responsible to the State. The State was no merciful master, but so far as it assumed authority over the serf it rescued him from the authority of his master. As the harshest system is better than individual caprice, we may believe that the lot of the *coloni* was better than that of

the agricultural slaves of the earlier time. If so, an improvement is caused by the very principle of decay and dissolution, and the very rottenness of the carcass breeds new life.

At the same time there was spread through society a new principle, which, if it cannot properly be called Liberty, was a most powerful substitute for it. I have said that government had been erected into a divinity, and that the very tradition of liberty was lost. This is true, and yet a certain kind of resistance to government was carried on upon a vast scale, with unalterable resolution and with success. The edict of Diocletian commanding the Christians to sacrifice was resisted throughout the Empire; the resistance was maintained for seven years, until Diocletian's successor succumbed to it. Athanasius resisted Constantine and Constantius successfully. Ambrose not merely resisted, but rebuked and humbled Theodosius. This new spirit had indeed appeared in the Empire before the age of the Antonines. Aurelius had remarked what he called the "obstinacy" of a class of his subjects, but in his time the phenomenon, though striking, was not yet formidable. It became formidable early in the revolutionary period; and at the accession of Diocletian this obstinacy had spread so widely, organized itself so well, and rehearsed its part so carefully, that it proved irresistible.

This obstinacy in the Empire achieved deeds as memorable as had been achieved by liberty in the Republic. Yet it was not liberty. Liberty is a proud spirit; it regards government as a mere instrument of human happiness, and resists it when it becomes evidently prejudicial to happiness. Liberty flashes out against the government that murders innocent men and dishonors women. Liberty is force of character roused by the sense of wrong. It is consistent, indeed, with a sense of duty and a willingness to bear just restraint; uncombined with these it achieves nothing lasting; but it is more often allied with turbulence and impatience of discipline. Such had been liberty in the old Republic, the rebellion of strong spirits against laws strained too far, self-assertion, sturdiness, combativeness. Such was not the Christian obstinacy. In this when it was genuine

there was no rebellion, there was no assertion of right. Those who practised it were not less obedient, but more obedient than others. They had no turn for liberty; they had no quarrel with the despotism of the Cæsars; this they met, not in the spirit of Brutus or Virginius, but with religious resignation. The truth was, they were under two despotisms while others were under only one. They were not satisfied with submitting to the Cæsar who assuredly did not "bear the sword in vain;" they endeavored to obey the law of Christ also. They bore the double burden with all patience. Those were not the times for free spirits to flourish in. In the soldier-ridden Empire there was no atmosphere of hope in which a spark of spirit could live or a breath of free heroism be drawn. To this class of simple feelings the Christian obstinacy does not belong. It arose from no impatience of restraint, but from a conflict of laws. The law of Christ carried it over the law of Cæsar. The spiritual sovereign prevailed over the temporal. They resisted one master in the interest of another. Their resistance was without the feeling of independence, their rebellion without the wish for freedom; no movement of defiance in their mind, obedience was driven out by obedience and loyalty by loyalty. Therefore, saving the law of Christ, the Christians were the most loyal of the Emperor's subjects, and Christianity confirmed as much as controlled despotism. It produced a complete change in the attitude of the people to the Emperor. It made their loyalty more intense, but confined it within definite limits. It strengthened in them the feeling of submissive reverence for government as such; it encouraged the disposition of the time to political passiveness. It was intensely conservative, and gave to power with one hand as much as it took away with the other. Constantine, if he was influenced by policy, was influenced by a wise policy when he extended his patronage to the Church. By doing so he may be said to have purchased an indefeasible title by a charter. He gave certain liberties, and he received in return passive obedience. He gained a sanction for the Oriental theory of government; in return he accepted the law of the Church. He became irresponsible with respect to his

subjects on condition of becoming responsible to Christ.

The difference, then, between the later series of Emperors and the earlier is this. The earlier Emperors were nominally Republican magistrates, but practically their power was unlimited. The later Emperors were avowedly Oriental despots, but their power had one important and definite limitation. On the other hand, the later Emperors had not so much active resistance to fear as the earlier. The spirit of liberty which prompts to active resistance was in the earlier period not quite dead; the spirit of religion and morality which was vigorous in the later period prompted only to passive resistance. The practical result was that the earlier Emperors could not venture upon so much cruelty as the later, and the later Emperors could not indulge so much caprice as the earlier. In the first century the Romans submitted for years to all the frenzied whims of a lunatic; at last they killed him for his cruelty. The later Romans submitted frequently to much more cruel governments, but they firmly resisted the virtuous Julian when he tried to change their institutions.*

The position assumed by the Church at this time towards government has determined its attitude throughout modern history. It has often controlled and defied kings, as Ambrose did; but it has always remained cold towards the spirit of liberty. Not that there is anything in Christianity incompatible with liberty, not that zealous champions of liberty may not be, or have not often been, zealous Christians. But Christianity sprang up and shaped its institutions at a time when liberty was impossible, and when the wisest course for men in existing circumstances was to abandon the dream of it. Therefore, the earliest documents of Christianity, the biographies of its Founder, and the early history of the Church, bear the stamp of political quietism. In all disputes between authority and liberty the traditions of Christianity are on the side of authority. Passive obedience was plausibly preached

by the Anglican clergy out of the New Testament; when the opposite party sought Scriptural sanction for the principles of freedom, they were swayed irresistibly back upon the Old Testament, where rebellions and tyrannicides may be found similar to those which fill classical history. The whole modern struggle for liberty has been conducted without help from the authoritative documents of Christianity. Liberty has had to make its appeal to those classical examples and that literature which were superseded by Christianity. In the French Revolution men turned from the New Testament to Plutarch. The former they connected with tyranny; the latter was their text-book of liberty. Plutarch furnished them with the teaching they required for their special purpose, but the New Testament met all their new-born political ardor with a silence broken only here and there by exhortations to submission.

But this, which has been the weakness of Christianity in recent times, was its strength in the first ages of its existence. The spirit of Liberty and the spirit of Nationality were once for all dead; to sit weeping by their grave might for a time be a pious duty, but it could not continue always expedient or profitable. Yet this is the attitude of the age of Trajan. Tacitus makes it his object to nurse the ancient spirit as much as possible. He canonizes the martyrs of the Senate—Pætus, Rusticus, Helvidius. He studies to feel like a senator, though conscious that the dignity of that name is only traditional. He studies to feel like a Roman, though alien blood is everywhere corrupting the purity of race; but he cannot prevent the corruption of Roman blood, nor check the undating flood of foreign manners. Plutarch buries himself in the past, and by the power of imagination re-peoples with its ancient heroes the depopulated and demoralized Greece into which he was born. In the age of the Antonines, to read of Epaminondas, Dion, Timoleon, might be entertaining and elevating, but it could not be practically useful, for it was neither possible nor desirable to imitate such examples. A literary man, like Plutarch, might not keenly feel the hopeless contrast between the reality and his ideal, but Tacitus, in the Roman

* At the beginning of the third century the aristocracy of Rome looked on with an enormous patience while a shameless Syrian priest insulted its gods and its religion.

senate, feels it, and hence the cynical despair that pervades his works. It was, therefore, the strength of Christianity that it renounced this unprofitable ideal. When it came forward, in the age of Constantine, to lead the thought of the Empire, it presented a programme in which Liberty and Nationality were omitted. A noble life had before been necessarily a free and public life, but the New Testament shows how virtue may live under the yoke of an absolute government, and in a complete retirement from politics. Patriotism had been the great nurse of morality; the *εὐλας* had been the centre by which human beings had been held together. Christianity arose from the destruction of a nationality, and showed its power principally in effacing national distinctions, and in uniting first Jew and Gentile, and afterwards Roman and Barbarian. Who can wonder at its success? To a universal empire it offered a universal morality; by limiting despotism it relieved the people, and by sanctioning despotism it compensated the despot.

Thus the age was made somewhat happier by receding further from liberty. Under the Antonines it was fully conscious of its loss, and looked back with regret; but now it had forgotten its loss, had found for itself new objects, and was again looking forward. Tyranny was more cruel, and misery was more widespread, than in the days of the Antonines; but it was less felt, because the age had occupations which absorbed it, and was possessed with thoughts which, in a measure, numbed the sense of pain. The political languor of the age of the Antonines was not compensated by any intellectual or speculative activity. The old ideas were still before men's minds, but constantly becoming more obsolete; the old creeds were still officially accepted, but with less and less belief; the old sacrifices were still performed, but with less and less devotion. Seldom, perhaps, has there been a time when ideas had so little power over a highly civilized community. Roman literature was asleep; a movement was taking place in Greek literature, but it was of a popular and superficial kind. The itinerant Sophists, who travelled over the Greek world at this time delivering lectures or discourses, created perhaps something nearer to the popular literature of our own day

than was known at any other period of antiquity. But they aim only at amusement, or very moderate edification; and the only one of them who has attained permanent fame, Lucian, exhibits most vividly the spiritual emptiness of the time. His dialogues are a universal satire—a satire upon what men do, but still more upon what they think, upon what they profess to believe and to venerate. They give a low impression of the philosophy of the age; religious belief, except in the lowest forms of superstition, they represent as absolutely dead. Lucian writes for and of the people; a very different writer, a writer much too noble to be a fair representative of his age, the Emperor Aurelius, still shows us what was going on at the same time in the minds of the most cultivated. The ancient gods have disappeared from his creed, and no new objects of worship have taken their place. Piety remains, and serves to him as a kind of proof of the existence of its objects, but sometimes he feels the proof insufficient. Why should I care to live, he says, in a world void of gods and void of a Providence?

Pass over the revolutionary period, and what a contrast? We find ourselves in an age when ideas, good and bad, have an overmastering influence, and when, in particular, the sense of religion is more universal and more profound than it had ever been in the world before. Thoughts, reasonings, controversies, which in the age of the Antonines had been but languid in the schools, had now made their way into the world, and lived with an intense life. The populace, which in the age of the Antonines lies, as it were, outside the province of history, having neither opinions nor purposes, which counts in politics only as something to be fed and to be amused, as a reason for bringing corn-fleets from Egypt and Africa, and for building amphitheatres—this populace, now in still greater poverty, and falling into a misery from which no government could any longer relieve it, is filled with vehement opinions, ardent beliefs, disinterested enthusiasm. Under the iron military rule human will and character begins to live again. Violent passions surge again, party divisions reappear, acts of free choice are done, men fight once more for a cause, once more choose leaders and follow them faithful-

ly, and reward them with immortal fame. The trance of human nature is over, men are again busy and at work, in spite of tyranny and misery. The sense of a common interest thrills again through a vast mass, as it had thrilled through the citizens of Rome in old republican days; but the mass is now composed, not of the citizens of a single city, but of the population of a world-wide empire. Representatives of many nations appear in the great parliament at Nicæa; the leaders in the party conflict which raged there had their enthusiastic followers in every country in which Roman camps had ever been pitched. For the first time it might be said that the Empire was alive. Up to this time the nations of which it was composed had been held together but by military force. Now for the first time they thought and felt in unison; now they had an organization not imposed from without but developing from within; now they had a common imperial culture and system of philosophy.

Yet all this vivid activity, which contrasts so strongly with the languor of the age of the Antonines, was compatible with a despotism infinitely more absolute than that of the Antonines. Under the paternal rule of Aurelius the people had remained inert and lifeless; under the afflicting tyranny of Valentinian they lived, willed, and acted with spirit and energy. The explanation of this is that, as I have said, the later despotism was one which secured itself by accepting limitations. Its subjects surrendered finally one-half of their liberties on condition of enjoying securely the other half. For a nominal freedom, which was in fact an unlimited slavery, they accepted an undisguised but limited slavery. Human free-will made terms with the victorious power of government, and accepted a fraction, but a secure fraction, of its original possessions. The corporate life of man, which hitherto had been one and undivided, began now to be regarded as twofold. A distinction was introduced like that which we now recognize between political life and social life. In political life despotism reigned with more undisputed title than ever, and was more remorselessly cruel. But from social life despotism was almost expelled; within this not narrow domain a govern-

ment was set up which, whatever its faults, had influential parliaments and popular magistrates. The distinction was drawn roughly enough, and between the two authorities there was frequent border war; but the distinction was maintained, and was no small compensation to those unfortunate generations, the hard-pressed garrison of the beleaguered citadel of civilization.

It was in this way that a considerable share of liberty was reconquered in the Roman Empire, that the distinction between political and social life was first established, and that human free-will, expelled from the channels in which it had been accustomed to flow, found for itself a new channel. But what was the force by which this change was effected? It was a force which had seemed almost dead—the force of Theology. During the revolutionary period the sceptical philosophies lost their influence, and so did that system of moral philosophy which threw man back upon himself. An age of faith set in, an age in which a large class had found a view of the universe which was satisfying and inspiring to them; and in which even those who had not, acknowledged the necessity of finding such a view, and endeavored in various ways to do so. A Theology was the necessity of this age: those who had not got one wished for one; those who rejected the most powerful and satisfying theology had recourse to less satisfying systems, and to spasmodic revivals of systems that were extinct. Outside the Christian Church, as well as within it, Theology was everywhere. In the time of the Antonines the most conspicuous fact, as I have said, is the decline of old beliefs. Doubtless the routine of rustic superstition went on as in earlier times; nor did philosophers speak generally with Lucian's contempt of the ancient gods. Plutarch has an explanation of them which warrants a sort of belief, but this explanation is evidently a concession to conservative feeling. The Gods are venerated in the same way as the Senate, that is, for the sake of the past and on the condition of doing nothing. The exceptions to this, such as Apollonius, who had a more positive religious feeling, were in the earlier age only numerous enough to show the possibility of a Pagan revival. During the

revolutionary period this revival took place. The philosophers passed to theology over the bridge of Platonism. The close juxtaposition into which the different systems of religion prevailing in the different parts of the Empire had been brought, revealed certain features common to all. The revivalists fastened upon these common features, and Paganism in its last age returned to what was perhaps its earliest form, and became Sun-worship.

This movement was spasmodic. The zeal of Julian, Porphyry, and others of that school, was not inspired by a belief, but by the wish for a belief. The influence moves in the wrong direction; it passes not from the belief to the men, but from the men to the belief. Their religion does not reanimate them, but they reanimate their religion. As a proof, however, of the need felt in that age for a religion, it is all the more striking. It was not by these Neo-Platonists and Neo-Pagans that that revival of human freedom and human activity of which I have spoken was produced, but the revival of Paganism shows more clearly than the introduction of Christianity the steady set of men's minds and feelings in that age towards religion. The picture I have given of the late Empire may suggest to us two among the many causes of this phenomenon.

First, then, the age was religious, because it was an age of servitude. Religious feeling is generally strong in proportion to the sense of weakness and helplessness. It is when man's own resources fail that he looks most anxiously to find a friend in the universe. Religion is man's consolation in the presence of a necessity which he cannot resist, his refuge when he is deserted by his own power, or energy, or ingenuity. Negroes are religious, the primitive races in the presence of natural phenomena which they could not calculate or resist were intensely religious; women, in their dependence, are more religious than men; Orientals under despotic governments are more religious than the nations of the West. On the other hand, a time of great advance in power, whether scientific power over Nature, or the power to avert evils, given by wealth and prosperity, is commonly a time of decline in religious feeling, until man's

wants, ever growing with his acquisitions, strike again against the impassable boundary. The age when Europeans became as subject and as helpless as Orientals naturally made them also as religious as Orientals.

Secondly, the Empire was made religious by vast calamities and miseries. It was during the revolutionary period that it took the religious stamp, and that, as I have pointed out, was the age of the Plague and also of unparalleled political disasters. In the presence of such evils, there was no choice but between religion and stoical apathy. The effect of the Plague is visible in the traces at this time of a revival of the worship of Æsculapius. Men cried to any deity that might be able to aid, and renounced the scepticism that left them helpless in their utmost need. And as the weather did not clear, as plague followed plague through nearly a century, and when this evil was removed the *fiscus* and the barbarian afflicted society almost as heavily, men must have come to consider existence itself an evil, had not religion held before their eyes a future state. Those whose whole lives were spent in watching decay and dissolution, who were borne upon a steadfast backward current, who were familiar with the dwindling of population, the disappearance of wealth, the fall of noble institutions, the degradation of manners and culture, could not have been reconciled to life by any plain view of things, by any sober calculations. They could only repair such losses and relieve such beggary out of the inexhaustible treasury of hope and faith. It was well that, in their painful search after objects of worship and after supernatural protection, men were not finally driven back upon the outworn imaginations of mythology. Those imaginations had been lovely in their spring-time, in the days of Homer or Æschylus, but it was late autumn with them now; they were wholesome no longer. There is nothing more pestilential in the social atmosphere than the exhalations of stale poetry. It was also well that they found in the end something better than that Sun-worship which was gradually evolved out of the comparison of religions. This worship, indeed, was far from being utterly hol-

low or spasmodic, but men could no longer be content with the most dazzling material glory. "Two things fill me with wonder," said Kant, "the starry heaven without, and the moral principle within." It was these two awful things that contended for empire over the hearts of men in the fourth century. The invisible Deity vanquished the visible one. There was superstition on both sides, and a Claudian might fancy that to worship beauty in Proserpina was as ennobling as to worship corruption in the ashes of Peter and Paul. But it was not corruption that was worshipped at the shrines of the martyrs, but a higher thing than beauty—moral goodness.

It was because in that revolutionary period, that great chasm between the Old World and the New, the depth and breadth of which I hope I have now made clear to you, the Roman Empire,

searching eagerly to find a religion, discovered in its bosom a worship which had the two things which the age demanded—a supernatural character, and an ideal of moral goodness; and it was in a secondary degree because that ideal was of a type suiting the age, presenting virtue in the social sphere which was still open to it, and not in the political from which it was now excluded: it was for these reasons that when in the later period all the liberty which had still lingered in the age of the Antonines disappeared, when Asiatic sultanism was set up and all public functions fell into the hands of military officials, when tyranny was most oppressive and searching, when human life was cramped and stunted to the utmost, the spirit of freedom was able to assert itself in a form hitherto undreamed of, and when expelled from the State to reappear in the Church.

Dublin University Magazine.

A SET OF NATIONAL FRENCH NOVELS (THE ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN NOVELS).*

THE study of French literature is, no doubt, a good corrective of insular narrowness; and yet, for a great many of us, the equivocal character of French novels has quite made that branch of literature at any rate something to be eschewed and abhorred.

The notion that a French novel must be improper—a notion which any work of Emile Souvestre, to mention only one instance, should be enough to dispel—tells with many people against French literature in general; what is the use of finding out the views respecting art or criticism or the philosophy of history, held by men among whom Paul Féval and the younger Dumas are representative names? It is not our business to

defend the literature of the Second Empire; we cannot help being startled when a grave periodical like the *Revue des Deux Mondes* publishes fortnight after fortnight a story like "M. de Camors;" but we must protest against the impure novels of the day being taken as the national literature *par excellence*. Nobody in England thinks of enthroning Miss Braddon, or the writer of the last thrilling romance in *Bow Bells* or the *Young Englishman's Magazine* among the *élite* of English writers. Their books are found on every railway-stall at home, just as their yellow-covered congeners are in France; but for all that, no one classes the authors among the lords of thought who really do something towards shaping the minds of their contemporaries. We regret their popularity, but we are tolerably convinced that their influence is often overrated. It is the same, Frenchmen tell us, with what is technically described as "the French novel;" its abundance is, indeed, a sign of the times; but it is much more an effect than a cause. Its power, except over a very limited class, is small indeed. It certainly cannot pre-

* (1). *Romans Nationaux Illustrés*. Paris: Hetzel, 1867-9:—1. "Histoire d'un Paysan," 1789. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. 2. "Madame Thérèse, ou 'es Volontaires, de 1792." 3. "Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813." 4. "L'Invasion en 1814." 5. "Waterloo, suite d'un Conscrit." 6. "La Guerre," drame en 5 actes. 7. "Le Blocus de Phalsbourg." 8. "Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple."

(2). *Contes et Roman Populaires*:—1. "L'Ami Fritz," par Chatrian. 2. "Le Juif Polonais," &c.

tend to be the most approved vehicle of French thought; it is not even, just now, the most popular form of novel literature. That place must be assigned to the very remarkable set of works which we have named at the beginning of this paper.

Perhaps it is our English impatience of novels with a purpose which has made us always too ready to judge our neighbors by those of their novels of which the purpose is only to amuse. This impatience is felt just as much in the case of our own writers: Dickens was able to take liberties with his readers which few authors would dare to attempt; but Dickens lost favor with many when he began to make his attacks on public offices, on the Court of Chancery, on the Marriage Laws, and so forth. The French, on the other hand, since the time of "the Grand Cyrus," have scarcely ever been without some novel with a purpose, the effect of which, social or political, has often been very great. We need only mention "Emile," and, in more modern times, those "Mystères de Paris" which were said to have contributed their share towards upsetting the monarchy of July. M. About's novels, again, all have a very evident purpose; his "Tolla" is just his "Question Romaine" put into a form more attractive for the general reader, if he wants to show the advantages of large farms, and to illustrate the axiom which he propounds so confidently in "Le Progrès" that the age of retail dealing and retail farming and retail everything is past and gone, he gives us a brilliant novel, raucy and incisive in style, but marred for the English reader by an overdose of clever special pleading. If he even wants to show what Government has done towards keeping back the encroaching sands in the *Landes*, and what proprietors might do if they would imitate the example of Government, he writes not a dry pamphlet, but "Maitre-Pierre," a lively story about a native of the *Landes*, who seems far more like the "Pathfinder" in Fennimore Cooper than like an ordinary Frenchman. In "Ahmed le Fellah," M. About's latest work, the story is just an excuse for saying what the author thinks about Egypt and oriental governments in their relation to western

powers. This novel, by the way, has been (during its appearance in the *Revue*) a perfect mine of wealth to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has not scrupled to take, from time to time, M. About's views as to the evils of the consular system, and as to the intense folly of discouraging native industry and buying up second-rate European rubbish, and which, writing Turkey for Egypt, has coolly put forth these views as its own. Nor are the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian without a very definite purpose, a purpose in which the grumblers at the present dynasty of course find the secret of their immense success. Where men like M. About, or the brilliant Victor Cherbuliez, to our mind the best master of the lighter style of French writing, have their tens, the pair of novelists who are writing what may almost be called the French "Waverley," can count their thousands of readers. Besides Hetzel's Edition, and that put forth in Belgium, all the works which we have named have appeared in penny numbers, illustrated—and very well illustrated too—by Schuler, Benet, and that remarkable wood-engraver, Riou. Some of them have been translated into English in our cheap weekly magazines. They have been introduced as class books into English schools. In fact, since "Waverley" there has been no instance of such a decided success. Victor Hugo's "Misérables," also a novel with a purpose, was carefully analyzed in half a dozen English reviews; so were the sensational productions of the Abbé * * *, which certainly added but little to the old controversies involved in the question of Roman Catholicism *versus* Christianity. But the praise of Erckmann-Chatrian is not only in the *Times*, which has more than once devoted several columns to a review of some novel of the series, but in works less magnificent indeed but far more popular than the *Thunderer*. We have already mentioned how largely the "Romans Nationaux" are read in France. No doubt their republican flavor, and their hard hits at Napoleon and Napoleonism, partly account for this; but a great deal is due to their own intrinsic merits.

They deal with what to every one, and to Frenchmen especially, is the most interesting period of French history, and

they treat it in a way which to the reader of most historical romances is inexpressibly refreshing. The characters in these novels are not merely lay-figures, just used to fill up gaps between sensational scenes; they are living men and women, who tell us how they felt while the whole order of things was changing, and while Europe was the scene of perhaps the most wonderful series of events which it has ever witnessed. How did the *people* feel these things? What was the effect of all this overthrowing of dynasties, all this breaking up of old traditions, all this winning and losing battles, on the average peasant, and country-townsmen, and private soldier? We all know more or less about the events themselves. M. Thiers's books, in every way the opposite of those before us, may be called the "Romance of the Period;" while the "Romans Nationaux" contain its commonplace, and therefore (as it so often happens) a great deal of its true pathos. Undoubtedly of the two ways of writing historical novels, the latter is the most satisfactory; we believe MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. The *names* of their characters are fictitious, but they do and say just what we are sure people must have done and said at the time of which they are writing. The Thiers's school, on the other hand, gives us real names, but draws on its imagination for the details. The best way, however, of interesting those who have not yet made acquaintance with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian and their delightful books, is to say something about the story of each, making such remarks, as we go along, as the plot or the working-out may suggest.

The "Histoire d'un Paysan" is a work apart, not one of a series like "Le Conscriit," "Le Blocus," and "Waterloo," through which run the same names of persons and places according to the plan adopted with such good effect by Thackeray. It breaks off, after describing the grand meeting of the *tiers-état* in June, 1789, with the promise that by-and-by, "when I've had time to gather up my reminiscences," you shall have something about the battles in the streets, the emigration, the reign of terror, and all the other grand and terrible things which went on during the early years

of the republic. This promise has not been redeemed. The writers pass at one bound from 1789 to 1792—from the States-General to the *levée en masse*; and, while describing some of the features of the war in which the Prussians were driven out of the country, it passes very lightly indeed over the horrors of the guillotine. Just once we are told, in Madame Thérèse, the list of executions was unhappily a long one, but that is all the comment on those sad scenes of bloodshed and frenzied cruelty which mar the sublime spectacle of a nation rising as one man, and pushing on, under leaders who have to learn the art of war as they go along, to expel the invaders. In the "Histoire d'un Paysan" the story is very slight; the main interest consists in the descriptions of the wretched state of the French peasantry under the old *régime*, and of the grand awakening which seemed to come all of a sudden when the king determined on summoning the States-General.

The hero, Michel Bastien, is the son of a poor farm laborer with a large family and debts into the bargain. He contrasts, with pardonable pride, his present comfortable condition, his farm, his good grass land, his fine Swiss cows, and his twelve big plough-oxen, his grandchildren, too, some of them well married, the others in a fair way of rising in the world, and, above all, the land, which is his own, with the wretched hovel where he was born, and where he and his brothers and sisters used to shiver amid the stifling smoke, while father and mother, work as hard as they would, could barely get them beans enough to keep body and soul together. All these details about the *good old time*, the story of the taxation, the *gabelle*, the *corvées*, the duty-fowls, the duty-eggs, the tithes, great and small, the tolls at fairs and on highways; the misery which forced three-quarters of the villagers to take to begging every winter, therein trying to compete with the Capuchins and other friars—all this is told at length, and in a clearer way than it has ever been put before (except in "Carlyle's Revolution"), in order to show that the Revolution was necessary. "But for '89" (says old Michel) "I should be what my fathers were before me, the slave of lord and convent; and

yet the sons of these people who owe everything to '89 are actually found writing in their rascally newspapers that the Revolution ruined society, that we were much better and much happier before it. I can't read such stuff without trembling all over with rage. My boy who is going to be a doctor says, 'Never mind, grandfather, they're paid for it, poor wretches; that's how they live;' but I can't help minding. Why, from '92 to '99 we killed folks by dozens who were a thousand better than they—aristocrats, emigrés, Condé's men, fine brave fellows; and these crawling things betray the cause that made their fathers men instead of beasts of burden, just that they may fill their own greedy bellies. Faugh, if my wife didn't keep the newspapers pretty well out of my way I'm sure I should have a fit of apoplexy. And then to hear rich people declaim against the Revolution, when I know that their grandfathers and grandmothers were many a time whipped on market days for pulling up a carrot or a turnip when they had nothing else to eat—why I hardly know whether to laugh or to grind my teeth at them."

Michel's village is close to Mittelbronn near Phalsbourg and Saverne—one of the cluster of villages to which most of the people in all these novels belong; it is the borderland, and has many of the usual border peculiarities. The people are a fine hardy race; statistics tell us that they are to the French army what the Irish are (or were) to the army of the United Kingdom; more than half the substitutes are Alsace or Lorraine men. They talk two languages, and are quite at home when campaigning carries them across into the Fatherland. At the same time they are thoroughly French in feeling, fight like lions whenever the frontier is to be defended, hate seigneurs and seignorial rights with a good hearty hatred, and, above all, delight in the change which has made every one an owner of his own little patch of ground. This last, however, if a French, is by no means a Celtic characteristic. A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the Irishman longing to be a landed proprietor—one thing is certain, in the most Celtic parts of France the subdivision is far less than it is in the northeast; while in Baden, and else-

where beyond the frontier it is carried further than in any part of France. Nearness to Germany, again, has not thrown any haze of sentiment over MM. Ereckmann-Chatrian's books; they are novels of action, not of sentiment. The little touches which bring out the *tout ensemble* of a room or of a building, are French—Dickens made this style fashionable among us; but in Dickens's imitators, at any rate, it is often labored and wearisome; in the novels before us it is perfectly natural—persons and scenes are finished off with photographic minuteness; yet so admirably is the work done that there is no stiffness, no artificialness, perceptible even in the fullest descriptions. The difference between a French and a German novel may be seen by comparing any of this series with "A Mecklenburger's Recollections of the War of 1813," published in Low Dutch, and recently translated into the German of ordinary literature. But we must return to this point by-and-by; let us now see a little more of Michel Bastien. He begins by telling us how all these little villages round Phalsbourg came into being. Towards the end of the sixteenth century George-John, Count Palatine and Duke of Bavaria, thought his forest-land might as well be turned to account; so he made grand offers to any one who liked to colonize, and got together a lot of people, mostly Lutherans, whom, as soon as they were comfortably settled, he sold, lands and all, for 400,000 florins to the Duke of Lorraine. George-John had based his colony on perfect toleration; but the Duke of Lorraine, who had made no promises, at once sent his Privy Councillor "to charitably exhort his citizens of Phalsbourg to embrace the Catholic faith," with the alternative of losing all their property and being put across the frontier in case they declined to do so. The Duke, too, set up his gallows, appointed his provost with power of life and death, and with authority to torture prisoners if he judged it right so to do. He fixed tolls so high that the trade of the district was crippled; he put taxes not only on every necessary and luxury, but also on every dealing between man and man—if you sold or bought you had to pay; if you measured your wheat, or brewed your beer, or even baked a batch of

bread, or tied up your woolpacks, you were taxed. All this seemed as bad as it could be; but things got still worse when, at the death of Stanislaus, Lorraine was united to France; for then all the King's taxes had to be paid as well as those due to the Duke; and the King's twentieth, levied only on the peasants, and paid on the net produce of the land, seemed the hardest to bear of them all. It is a gloomy picture; but it can scarcely be overcharged, however dark may be the colors employed. Michelet, in his "*Siècle de Louis XV.*" has painted it in his Turneresque way; Arthur Young, long ago, let England into the secret of the miserable state of the French peasantry. And yet there were some brighter features even in such a society as that—as Mr. J. M. Bridges, in his "*France under Richelieu and Colbert*," has well shown, the villagers, from the very fact of their being left to themselves, had preserved something like self-government—poor as they were, they had not sunk to the absolutely dependent position of the English laborer.

One marked feature of the good old time was the wretched state of the soldiery; while the officers were going flirting and parading about Phalsbourg, the men, in threadbare coats which hung about their heels, were literally starving; "they had no pay, and the people on whom they were billeted used to go round begging broken meat for them. Yet these men would have cut down their own fathers and mothers and burned their villages at the bidding of their officers: once in the regiment they forgot home and everything belonging to it." Discharged soldiers had no pension, nothing but a license to beg. The clever fellows used to fix themselves in some tavern and try to decoy young lads to enlist; the bolder spirits took to the road, and dozens of them were hanged every winter for highway robbery. Worse than the soldiers were the begging friars. In one diocese there were sixteen chapters, twenty-eight abbeys, thirty-six priories, forty-seven monasteries, and nineteen nunneries; and, instead of feeding the poor, the Capuchins and such-like privileged beggars took the alms which might have supported the really indigent, and appealed

to the civil power to have "mendicity suppressed," whenever they found the peasants attempting to do a little begging for themselves. The picture of the *frère quêteur*, big, strapping fellow, to whom nothing comes amiss, not even the crust of black-bread which he half bullies, half coaxes out of the poor man's wife, is admirably drawn. This is the man who denounces the potato as an invention of Satan, when a clever book-hawker brings a little seed across from Hanover. "I've seen these fellows going along in gangs, every one of them as strong as an ox. How could the poor learn self-respect when they saw these holy men stretch out their hand and make their bow for a brass farthing? We have too many of them in the country still; but they never get anything out of me. My orders are to bring them straight into the kitchen, where they're sure to smell something good. Then my man offers them the handle of a shovel or a pickaxe, and says, 'You can go and take a turn at such and such a job before you get your dinner;' but I never knew any of them do a stroke of work. They walk off indignant, and I meet them on the threshold and grin as I wish them good morning."

Clearly the old peasant does not forget old scores. He cannot get over the time when the abbey had its *troupeau apart*, the right, that is, of sending its beasts into the common pastures an hour before those of simple laymen, so as to eat off the freshest grass and leave the peasants' cattle only the refuse, and when all the corn-fields were filled with abbey fruit-trees, let out to people who came in trampling over the wheat without even asking leave. He remembers, too, the heap of dry leaves which was his bed, and the lamp with its scanty supply of beech-nut oil, which the mother used to put out on moonlight nights, leaving the father to go on with his basket-making as best he could. The winters, he is sure, were much colder then than they are now. The snow lasted on till April. And this, too, was the fault of the noblesse and the monks. Their huge forests and their numberless ponds kept the air damp and cold; whereas now the land has been cleared and opened out, and even drained in most places, so that we very seldom get the old weather

nowadays. It never occurs to Michel, perhaps not even to our authors, that a good deal too much has been done in many parts of France in the way of clearing; and that, if the climate is milder, floods and droughts are more frequent, and the need of replanting is occupying the attention of the French government as quite much as forest conservancy is forcing itself on the attention of our Government in India. The huge forests bred vast numbers of wolves, and many a night, Michel tells us, he has lain awake on his heap of leaves listening to a pack attacking a stable. "They kept leaping eight and ten feet against the dormer windows and falling back into the snow; then all at once two or three wild cries would be heard—they had got hold of a dog and were rushing down the village street to go and eat him under the rocks." With such a training Michel was pretty sure not to forget, and he assuredly does not forgive, the system under which he grew up. His story is simple enough. As soon as he is able to work his godfather, blacksmith and innkeeper at the next village, takes him off his father's hands. With him he learns not only his craft, but a great deal of "life" of all kinds. "How could I help it when all sorts of people kept stopping at the inn and talking of all sorts of things. If I've made a few good bargains in wheat and in stock since, it is because I listened when a boy to the discussions between the farmers while we were shoeing their horses or mending the tires of their wheels." Maître Jean, the godfather, is a burly, clear-headed man, always grumbling about the taxes and the extravagance of the Government, and fond of saying, as he hammers away at some extra hard job, "Come, come, it's no good shirking; we've got to pay Soubise's pension. He lost us Rossbach, and that is why our good King gave him so much a year." Marie Antoinette, too, gets plenty of blame for her expensive ways, which are compared with those of some village good-wife, who, wanting to play the grand lady, brought husband and family to ruin; "and now Clause is off to the galleys for life, and Madame Clause is going about the country with the Chevalier d'Ozé of the Royal Allemand." Nothing but

politics, indeed, was talked in the kitchen of the "Three Pigeons" when work was over and Maître Jean came in to sup with his two apprentices. And yet, how different from an English ale-house. If any stranger was there, the talk was put off till he had gone. If Maître Jean lifted up his voice in indignation at the rogues who were ruining the nation, his wife, Dame Catherine, would give him a look, and would get up and fasten the shutters for fear eavesdroppers might be hanging about. The village politician of the British type, noisy and violently seditious as far as words go, was unknown in Mittelbronn. Yet everybody, except the Government officials, and the nobles, and a few weak-headed people like Maître Jean's older apprentice, understood one another. They communicated rather by electric sympathy than by spoken words. Very little was said, but the fabric of society was getting thoroughly eaten hollow, and, when the crash came, the mere shell, which had looked so stately to the last, crumbled in a moment. With two of his visitors, however, Maître Jean throws off his reserve. These are the good old Curé Christophe and Chauvel the Calvinist book-hawker, of whom we have already spoken as the introducer of the potato into the country. Christophe is a wonderful contrast to the Capuchins and their fellows, no less than to the higher clergy, like the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, who kept high state at Saverne and let his lackeys thrash the people who did not get fast enough out of the way of his carriage. "I've seen him drive into town on market-days with his four-in-hand at full speed, laughing like an idiot as the pots and pans flew clattering about, and the poor folks ran off, scattering in all directions." That was Maître Jean's experience of His Eminence. It is a pendant to what we read in Alison as well as in Carlyle, of the Duc de Chartres picking off masons at work on the house-roofs near the Louvre, just as if they had been crows. Very graphic is the account of Christophe's visit to this Prince-Cardinal. He goes to complain of the salt tax collectors, who have imprisoned a poor man in his parish for having in his house four pounds of salt which he could not prove that he had

bought at the Government stores. "I meant to put in a word, too, on my own account" (says the good curé.) "These fellows are always breaking into our houses under the pretext of looking for smuggled goods. They come to the glebe house and rummage up and down, and even get my cellar open. It's a crying shame that honest men's houses, ay, and women's too, should be open day and night to these ruffians. They wear no uniform; who is to tell them from housebreakers, I should like to know?" So Christophe goes with his grievance to the palace, and finds the hall and passages choke-full of Capuchins, Picpus, barefooted Carmelites, begging Barnabites, and such like, all thronging in to congratulate Monseigneur that the King had, at last, dismissed that troublesome Necker. All these gentry go in and out as if the place was their own; but the curé is shown into a grand room where he finds two poor priests like himself, and there he waits from eleven till five in the afternoon, while a red-coated lackey looks in every now and then and calls to his fellows outside, "Hallo! these poor parsons (*prêtreaille*) don't seem tired of waiting yet." At last a man brings word that Monseigneur will see nobody till that day week. "He grinned as he told us" (said Christophe, snapping his thick holly stick, as if it had been a toothpick); "but I kept my temper. I made my humiliation a sacrifice to the Lord. This can't last, you see; it's as contrary to good sense as it is to the will of God." Scenes like this enable us to understand the peculiarly ferocious character of the French Revolution: constant insults, daily degradation; these things are far harder to bear and are far more relentlessly punished in the day of vengeance than more serious wrongs. Christophe is a right worthy priest, doing his duty up to his light, keeping school for all comers during three-quarters of the year, and in summer carving saints for the neighboring churches. He has a kind word and a joke always for Chauvel. "Oh! you terrible fellow," (he cries, when they meet) "you here again, corrupting the morals of my friend Maitre Jean. I shall have to tell the authorities about you some day." "And, if you do, I should like to know

who will supply Jean Jacques to all the parsons through the country-side," replies Chauvel. "Ah, all your Jean Jacques isn't worth one verse of the Gospel." "Yes, if you'd give us the Gospel, we should not want anything more," says the Calvinist.

This is how the Calvinist colporteur introduces the potato into the country, and thereby (as Christophe says) "does more for the people of the 'three dioceses' than all the monks have done for them ever since there were monks in the land." Chauvel came in one winter from one of his long bouts with a few pecks of shrivelled-looking roots in his basket, and told his friend Maitre Jean that these roots were getting to be the staple food all through the Rhine land, that the yield was wonderful, and the crop sure, and that it seemed as if God had sent them just at that time of great distress to enable poor folks to live. Maitre Jean has great faith in the clever bookhawker, and plants his croft with the uncanny-looking roots, "*pelures de Hanovre*," as the villagers call them. He gets laughed at on all sides; people point to their foreheads, and say he is putting in turnip-rinds in order to get a crop of carrots; the great fat Capuchin who goes round alms-gathering for the convent at Phalsbourg, and who reminds us (amid the lean peasants on whose contributions he thrives) of the monk in Hogarth's "Gate of Calais," says no good can come of planting what a heretic has brought in, and tries to persuade Jean's wife to make her husband "throw the nasty things away." But Maitre Jean stands firm: he manures his croft and plants his seed; and Michel, who carried the seed-bag, has to bear all the spring the attacks of all the village urchins without his elder brothers to help him. "Down with the Hanoverian roots! Down with the boy who carried the seed-bag," they cry; and Michel at last wishes very much that something would show above ground. Here is the corn well up, and every other crop showing green and strong; and the croft is still as bare as if it had been planted with pebbles. Even Maitre Jean is getting rather discouraged, when Michel, who looked anxiously over the wall twice every day at least, rushes round one morning very early and thun-

ders at his godfather's door, crying out, "They're sprouting! they're sprouting!" Now it is Maître Jean's turn to laugh; and great is the excitement when the crop is got in, and when the first pot-full is boiled. Chauvel comes to dinner that day, and Curé Christophe, too, turns up at the right moment. Such a dinner as they have—a dinner which shows how, in the hardest times, the Gaul never lost the art of cooking—which shows, too, how wide was the gulf between the mere peasant, like Michel's father, and the small village tradesman. First comes a *soupe à la crème*, then eggs and bacon, in the form of an omelette instead of being served in our fashion, and then the potatoes in a basket, "white, with the skins just cracked, and so 'floury' that they made our mouths water." They eat till even the *petit vin blanc* of Alsace fails to provoke appetite, and then Mother Catherine empties a pot of new milk over the remaining potatoes, and they fall to again, till at last the curé cries, "Hold, John, we've both had enough. It is so nice that one might easily eat more than is good for him." Chauvel then gives an account of how the potatoes are grown and cooked in Hanover, and Christophe says, "Before many years are out I hope to see half the country side planted with them." "He had" (remarks Michel) "a dim idea of the value of the importation, but he did not see—how could he?—that it would change the condition of the people, rid us of those continual famines, and do more for the human race than king, lords, and all those whose virtues were cried up to the sky." Such is the estimate formed by the old French peasant of what Cobbett called "a soul-degrading root," the root against which, too, long before the disease, the most far-seeing German writers had begun to raise an energetic protest. But the new food does not make its way in the neighborhood in spite of the curé's recommendation; the Capuchins are against the innovation, and the report is spread that it causes leprosy; so Maître Jean has only three purchasers for his seed. Next spring, however, the news comes that one Parmentier had raised a crop of potatoes near Paris, and that he had had the honor of presenting some to his Majesty, who had actually eaten

some of them. After that Master John had no difficulty in selling his seed at his own price. The Gaul is just like his Irish brother; republican as he is, he can't resist following the example of royalty.

Chauvel's character is wonderfully worked out. There is no straining after effect, no wearying analysis of the man and his way of looking at things. And yet we seem to understand him as thoroughly as if we had known him for years. He it is who brings all the news to the "Three Pigeons." Whenever he comes home from one of his rounds he has a budget of papers at the bottom of his basket, and when the company has gone these are diligently read, in the inn kitchen, with more or less indignant comments from Maître Jean. There is more in them about the Grand Turk and about America than about France; but still they take care to tell how the Queen has given another splendid fête, or how half a dozen great officers of state have been pensioned. "All good for trade," says Chauvel, in his cynical way; and when Calonne is made minister and tries to set things right by his *virements*, transfers of the ever-increasing deficit from one account to the other, "robbing Peter to pay Paul," his grim joy is very characteristic. Not at all a man to be satisfied with half measures is Chauvel. When, by dint of reading Rousseau's "Vicaire Savoyard" and Voltaire, the clergy are beginning to think a little more of their duty—giving away soup, forgiving people their small tithes, draining off the abbey ponds—he says, "Ah yes, they see the boat is going slowly to the bottom, and they want to have friends who will hold out a pole to them when the water begins to come in." "A look at him was enough" (says Michel) "to show what stuff he was made of. You saw that he would run the risk of the galleys a thousand times over to spread his ideas and sell his books. He's not afraid of anything, and he trusts nothing; and altogether he'd be a very unpleasant man to have against you in any difficulty. His daughter Margaret is just like him; they'd break but never bend."

Round Margaret centres all the little romance of the story; Michel who has been to Curé Christophe's school, and

has profited by the good man's teaching, and who moreover has worked so well at the forge that his godfather pays him wages before his time is out, falls in love with her. He looks upon her as a sort of superior being, to repair whose spade is the greatest honor that mortal can have. She seems to understand him, despite his shyness; for when her father is chosen representative of the *tiers-état* for the district, and they go up to Paris, she answers his despairing appeal, "You're not going away for good and all, are you, Margaret?" by a brusque "Do you think it's likely, indeed? What should we do there all our lives, you great donkey? Do you think we're going there to make our fortunes?" Whether he does marry Marguerite is left as uncertain as is what happens to Christophe when the terror begins. The novel as a novel is hopelessly disappointing. Chauvel gets to Paris, writes a very long letter about all the discussions and the questions of etiquette and so forth, amid which the States-General is gradually converted into the National Assembly; and there the story ends, with a few words from the Curé to the effect that those Calvinists are going too far. "They'll never be satisfied till they have pulled down the throne; it was a true instinct which led the kings to prosecute them in the old times, for they are republicans to the backbone."

Story, then, in the novel-writer's sense of the word, the book has little or none. Michel, though only the third son, gets to be the support of the family. The second son, herdsman to a convent, saves little, and can send but little home. The eldest, Nicholas, a fine handsome fellow of six feet six, gets a good number in balloting for the army, and is to be sold as a substitute to pay off the family debts; but, just as everything is settled, the wild fellow gets drinking with some crimps and recruiting-sergeants of the Royal-Allemand, takes the shilling, and loses the twelve louis which was the regulation price. His letter from Paris, telling in the coolest way how his regiment rode down the street sabreing right and left when there was an émeute, causes immense horror to every one except his mother, who is so proud of his being a pet among his officers, that she can think of nothing else. Michel has

to pay off the debt, most of which had been incurred through the mother's one bit of extravagance—she had bought a goat, borrowing the money for it, and as the goat died, all hope of seeing their own again was lost; and M. Robin, the village usurer, who is painted "for the edification of all peasants who may read this tale," gets them closer and closer in his grip, making the old father do a great deal of *corvée* for him besides paying heavy interest. The usurer is still the curse of the French village; it is the fashion to say that he is the outgrowth of the small-property system, but Michel's experience shows he existed in full force under the *ancien régime*.

At last, thanks to Michel, not one of the family is obliged to beg, even during the slack months—a great thing where there were so many children, several of them girls, and one a cripple, in a country, too, where there was an absolute dearth of manufacturers. That is the secret of the contrast between Ireland and England—not the inherent shiftlessness of the Celtic race, but the fact that in the one country the landlord and the farmer have to bid against the manufacturer, in the other they can make what terms they please.

The great turning-point of the narrative is the convocation of the States-General. Necker had made this inevitable by publishing his famous balance-sheet. Thenceforward everybody knew how the money was wasted, and everybody began to cry out aloud, instead of being content with the sympathetic understanding of which we have spoken: "There is a growing deficit, and yet the privileged classes pay no tax at all;" that is the burden of their complaint. "Something in the air" cows the herd of petty officials, and makes even the poorest hold up his head. It is the terrible winter of 1788-9; yet, though people had to live on nettles and wild roots, they kept up their courage. As for the Capuchins, if they had dared to begin begging on the roads, they would have been torn in pieces. At last comes the order for every township to elect its pair of deputies for the redress of grievances. Maître Jean is chosen, and says he won't serve unless they give him Chauvel as his colleague. They don't quite like choosing a Calvinist, but they choose him nevertheless. Then

comes the grand dinner given by Maître Jean to his electors; it is admirably described; the timidity of the old peasant, Michel's father, who, when he hears the speeches, whispers (as he glances nervously at the door, as if he expected the police to come in every moment). "It's all right, what they say, but don't let us open our mouths—it's too dangerous," is a touch which none but a real genius would have supplied. Take again the picture of Margaret selling her pamphlets in the market-place, while her father is with the other deputies inside the Court-house. Touches of this kind made us call this set of novels a French *Waverley*; and it is to justify the title that we have preferred writing at length of one, instead of giving merely a hasty sketch of all the books.

Of the rest of them our notices must be necessarily brief. We will take them in chronological order, premising that between the "*Paysan*" and "*Madame Thérèse*" there is a great gap, not so much in time as in circumstance, all the working out of the revolution in France itself being disappointingly omitted—it would have been so interesting to have seen it set forth, as the other matters are, from a peasant's point of view—while our attention is drawn off from home affairs to the great rising *en masse* by which the frontiers were cleared of invaders.

"*Madame Thérèse* is much the *prettiest* of the stories. The scene is laid in the German Vosges, quite near the frontier. Late one winter's night a Republican battalion enters the village of Anstatt, bivouacs, and is preparing to move off before dawn, having duly paid for all its food in assignats, when up comes Wurmser with a whole army of Austrians. The French form in square, stand charge after charge of Uhlans, reinspirit themselves just as they are losing heart by thundering out the "*Marseillaise*," and so far drive back their assailants as to be able to build up a barricade of chairs, feather beds, carts, planks, and so forth, which they set on fire, and retreat, under cover of the flames, before the enemy have been able to force a way through. They leave half their number on the little market-place, at the corner of which stands the house of Dr. Jacob Wagner, whose nephew tells the story.

The villagers find that Croats and Uhlans are much worse plunderers than the French who preceded them; but at length "their deliverers" move off, and the task of burying the dead begins in the gloomy winter afternoon. All this is told with even more than the amount of graphic power which is so remarkable in all the Erckmann-Chatrian novels; for in the work thus going on is involved the catastrophe of the tale. When the sexton and his men have cleared the market-place as far as the village fountain, which stands in its midst, nephew Fritz looking on all the time with his boy's eyes full of wonder and terror, they see lying on the fountain steps, apparently quite dead, the *cantinière* of the battalion, whom her big dog is defending from the hands of half a dozen amateur sextons. One of these, a truculent innkeeper, named Spick, has a special grudge against the poor woman because she insisted on filling her barrel with his brandy, and only gave him assignats in return. Fortunately Spick is an arrant coward; so, though he threatens to crack the dog's skull with his pickaxe, he does nothing but threaten; for it is clear that if he missed his aim the animal would fly at his throat. Uncle Jacob hears the noise, comes out, finds that the *cantinière* is still alive, and (after administering a well-deserved rebuke to Spick) has her carried to his own house. Here she is carefully tended, the doctor himself acting as nurse, and is at last restored to comparative strength, no less by the news which is brought that her battalion has not shared in the disaster of Kaiserslautern, and that, therefore, her little drummer-boy brother, the last of her kinsfolk, is still safe, than by the medicine and the nursing of Dr. Jacob. The end is that the confirmed old bachelor falls deeply in love with the handsome Frenchwoman. Such black hair and eyes (says Fritz) had never before been seen in Anstatt; and she, after his devoted kindness, can scarcely help being in love with him. We must not let our notion of a canteen-woman make us think Dr. Jacob Wagner, of a good old family in Anstatt, was meditating a *més-alliance*. Madame Thérèse was daughter of a country schoolmaster, who, with his sons, plain working men, joined the *levée en masse*, that glorious rising which followed the absurd proclamation of the Duke

of Brunswick. Her father became a general of division, her brothers rose to be captains in the army of the Moselle, she drove the canteen-cart, and her little brother John played the drum; and at last, when her father had been killed before her eyes, and only she and John were left, and the Republicans were retreating under a withering fire from a bridge swept by Prussian batteries, the poor girl seized a flag, told little John to run along with her and beat his drum as if he had an army behind him, and, rushing upon the bridge, so shamed the Frenchmen that they charged once more and carried the guns at one rush. All this, and much more, the doctor hears from a colleague one day when he rides over through the snow to Kaiserslautern. But his long talks with Madame Thérèse move him even more than what he hears outside. He is a true German, full of grand misty ideas and of longings for a reign of universal peace and brotherhood; and the cleverest part of the book is the way in which he is "educated" into a republican of the French type. Very well drawn, too, are the villagers who help out the action of the plot. Our authors never slur over any character, however slight; and several of these Anstatt folks may take rank with the best creations of Dickens, nor are they at all marred by that mannerism which so often offends—even in the finest passages of our popular British novelist. But, though Anstatt is a small place, it is moved by what goes on in the great world; and, after the check at Kaiserslautern, the anti-French feeling grows strong in the place. Dr. Wagner is accused of harboring a dangerous republican, and of being himself a Jacobin. Ill reports spread and slanderous whispers are multiplied; folks hint that Madame Thérèse is no better than she should be; when suddenly comes a despatch from his Kaiserslautern colleague to tell him that next morning a detachment of Prussian hussars will come and carry off the *cantinière* to prison at Mayence. His resolution is soon taken; long before dawn he and Madame Thérèse are off in his sledge, to join the French army at Wissembourg. The moment they get within sight of the outposts, the cry is raised "Here comes Citizen Thérèse!" and she has a reception of which an empress might be proud. Little

drummer John takes kindly to his mature brother-in-law that is to be, on whom Hoche confers the post of chief surgeon of Thérèse's battalion. The Anstatt people, only one of whom—a comical old mole-catcher and rural philosopher, in whom Wordsworth would have delighted—is in the secret, soon get a letter "from the lines of Wissembourg," in which "Citizen Wagner" tells them all about the fight of Fraeschwiller, where the sansculottes charged up hill at the Prussian stockades, and Hoche, when they wavered, cheered them on by putting up the enemy's batteries to auction: "Fifty pounds for that gun, my men." "Knock it down to us, General;" and on went the attacking columns till Brunswick was fairly beaten out of all his positions. The next point is the return of the French to Anstatt and the marriage of the Doctor and Thérèse.

We cannot praise the story too highly. The thoroughly natural way in which the "boy element" comes out on almost every page will be noticed by the most superficial reader. Fritz is a boy amid all the excitement and turmoil of his surroundings; and the accounts of his sledding, his sliding, his fun with Thérèse's dog, "Scipio," (this is the classical period of the Revolution, Corporal Horatius Cocles standing side by side with Sergeant Regulus), are admirable. We know few novels in which the *illusion* is so perfectly kept up, none certainly which, while succeeding in this direction, succeed equally well in the matter of truthful and exciting narrative.

"The Conscript of 1813," and "Waterloo" from passages in the life of one Joseph Bertha, the lame apprentice of M. Goulden, a watchmaker at Phalsbourg. Lame as he is, he is not too lame to serve when, after the retreat from Russia, every available man is called out. Moreover, he is engaged to the prettiest girl in a neighboring hamlet; and so his rival, a drunken old postman, clenches the matter by deposing that often and often he has seen this cripple walking in from Quatre Vents at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. So Joseph has to march; and his first campaign takes us to Lutzen and Leipzig, and gives us what is far more interesting than a general account of these battles, precisely what the conscript saw and what he actually

took part in. In all these books there are plenty of sly hits, not only at Imperialism, against which M. Goulden, an old volunteer of '92, makes most energetic protests, but at the first Napoleon, of whom MM. Erckmann-Châtrian clearly form much the same estimate that M. Lanfrey does. He gives many instances of that coarse brusqueness, that disregard for other men's lives, which were among the great Emperor's weak points. The selfishness and faithlessness of most of his marshals, men of such a different stamp from Moreau and Hoche, is also pointed out. In fact, as we said, all the novels are clearly novels with a purpose, that purpose being to point out the inconsistency between Napoleonism and the principles of '89. And yet, all their appreciation of popular principles, and of such enthusiasm as that which the Germans displayed in their "People's War," cannot make our authors like the Prussians. To their courage they bear ready testimony; but they always paint them as overbearing braggarts, savage and vindictive, and hated by the German country folk, who (if these novelists are to be believed) were always pleased to have the French among them.

In "Waterloo" there is a great deal more about the Prussians than an Englishman is accustomed to, though the most recent literature on the subject has lately been doing something like tardy justice to our allies. Clearly, Frenchmen who think as our authors do, think that there is quite as much to be alarmed at in the shout of *Forwärts* and *Vaterland*, as in the British hurrah. "The blue uniforms were beaten at Valmy and at Jena; is it not possible that the red may be routed at some battle which shall avenge Waterloo?" MM. Erckmann-Châtrian, we said, are no Imperialists; yet they give full evidence of Napoleon's wonderful power of swaying great masses of men. It is something electric which seems to pass from him as he goes about (in Victor Hugo's words)—

"De son âme à la guerre armant six cents mille âmes."

Some of our writers have been weak enough to accuse him of keeping himself out of danger, while he was so reckless in exposing his men; let them read the closing scene of the battle of Lützen,

where "amid a desperate fire of musketry and cannon the Emperor rode up with his hat pressed down on his big head, his gray great-coat open, a wide red ribbon across his white waistcoat, calm, cold, as if lighted up by the gleam of the bayonets." Everything gave way before him; the Prussian gunners deserted their pieces in spite of all the efforts of their officers; and an old French sergeant, mortally wounded, who had been propping himself up against the wall watching the Prussians, and wishing he had his musket within reach that he might pick off Blücher who was giving orders close by, throws himself forward on his knees and on one hand, and waving the other hand in the air, shouts "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and then falls stone dead. This reminds us of Browning's spirited little poem, "The Storming of Ratisbon;" indeed there is no lack of real poetry in MM. Erckmann-Châtrian's writings. The twofold authorship, real we believe, interferes no more with the vividness of the descriptions than it does with the continuity of the narrative.

A good deal of military criticism comes in in the accounts of the campaign of 1813, and the Hundred Days. Napoleon trusted a pack of Bavarians and Saxons, who were only waiting for an opportunity of betraying him. He sacrificed the Poles who gave up all for him, and fought for him like lions to the last. Of course the affair of the bridges at Leipsic, over which the French had to retreat slowly in narrow file with a victorious enemy on their track, gives occasion for severe comment; "the Emperor had forgotten to give any orders, and no one dared to do anything without his orders. Not one marshal of France would have dared to take upon him to say that two bridges were worth more than one. That was the terrible state of discipline to which Napoleon had reduced all those old captains; they obeyed like mere machines, and troubled themselves about nothing else, for fear of displeasing the master." An army so constituted carried within itself the seeds of dissolution; it must get worse and worse, instead of improving, after each campaign, as did the armies of twenty years before, when France was really fighting for an idea. Thanks to the Polish Lancers who make

a desperate charge on the advancing enemy, and to the Sapper who blows up the Elster bridge, the French do get away from Leipsic, and push on to their own frontier, dogged by typhus, and mortified by rumors that the Allies have crossed it before them. When Joseph is safe at home, the thought that the enemy is in the country weighs on him so terribly that he feels it all his life after. "It is good" (says he) "that the young should know these things. Posterity will say that when the enemy had offered to leave us Belgium and part of Holland, all the left bank of the Rhine up as far as Basle, and Savoy, and the kingdom of Italy into the bargain, the Emperor refused such terms because he preferred satisfying his pride to making France happy." This is severe; but it is not too hard on the man who thought the world a mere chess-board for his ambition; and who never understood the moral forces opposed to him, but simply ignored them.

"The Invasion" comes in between "The Conscript" and "Waterloo." It describes the struggle of the mountaineers of the Vosges against the Allies. The remains of the army, decimated by typhus, and thoroughly spirit-broken, had abandoned the passes and had pushed on into Lorraine; but an old sabot-maker, Hullin, who was out in '92, calls the mountaineers to arms; there is a desperate fight; for four days a handful of men stops Schwartzenberg's whole army, and it is only by treachery that the Austrians make their way along another road into Lorraine. This we pronounce the most unequal novel of the series. It contains some passages of striking beauty and several of thrilling interest; but some of the characters seem forced and unnatural, especially Yégo of the madman, who apostrophizes the wolves as if they were old Frankish kings, and who looks on the Allies as Teutons come back to put their feet once more on the necks of the Gauls. Indeed there is in "The Invasion" a good deal of the extravagance which mars Eugene Sue's "Famille Prolétaire." At the same time, the defence, the retreat to the Falkenstein, where the little band is very nearly starved to death, but manages to crush under fragments of rock hurled down

the precipice a great part of an Austrian column, are admirably told; and the portrait of the old farmer's widow, who gives up everything for *la patrie*, is as lifelike as anything in the whole series. "Waterloo" is an excellent account both of the absurd way in which Charles X. and the Count d'Artois, by their processions, expiations, and so forth, disgusted all reasonable people, and also of the short campaign, and the miserable rout which followed it.

It is by no means a mere attempt to add one more description to those already attempted of the great final battle. Four-fifths of the book is taken up with sketches showing most clearly, and with that consummate art which wholly hides itself, the state of France and the circumstances which led up to Napoleon's triumphant return. The characters are well contrasted. Aunt Gredel, Joseph Bertha's wife's mother, gives all the arguments on the Bourbonist side; and the little touches—such as the good marching of Jean Buche, the conscript wood-cutter, who thought shoes ought only to be worn on parade, and who marched (in spite of all his drilling) with round back and toes turned in "as a wolf walks," but who came in after a long march far less "punished" than any man of his company—are wonderfully true to nature. We purposely say little about the details of the great battle—the book has been through some twenty editions, so that we may well recommend our readers to take it up for themselves—we will only say that the descriptions, especially that of the terrible battle of Ligny, and D'Elion's fatal blunder connected therewith, are most graphic. Waterloo was lost, we are told, because Napoleon, who made many mistakes during the short campaign, did not push on immediately after Ligny, instead of letting the Prussians get quietly away to join the English. He did not even send any cavalry to disturb their retreat. After Ligny they had 90,000 men, of whom 30,000 were fresh troops, and 275 cannon. It was worse than useless to send Grouchy the day after with 30,000 to stop an army like that, and this delay on Napoleon's part enabled Blücher to play him just the same trick which he had already so successfully played at Leipsic. The great

battle itself was (say our authors) a series of blunders. The simplest precautions are forgotten. La Haye Sainte has to be taken; it has been several times attacked in vain. At last Ney, who seems to be everywhere and to do everything, rides up shouting amid a storm of shot from inside, "Burst in that door for me;" but no one has thought of a bag of powder, and so a score of men are battering at the old barn-door with stones and beams and butt-ends of guns, while the defenders pick them off pretty much as they please—and this under the eyes of a marshal of France. Here is Joseph Bertha's estimate of the English:—"They are sturdy, well-set-up fellows, light-complexioned, as trimly shaved as townsfolk. They fight well; but we are a match for them. It was not our fault that we were beaten; we showed as much courage as they did, and more." The charge of the Old Guard—"almost all men standing five feet six at least, who had been peasants before the Republic, and who being petted by Napoleon and highly paid, looked on themselves as in some sort joint owners with him; men who knew nothing of country or friends or relations, but whose god was the Emperor," is wonderfully told. So is the terrible retreat; while the sudden revulsion of feeling in France, "men being so weary of Napoleon and his soldiers that they laid everything at his door," is brought out with great skill. The moral of the whole is evidently drawn with a view to the present day. "Yes, we have fallen very low; one would think that our great Revolution was dead, and that the rights of man are brought to nothing. But France is

only resting awhile. Those who go against justice and liberty will be driven out in spite of their Swiss, and their *garde-royale*, and their Holy Alliance. France will have liberty and equality and justice. All that we want is education; but the people are getting more and more educated daily, and you will live, though I shall not, to see our country wake up again." So says M. Goulden, the republican watchmaker, summing up with one of those grand perorations about "the nation" and its continuous life as a nation, which in a Frenchman's mouth are not mere words. "We want" (he adds) "fewer soldiers and more schoolmasters. Then all would go on quicker, and the people would sooner find out that wars can bring nothing but increased taxes. And if the people understood this, no one would dare to go to war, for nowadays the people is master." We have left ourselves no space to notice "the blockade of Phalsbourg"—the most finished, perhaps, of all the series—a novel, deeply interesting, without one word of love in it. Everybody should read it. The character of the old Jew, who, from being thoroughly selfish and self-seeking, becomes, as the siege goes on, something very like a patriot, without ceasing to be a keen Jewish trader, is admirably drawn; so is that of his wife who, aptly named Esther, wins over and makes a fast friend of the truculent old sergeant who is quartered on them; all the circumstances of the siege are given with photographic exactness, while the horrors of the typhus which struck down thousands during the retreat from Leipzig are detailed with a grim simplicity which has rarely been equalled.

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Gentleman's Magazine.

THE AURORA POLARIS.

A PITY it was that the skies of England were generally clouded on the night of the fifteenth of April last, for on that date there was a display of the aurora borealis so beautiful that by all accounts it must have equalled if not excelled some of the brilliant manifestations of which we are told by polar voyagers. On several of the earlier

days or rather nights of the same month, assiduous watchers had caught sight of the polar luminosity showing itself diffidently and blushing, but on the evening in question it came forth with a splendor seldom witnessed in these comparatively low latitudes. I saw its last beams at three in the morning of the sixteenth, and then it was fighting

for supremacy with the morning twilight: the true aurora lit up the eastern sky, and spreading northward met the fickle rival that has borrowed its name, so that there was seeming daybreak around half the horizon. Beautiful streamers were shooting towards the zenith even then; but they must have been but a weak remnant of what were beheld by an observing friend at Tuam in Ireland. At midnight he saw the bright shafts dart from all quarters, even from the south, and meet nearly overhead, giving the spectator the idea that he was standing beneath a vast ribbed dome where a trembling play of light appeared to give motion to its features. From all parts of France observant people sent accounts full of expressions of wonder and admiration to their Academy of Sciences; and Belgian physicists graphically described the changeful phases of the exhibition. Throughout the northern States of America the display was most brilliant. From the hour of darkness till dawn, said one reporter, the heavens were suffused with tremulous tints of rose and violet, and a little before midnight the phenomenon assumed overhead the appearance of a great spectral tent, the curtains of which, looped to the four quarters of the sky, were stirred by a mighty wind. The Transatlantic observers declare that nothing of like splendor has been witnessed since the great exhibition of 1859. This was an aurora indeed; one of the grandest ever seen, and certainly the most notable and best watched. Extending in time over several days—from the 28th of August to the 4th of September—and in space over well-nigh the whole globe; intense in its light, vivid in its color, incessant in its changes, and powerful in its electrical influence, it afforded scope for observation and speculation wider than any similar event before or since.

On the 13th of May this year we had another display which promised to vie in every particular with its April rival; it equalled it in brilliance and in the intensity of its colored coruscations, but its duration was short, and it was far less extensively observed than the former exhibition, at least in Europe, and in countries that have as yet published scientific intelligence up to its date.

The northern light of April was first discovered soon after sunset on the 15th; but it seems probable that the phenomenon had commenced during the day before, only the sunlight prevented our seeing the best part of it. There are records of auroræ having been seen in full daylight, notwithstanding the generally accepted belief that they never begin to be developed till after sunset. One was observed at Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, on the 10th of February, 1799, when the sun was a full hour from setting; and another on the 25th of May, 1788. This last commenced the night before, and, as usual, it gave rise to considerable unsteadiness in the images of stars seen in a telescope. The next day, at near noon, the observer, Dr. Usher, noticed that stars again fluttered in his glass—bear in mind the larger stars can well be seen in the daytime with even a small telescope—and he suspected an aurora to be the cause. The sky was scanned, and whitish rays were seen to be ascending from all parts of the horizon, and meeting near the zenith, forming such a canopy as he had seen the night before.

But there is a sense not human which discerns an aurora whether it occur by day or night, be it visible or invisible to mortal eye. I allude to that perception which dwells in the magnetic needle. The loadstone has been and is, in more languages than one, called the *lover*: if mythological relations were permissible nowadays, the aurora should be called its mistress, for the appearance of the one exerts a most powerful influence upon the behavior of the other. More than a century has elapsed since this interdependence presented itself to the perception of some Swedish observers, and, as may be imagined, it has been a matter of intense interest to all magneticians since the epoch of its discovery. It was remarked that the culminating point of the arch of light that commonly shows itself in considerable displays is situated in what is known as the magnetic meridian, and that the point of convergence of the luminous shafts which are called streamers is always in that part of the sky to which the south pole of a dipping needle points. As a dipping needle does not come before every eye, it may be needful to state

that it is a magnetized bar turning freely upon a horizontal axis, instead of upon a vertical one, like an ordinary compass, and that a needle so mounted *dips* its north end downwards as if it were attracted by something deep in the earth. The angle at which it inclines is different for different points on the globe: in London it is about 69 degrees: over the north or south magnetic pole the needle would stand vertically; and there is an irregular line around the world at all points along which the magnet remains horizontal, and which has, therefore, been called the magnetic equator.

In a magnetic observatory there are employed three needles for the purpose of ascertaining the varying magnitude of the terrestrial magnetic forces in all directions. Although called needles these instruments are really steel bars, some two feet, more or less, in length, and thick and broad. One is suspended by a silken skein in the magnetic meridian, and shows by its gentle oscillations the changes in the *declination*, or compass bearing. Another is partially restrained by two silken suspending cords in a position at right angles to the former, and its movements, in opposition to its ties, show the continual changes in the earth's *horizontal* magnetic force. A third is nicely balanced on knife edges, like a scale beam: its stately vibrations exhibit the varying intensity of the earth's force in a *vertical* direction. Now usually, these needles, although in constant motion, do not twist more than about half a degree from their normal position in the course of a day. Thunders may roll over them and lightnings flash in their vicinity, yet do they take no heed: the tempest is not their master; but gently, almost imperceptibly, they swerve and bow, in obedience to powers whose seat is in the bosom of the earth beneath them.

But let an auroral glimmer show itself; let the "merry maidens," as the polar lights are somewhere called, disport themselves even out of sight of the magnet watcher, and then will the needles run wild. Like a frightened thing of life they quiver and shake, and wander fitfully and far beyond their wonted bounds of oscillation. As the luminosity overhead intensifies, they increase the amplitude of their move-

ments: as it alters its phase, they change their direction. When the aurora is at its height, they are in the greatest consternation; when it dies away, their agitation subsides. There was a time when the observation of these magnetic disturbances was a tediously laborious task. The magnets carried small mirrors attached to their suspension-fibres, and graduated scales were fixed at a distance and observed in the mirrors by the aid of telescopes. The swinging of the mirror brought to view different parts of the scale, and thus the magnet's movements were read and measured. Hour after hour the eye was enslaved, alternately reading the scale indications of the three needles. It was hard work—all watching is; but this was severer than any other vigil keeping, because there was no expectancy to lighten it. The patience of the spell-bound alchemist has been praised; the lonely vigilance of pilot and sentinel have been sung; but the true picture of solitary, hopeless watching would be that of an observer counting clock-beats through a night, and minute by minute peering at and jotting down the reflected oscillations of a compass needle.

Photography is now the constant and untiring observer. One of the prettiest, perhaps the prettiest of all, of the applications of the light-drawing process, is that to the automatic registration of the movements of delicate instruments such as magnets and galvanometer needles. Well-nigh all meteorological instruments are now made to record their own actions; but some of these are moved by forces so strong that they can mark their course mechanically, by pencil upon paper. For instance, the gyrations of a wind-vane are forcible enough to rub a marking-point upon a traversing card: the pressure of wind upon a plate, and the weight of a column of mercury in a barometer tube are sufficient to move pencils and make them score their variations. The friction of the marker is not felt in these cases. But when we come to magnets whose movements can be arrested by a cobweb, mechanical tracing is out of the question. Here photography steps in. By fixing a concave mirror to the magnet, a spot of light from a neighboring gas-flame is formed at a short distance from the reflector; and

every tiny twist of the bar is rendered visible by a displacement of a light-spot. If, then, a sheet of sensitive paper be placed to receive the spot, and made by clock-work to travel slowly in a direction transverse to that of the magnet's swing, it will be impressed at every instant with the shifting beam, and there will be produced a wavy or zig-zag line, which will be, in effect, the *trail* of the magnet.

Thus do the three needles of a modern magnetic observatory perpetually observe themselves. Every day sheets of paper are set before them, and removed on the morrow, bearing the unerring record of their twenty-four hours' watch. And when a great aurora has shown itself, the traces are very beautiful. Now, the line will bend into a gentle curve; then it will be jagged like a saw; anon, it will fly away to right or to left for a few minutes, forming the outline of a graceful spire; presently, it will make an excursion beyond the limits of the sheet, not to return for an hour or more. The larger fluctuations are common to all the traces; for the needles, in their wanderings, keep step to some extent one with the other, one force, variable in intensity, acting upon them all alike, and each showing what is the action in that particular direction in which it is constrained to move.

The disturbance of April last was a very extraordinary one; it began at about noon on the 15th and ended at about three o'clock on the following morning. It seems tolerably certain, therefore, that the aurora, although not visible—from daylight on the one hand, and cloudy weather on the other—during the whole interval, commenced and ended at those times. As yet comparison has not been made between the magnetic movements and the changes in the auroral display; if this is done, no doubt it will be found, as it has been in other cases, that the flashings, the tremors, and varying intensities of the polar-light are all identifiable with marked deflections of the magnetized bars, which will doubtless be found to have exhibited themselves wherever on the earth registers have been secured.

So it has come to be proved that there is an intimate relation between auroræ and the earth's magnetism. But this is

not the only curious relation. In the early days of electric telegraphs it was found that upon occasions the wires became the media of mysterious currents that traversed them in various directions, sometimes opposing and sometimes augmenting the currents from the batteries by which the lines were worked, and sometimes putting a stop to telegraphic operations altogether. As these currents were obviously generated in the earth, they came to be called "earth currents." In course of time, when electric communications extended far and wide, and anomalous behaviors of the speaking instruments were carefully chronicled, it was recognized that these capricious earth currents showed themselves simultaneously with the magnetic disturbances I have been alluding to. By degrees the matter forced itself into importance; and at length the Astronomer Royal, who had been for some fifteen years registering magnet movements by photography, determined to apply the same system of record to two delicate galvanometers placed in the circuit of a pair of telegraph wires specially erected for the purpose in two directions a right angle apart; one line having earth connections at Croydon and Greenwich, the other at Dartford and Greenwich. By this arrangement electric currents coursing the earth's crust from north to south and from east to west were captured and caused to deflect the galvanometer needles, and by this deflection to register their varying strength upon a photographic sheet, just as the great magnets recorded the changing magnetic forces which acted upon them.

For four years this registration has now been incessantly maintained at Greenwich; it has as yet no rival in the world; and it has been found that every remarkable magnetic storm is accompanied by a violent disturbance of these galvanometers; and, moreover, that each change of direction of the magnets is marked by a corresponding change in the swing of these needles; the movements are synchronous and similar as regards the direction in which the disturbing force acts. The great magnets have certain small movements which are diurnal, that is to say, recurring every day, and so also have the

earth current needles. These have not yet been sufficiently examined to establish a similarity; but it is determined, beyond doubt, that the great magnetic disturbances are either caused by, or as it were by a strange marriage related to, the spontaneous galvanic currents generated in or traversing through the earth's crust.

Thus is the aurora affiliated to another phenomenon—these telegraph currents: and they who love curious facts may be amused at hearing that the auroral currents have actually been used for sending telegrams. It matters not to the operator where his electricity comes from; so that his line is charged he cares not whether the earth or a pile of metal plates supplies the current. When, therefore, an aurora shows itself and its electricity, he disconnects his ordinary battery, and *sends his messages by the aurora borealis*. This has been repeatedly done; it was during the late display. As a rule, however, these currents do more harm than good. Many a telegraphist has received a severe shock from them, and they have more than once set fire to combustible matters that have interrupted their course. It was conjectured that they caused the loss of the 1865 Atlantic cable, by interrupting the test currents: it is certain that the strongest of them that ever made their marks on the Greenwich registers were those of August 2 in that year—the day the cable was believed to have parted.

If we look for other coincidences with auroral displays, we shall find them in meteorological conditions. All observers of atmospheric phenomena have noted that when the northern lights appear there is a change of weather, generally from fair to stormy. But this is not established so definitely as the magnetic connection: it rests rather upon popular opinion than recorded and collated facts. One famous meteorologist, Kæmtz, regarded the relation as problematical: but then he confessed ignorance upon the point: there were not sufficient facts to satisfy him. About equally doubtful is the connection between aurora and solar-spots. At one time a ten or eleven-year period of recurring magnetic variations was believed in, and thought to be coincident with a

similar period of solar-spot frequency. This coincidence, had it been real, would have favored the hypothesis of a relation between aurora and solar activity. But since a great authority has thrown doubts upon the existence of a decennial magnetic period, we must give up all its supposed relations.

And now we will leave connections to glance at one or two outstanding matters that require a word before we can put the question, What is an aurora? And first upon the height of the luminosity above the earth's surface. Upon this point estimates are very conflicting. From 50 to 500 miles has been quoted for the interval pervaded by the light-giving matter. These were limits actually observed during the display of 1859. But the shepherd observer, Farquharson, to whom we are indebted for a long series of auroral observations, fixed the elevation much lower. Once he saw the rays stream out of a low cloud, and at another time he and a distant spectator so observed a very brilliant aurora as to admit of a determination of its distance by triangulation, and the height came out less than a mile. Captain Parry, in the Arctic regions, even saw a streamer dart towards the earth at a little distance from him. Doubtless all the observed heights are correct, and the aurora is of all altitudes, from near the ground to the outermost confines of our atmosphere. Professor Loomis, who collected and discussed the observations of the 1859 display, considers that the color of the light is an index of its altitude. He starts with the reasonable assumption that the light is analogous to that of ordinary electricity passing through rarefied air. It is known that through a tube of air of ordinary density, the fluid passes with a white light; if the air is partly rarefied it becomes rose-colored, and if the rarefaction is increased it deepens to red or purple. So he would say that white auroral beams are low, and red or purple lights high.

Upon the nature of the light, prismatic analysis will doubtless some day inform us. At present two observations only of the spectrum of the auroral rays have been secured. These agree in proving the light to be mono-chromatic, that is, to consist of rays of only one refrangibility and color. The singular

point is that the one bright line of which the spectrum consists is not known to belong to any chemical element, nor to electricity under any condition of passage through the recognized constituents of the atmosphere. So far the prism has bewildered the theorists, but it will help them presently.

At length we are brought to the question, What is the cause of auroral displays? This is a riddle that many philosophers have guessed at, but that no one has satisfactorily solved. We have seen how several phenomena—magnetic disturbances, terrestrial galvanic currents, auroræ, and possibly atmospheric convulsions—are linked together; it remains to be proved whether any one of these is the cause of the rest, or whether they are all consequences of some action yet to be recognized. Without a doubt the aurora is an electrical phenomenon, or it would not be so intimately connected with magnetic and electric perturbations; and yet it is a strange fact that when it shows itself there is no very abundant manifestation of atmospheric electricity near the earth's surface. The difficulty of accounting for *visible* electricity high up in air has been variously met by the savants. Biot held the luminosity to be real clouds of metallic matter lit up by electricity and arranging themselves, like magnets in the air, parallel to the dipping needle. He derived his supposed clouds from dusty matter ejected from the volcanoes known to be in action near the magnetic poles—for the south has its auroræ like the north, only they do not get so often observed. No one has supported this idea. De la Rive, the most learned electrician of our day, supposed the light to be the luminous effect of the interchange of positive and negative currents between the colder and warmer regions of the atmosphere. The Rev. George Fisher, a polar observer, considers that ice particles, condensed from the humid vapors on the margins of our polar ice-caps, play an

important part in the development of visible auroræ; that electricity is produced by the coagulation; that the particles aforesaid are illuminated by the transmission of the fluid through them, and that the streamers are columns of such brightened particles ascending from lower to higher and electrically opposed strata of the atmosphere. Evidently ice grains have something to do with the matter, for it has repeatedly been noticed that frozen spicula descend from the sky during auroral displays: a French draughtsman while sketching the recent exhibition felt them falling upon his hands. The latest theory is that propounded by Professor Loomis, the historian of the 1859 aurora: it bears resemblance to De la Rive's. The abundant vapors ascending from the equatorial seas are held to carry up into the higher regions of the atmosphere quantities of positive electricity, whilst the earth's electricity remains negative. The former is conveyed by upper currents of the air towards the pole, and there earth and higher air form, so to speak, the two plates of a condenser, between which an interchange of electricity takes place so soon as a certain tension is reached. This interchange is effected through spaces of least resistance, and the streaming electricity being luminous, the familiar auroral beams are manifested. The currents returning through the earth are held to be the cause of the magnetic perturbations and the disturbances in telegraphic wires. This hypothesis in its completeness is plausible; I have merely outlined it; it does not, however, nor do any of its predecessors, account for the accumulation or the sudden generation of the vast quantities of electricity necessary for an auroral display. But we may know this when we have discovered the ultimate source or the storehouse of the thunderstorm's activity. Auroræ may, after all, be the slow and silent lightnings of the poles.

Chambers's Journal.

A PEEP AT POMPEII.

LOOKING at a village on the slope of Vesuvius, apparently as entire as if of recent erection, I was surprised to be told "*that is Pompeii.*" Though aware how completely the greater part of the disinterred city had been exposed to the light of day, it somehow had not occurred to me that, seen from Naples, a distance of eleven miles, it would be thus distinctly apparent. The distance from which it was seen prevented us perceiving that the houses had no roofs, these having all been broken down by the enormous mass of ashes from Vesuvius, and by the heavings of the earthquake.

Pompeii is accessible by railway or by carriage from Naples. In order not to be hampered as to hours of arriving and departure, we hired a conveyance for the day, with the intention of lunching at *Hôtel Diomède*, which is kept by a polite Frenchman, who informed us that he had only Italian enough to enable him to take money, which he seems to do with moderation, as he only charged a couple of francs for a bottle of excellent *Lacryma Christi*, made from a vine peculiar to the neighborhood of Vesuvius.

Arriving at the Herculaneum gate of Pompeii, we were admitted by a turnstile, paying a franc for admission, and being consigned to the care of a *custode*, who is prohibited from taking any fee from visitors, but generally contrives to get something out of them by the sale of photographs. He is very sharp in looking after them, so that they shall not pocket some of the smaller objects met in the walk through the city.

The *custode* knowing no language but his own, conversation is very limited, unless the traveller happens to be familiar with Italian. To obviate this inconvenience, it is customary to hire in Naples a *commissario*, who speaks English with great intrepidity, and sometimes gives astounding information with a gravity truly ludicrous.

Having entered by the Herculaneum gate, we are literally in a city of the dead; we are in "*The Street of Tombs*;" the highway on each side being lined with white marble tombs, perfectly

clean and fresh, with the inscriptions and sepulchral designs quite legible and distinct. As I am not writing an antiquarian treatise, I shall only give a single translation of an inscription touching by its beautiful simplicity: "*Farewell, most happy soul of Caia Oppia. We shall follow thee in such order as nature shall appoint. Farewell, sweetest mother.*"

According to our modern ideas, a highway lined by tombs would form a rather lugubrious approach to a town. But go to Rome, and drive for half-a-dozen miles along the Appian Way, surrounded on both sides by monuments, and it will at once be acknowledged that the old Romans did wisely in not permitting sepulture within their cities, unless under exceptional circumstances. As to the melancholy presumed to be excited by constantly passing the mansions of the dead, the Romans do not appear to have suffered from it. We must remember the spirit of paganism, which is embodied in the dying words of Mirabeau: "*Nothing now remains but to die among flowers and perfumes*;" and we must see its actual effects before we can understand feelings so different from ours. The sensual, by introducing at their feasts memorials of mortality, endeavored to find in the idea of death a stimulus to jollity. A skeleton introduced among the guests gave point to the exhortation, "*Vivamus, dum licet esse bene*" (Let us enjoy life while we may).

The more contemplative and refined, having no security for the happiness of the dead in another and a better world, cherished the more tenderly their mortal remains, and surrounded them with all that could please the eye or soothe the imagination of the living. The mourners whose loved ones filled the tomb delighted to adorn their resting-places, and to make them look fresh and gay with flowers, among which were conspicuous the lily and the rose.

Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strew;
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift at least I may bestow.

DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

Looking at the small dimensions of the tombs at Pompeii, we get over the difficulty of how there could be family burial-places, when we remember that only the ashes of the dead were deposited within the tomb, the bodies having been burned in an *ustrinum*. It would appear that monuments were sometimes injured by the incineration being conducted near them; hence the not uncommon inscription forbidding the application of funeral piles against them.

But leaving the Street of Tombs, let us enter Pompeii. The road at this point is wide, and paved with lava retaining the deep ruts made by the carriages. In other places, however, the streets are so narrow that for a vehicle to be turned in them must have been impracticable. They have, however, on both sides, a raised footpath for passengers, whose comfort is still further provided for by the frequent erection of stepping-stones, to enable them to pass dry-shod from one side to the other, when the road happened to be flooded by a sudden fall of rain.

Near the gate is an inn, in the portico of which were discovered various coins and personal ornaments, and in the court-yard the remains of carriages and harness, and the skeleton of an ass. The houses are generally one-storied, but many have had two or three floors. The external walls are plain, with few openings to the street, as the private apartments all look into an interior court, and are lighted from it. The flat roofs have all fallen in; but the walls being generally entire, and the rubbish having been completely removed, the appearance of the streets has not greatly suffered. The removal of rubbish from a small street was going on during our visit, but as it was lazily removed in hand-baskets, we could not help longing for a gang of English navvies with spades and wheelbarrows, to let the Italians see what excavating really is.

The honesty of the laborers seems very dubious, as a custode was constantly on the watch lest they should secrete for their own use any valuables which they may discover. Though nothing was found while we were present, yet in the house the excavation of which we witnessed, three human skeletons were discovered, with their gold

and silver ornaments, a very handsome gold ring set with an amethyst intaglio of Abundance, and various other objects of value. As perhaps a third part of the city is still to be investigated, it is very likely that further discoveries of interest will be made from time to time, and enable us still better to understand the domestic usages of the Romans. A walk through Pompeii is far more instructive than all that the visitor may have previously read; and instead of wasting time lecturing on classical antiquities, a teacher in one of our higher schools would spend his time far more profitably were he to conduct his more advanced pupils to Rome and Naples. As an inducement, we may add that the direct route from Florence to Rome by Foligno, is through delightful mountain scenery in the Apennines, and an opportunity will thus be afforded of visiting the Thrasymene Lake and Cannæ.

But we have wandered from Pompeii, to which let us return. In good houses, there are a porter's lodge, a vestibule, a hall of public audience; and beyond, there is the inner court, round which are arranged the family apartments. This court is surrounded by porticoes supported by columns, in the intervals between which are sleeping recesses, and the triclinium, or place for reclining on at meals. In winter, this was under the portico, and protected from the open air; but in summer it was placed beside the marble fountain, pond, or parterre for flowers, occupying the centre of the court. The really private rooms were few, but tastefully painted, and adorned with articles of *virtu*. Warm and cold baths, rooms for servants, a little chapel for the household gods, and cellars below for storing wine and oil, completed the establishment of a Pompeian gentleman.

The floors of common houses even are paved with coarse mosaic in white and black marble; and *Salve*, in black letters on a white ground, often salutes you, on crossing the threshold. Or, a dog *couchant*, with the less hospitable motto, *Cave canem*, warns none but good men and true to enter here. Possibly, it may have been a benevolent hint to beware of a live dog, stationed there as a protection to a domicile so accessible to every passenger. The houses of the rich are paved with finer mosaics, represent-

ing hunting-scenes, fruits, flowers, birds, and beasts in their natural colors. The walls are divided into panels, with rich borders, painted with a great variety of objects, often of great merit in the execution, but too frequently very indelicate in the subjects. Pictures, copies which we brought home as specimens of this style of panelling, represent a naked charioteer driving a chariot drawn by geese, and a scantily draped woman taking naked Cupids from a wicker basket, for the inspection of two ladies, beside whom stands a Cupid. As the latter picture was found in the Temple of Venus, we may conclude that the woman and those whom she is visiting are not of immaculate reputation.

The streets are regular, and where several meet, there is a public fountain. Their names are legible; and the blank spaces on the walls are filled with gaudy pictures of the presiding deities, with electioneering notices, with amatory and indecent verses, with rudely scratched caricatures. Sometimes the scribblings on the interior walls and pillars of a dwelling refer to domestic matters, such as, how much lard was bought, how many tunics sent to the wash, or when a child or a donkey was born.

The shops are mere open sheds below a dwelling-house, with a stone counter in front, and a few shelves inside. The names and trades of their owners are legible, and the signs of their craft are conspicuous, and sometimes very startling.

One of the best houses is a suburban villa, which belonged to a wealthy citizen, Diomedes, whose family seems to have perished; for eighteen skeletons were found in the wine-cellar, huddled together close to an aperture in the wall. They had sought this underground place of refuge, but the minute dust and the sulphureous vapor suffocated them. The wine-jars, like big Eau-de-Cologne bottles, but of unglazed earthenware, are still ranged against the wall, but instead of fine old Falernian, are filled to the brim with volcanic dust. In the garden, which runs down towards the sea, two bodies were found, being probably those of two persons who in despair left their friends in the cellar, and endeavored to find their way to the beach. But it was too late. Through an atmosphere blacker

than the deepest midnight darkness, and impregnated with suffocating vapors, there could be no advance; and so these two unfortunates miserably perished, being unable to find the door of a small garden, as familiar to them as their bedrooms. In the hand of one was a bunch of keys, and near them were found silver vases and money, dropped at last as worthless, in the struggle for dear life. In the horrible darkness, the blind alone could have turned to advantage their habit of moving about without the aid of sight. In Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, this circumstance is skilfully seized upon, and gives rise to the thrilling incident of the blind slave-girl's escape through a garden.

The most horribly interesting place in Pompeii is a room containing plaster-casts, made according to the ingenious process devised by Signor Fiorelli. The showers of pumice-stone by which Pompeii was overwhelmed, were followed by streams of tenacious mud, which flowed over the interstices not filled by the pumice-stone. Objects thus encased were as if in a plaster mould; and when they happened to be human bodies, their decay left a cavity in which their forms were perfectly preserved. Filling up these cavities with liquid plaster, Signor Fiorelli succeeded in obtaining admirable casts of human beings who had perished during the destruction of Pompeii. We thus can have a stereoscope of their death-agony. We have a painfully interesting stereoscope of a cast thus obtained. Two women, mother and child, very probably, are lying feet to feet. The limbs of the elder are extended, her left arm hangs loosely, and on her finger is a coarse iron ring. She seems to have died without a struggle. But the poor girl at her feet, with her legs drawn up convulsively, her hands clenched in agony, her face close to the ground, must have had a terrific death.

We are struck by the limited dimensions of the private dwellings at Pompeii, the best of which seems to us models of fine houses, rather than handsome and comfortable abodes. But we understand the tastes of the people better on reaching the forums, baths, temples, theatres, and the amphitheatre, which, for a third-rate provincial town, are in a style of luxury and magnificence truly surpris-

ing. It is clear that the Pompeians, favored with a delicious climate, lived abroad all day, and only supped and slept at home. The public buildings, round the civil and military forums, with their beautiful and airy porticos, filled with choice works of art, afforded ample space for exercise under cover; and a visit to the baths, the gymnasium, and the amphitheatre, enabled the luxurious Pompeian gentleman to pass the long summer day agreeably enough. The amphitheatre outside the town, is an immense place; the circular rows of seats rising upwards from the level of the arena, and pierced with numerous places of exit for the spectators: the spaces for the gladiators, the dens for the wild beasts, are so entire, that it is not difficult to imagine the scenes there often enacted. One might almost expect it to resound to-morrow with the roar of wild beasts, the savage shouts of the multitude, the critical remarks of patrician amateurs, and the consultations of Pompeian matrons, debating whether the attitude of the wounded gladiator deserved that they should raise their thumbs to save his life.

It is to be regretted that the relics of Pompeii could not be left where found, as seeing them there would have much enhanced their interest; but their removal to the Museum at Naples has the advantage of enabling us to see collected together a great deal of the objects which ministered to the daily life of the defunct inhabitants of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabia.

In some things they were primitive enough, but in others as artificial as ourselves; judging from the *matériel* of a lady's toilet, which comprehended rouge, false hair, teeth, and eyebrows, as well as all that vanity could desire in the shape of perfumes, necklaces, earrings, bracelets,

and brooches. But it must have been provoking to the fair one not to be able to see the general effect of her form and ornaments reflected in a large pier-glass. The mirrors are only small plates of polished metal, capable of showing more than an ugly woman might like to see, but less than a beautiful one desires. Under a glass case is a sad mingling of vanity and mortality: the skull and the impression of a youthful female bosom are mixed with a purse, necklace, and bracelets, taken from the body of a Pompeian lady.

Here are all sorts of kitchen utensils, some of them containing the last meal cooked on the day of the fatal catastrophe. There are loaves converted into brown masses, but retaining their shape and the baker's name; eggs, fruit, grains, honeycomb, &c. Inkstands forever dried up, styles and tablets never to be resumed, lie in mournful literary ease in company with a large collection of charred manuscripts. Some of these have been unrolled, but no work of much merit has rewarded the toil of the classic antiquary.

If we would form a true idea of the moral condition of the Pompeians we must visit the reserved cabinet of the Museum, whose contents cannot be described further than to state that painting and sculpture have been lavishly employed in embodying the obscenest ideas and depicting the most abominable habits. If our minds be filled with commiseration for the fate of Pompeii, we cannot resist the conclusion that much of what was buried deserved destruction; and that the graceful embellishments of its social life were allied with a moral depravity so profound as to make us thankful that we live in happier days.

North British Review.

DR. HANNA'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

(Concluded.)

In the evangelical narratives there are frequent *breaks* in the continuity of the story, to fill up which by wise inference and not by rash conjecture is one end of historical study. These gaps are due not merely to the silence of the narrators, and the consequent want of connecting links, but to our ignorance of the motives

which led to this or that course of action, and of the feelings with which our Lord's acts were accompanied. Much of what we may call the outward drapery of the scenes of the ministry is altogether omitted by the evangelists; and this, when supplied by a discreet interpreter, sheds peculiar light upon the in-

cidents themselves. Or again, when several possible explanations of an event may be given, it is the part of the interpreter to choose the most likely, and, by a wise selection, it is singular how much light may be cast upon the narrative, while all trace of a hiatus between the events disappears. By thus clothing a scene with its unrecorded moral drapery, much apparent harshness and arbitrariness vanish. For example, in the case of our Lord's cursing the barren fig-tree, when we see that he was "enacting a parable," selecting a type of moral barrenness, and shadowing forth its doom, the very act of destruction becomes morally beautiful. We may instance a few of these suggestions which occur in Dr. Hanna's volumes. The explanation of the sigh which escaped from our Lord's lips before he cured the deaf and dumb man at Bethsaida (*Galilean Ministry*, pp. 307-8); the explanation of the vernacular Aramaic word "Ephphatha," then used in the district of Decapolis, or the use of the Hebrew phrase "Talitha-cumi" to the dead maiden in Jairus's Hebrew-speaking household; the reasons suggested for our Lord's visiting at a particular time the northern district of Cæsarea-Philippi, where he was "surrounded by the emblems of various faiths and worships;" or the analysis of the motives which led the Greeks in Jerusalem to wish to see Jesus,—the act of cleansing the Temple having impressed them (*Passion Week*, p. 144); or the reasons why Galilee was selected as "the chosen trysting-place" for the appearances of the risen Lord with his disciples (*Forty Days*, pp. 109-11). In reference to all the manifold breaks in the narrative we may say what Dr. Hanna says of one set of them,

"We cannot doubt that if all the minor and connecting links were in our hands, we should be able to explain what now seems to be obscure, to harmonize what now seems to be conflicting. But in the absence of such knowledge we must be content to take what each writer tells us, and regard it as the broken fragment of a whole, all the parts of which are not in our hands, so that we can put them connectedly together."—(*Forty Days*, pp. 25-6.)

Another advantage of such a study of the Life of Jesus as this, is its unfolding of the exquisite sequences both in

the acts and teaching of our Lord, and in the progressive testimony of others to his claim, those singular "ties of thought" and of incident, to which Dr. Hanna so often refers, the orderliness of the development of his plan, and the harmonious evolution of his whole work towards the world. The very key to the interpretation of one scene is often to be found in its sequence or connection with another. The continuity of the story is marvellous, and when a blank occurs which cannot be filled up, a reason for the hiatus can usually be found. Incident leads on to incident, disclosure to disclosure. Testimony is added to testimony. Christ himself teaches only as the disciples are able to receive his teaching. Enigmatic gleams of truth are dropped, which become intelligible only in the light of the sequel. This characteristic is one in which the life of Jesus differs from all other lives. There was no immaturity of plan or act, and no tardy development: nothing came too soon, nothing too late. The life advanced "without haste, yet without rest." Thus forming a grand and growing unity, it suggests, in its very uniqueness, that its subject himself "saw the end from the beginning." We can even see that to change its order would be to mutilate its parts, to reverse its sequences would be to mar its perfection.

In connection with that inexhaustible fulness which Dr. Hanna most happily and sometimes unconsciously signalizes in our Lord, his lectures are eminently suggestive of new phases and unexhausted processes of thought. They raise a multitude of open questions at which they merely hint, and the curtain falls upon them, leaving them unsolved. Hence their catholicity. They proclaim one great Faith throughout, but they refuse to dogmatize upon details. It is difficult for a man with strong convictions which he holds firmly to be catholic towards those who differ from him; while it is easy for one who sits apart holding no form of creed to be blandly tolerant of all. But when we find catholicity in alliance with a strong faith, the union is as admirable as it is rare.

The most distinctive feature of these volumes remains to be noticed. It is the frequency with which the soundings of moral evidence are taken in the simplest

manner. The author is not writing a formal *apologia*, but he has indirectly written one.

Thus in one of the earliest chapters, on the Nativity, our attention is turned to that "strange timing of events that then took place." Dr. Hanna shrinks from the attempt to penetrate within the veil which hides from us the secret things of God; but he finds it possible to detect "some natural and obvious benefits which have attended the coming of the Saviour at the particular period when it happened." It has enhanced the number and force of the evidences for his mission. For had Christ appeared at an earlier age, there would have been no room or scope for prophecy; and the record of his miracles coming down to us from a time when contemporary history was in the main legendary, would have been more open to question than it can possibly be when it proceeds from a literary age, and reaches us "through the same channel, and with the same vouchers for its authenticity, as a large portion of ancient history." Further, the world seems to have been left for a long time to itself, "to make full proof of its capabilities and possibilities." Some of the highest forms of civilization had already appeared; and the culture of Greek philosophy and art had failed to elevate human nature morally. History anterior to the advent seems to prove that, while human nature may variously elevate itself by efforts proceeding from within, and on its own plane, it cannot thus rectify its disorder and reach its ideal. Between the political condition of Palestine at the exact period of our Saviour's birth and the work which our Lord had to accomplish in the world, Dr. Hanna finds another pre-established harmony:—

"Had Jesus Christ appeared one half-century earlier, or one half-century later than he did; had he appeared when the Jewish authorities had unchecked power, how quickly, how secretly had their malice discharged itself upon his head! No cross had been raised on Calvary. Had he come a few years later, when the Jews were stripped even of that measure of power they for a short season enjoyed, would the Roman authorities, then the only ones in the land, of their own motion have condemned and crucified him?"—(*Earlier Years*, p. 33.)

Again, in comparing the four Gospels with the apocryphal narratives, we are arrested by the immense chasm between the two. "Men who wished to honor Christ in all they said about him;" men "better taught, many of them, than the apostles," men who—

"had the full delineation of the manhood of Jesus before them, could not attempt a fancy sketch of his childhood without not only violating our sense of propriety, by attributing to him the most puerile and unmeaning displays of divine power, but shocking our moral sense, and falsifying the very picture they had before their eyes, by attributing to him acts of vengeance."—(*Earlier Years*, p. 120.)

The harmony between the life of childhood and youth at Nazareth and the period of public labor, is found to yield another testimony to the miraculous in Christ's life:—

"His self-recognition as the Son of God in Jerusalem, when twelve years of age, his declaration of it to his mother, his acting on it throughout life, his words in the Temple, followed by eighteen years of self-denial, and gentle, prompt obedience, his growing consciousness of divine lineage, and of the selfishness, worldliness, and hypocrisy he detected around him, his divine reticence, his sublime and patient self-restraint, his refraining from all interference in public matters and all exposure to public notice," are the natural signs of the development of a life sprung not of this world.—(*Earlier Years*, pp. 134-5.)

In the call of the first disciples a sign of the supernatural is seen at the very opening of the ministry:—

"Silently, gently, unostentatiously, Christ enters on the task assigned to him. Would any one sitting down to devise a career for the Son of God descending upon our earth, to work out the salvation of our race, have assigned such an opening to his ministry; and yet could any thing have been more appropriate to him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, than this turning away from being ministered to by the angels in the desert, to the rendering of kindly services to John, and Andrew, and Peter, and Philip, and Nathanael?"—(*Earlier Years*, p. 241.)

Similarly, the self-denial implied in Christ's turning from the Samaritan villages, where a ready reception was accorded to him, and sending his disciples exclusively "to the house of Israel"

(*Earlier Years*, p. 346), is inexplicable on the naturalistic theory of his life.

Dr. Hanna points to the unbroken unity of plan running through the course of the public ministry as a further evidence of the supernatural, for it indicates "a previous foresight." He whose life was never deflected from its course by any of the cross-currents of human affairs must have seen the end from the beginning.

"It has not been so with any of those men who have played the greatest part on the stage of human history. Their own confessions, the story of their lives, their earlier compared with their later acts, tell us how little they knew or thought beforehand of what they finally were to be and do. There have been shiftings and changes of place to suit the shiftings and changes of circumstances; surprisals here, disappointments there; old instruments of action worn out and thrown away, new ones invented and employed; the life made up of a motley array of many-colored incidents out of which have come issues never dreamt of at the beginning. Had Jesus seen only so far into the future as the unaided human eye could carry, how much was there in the earlier period of his ministry to have excited false hopes, how much in the latter to have produced despondency! But the people came in multitudes around him, and you can trace no sign of extravagant expectation. The tide of popular favor ebbs away from him, and you see no token of his giving up his enterprise in despair; no wavering of purpose, no change of plan, no altering of his course to suit new and obviously unforeseen emergencies."—(*Earlier Years*, pp. 252-3.)

The thread of a consistent harmony thus runs through the life from beginning to end; and here we meet the counter-assertion of M. Renan with a direct and peremptory negative. Neander had already admirably replied to the attempt of De Wette and Paulus, to prove a change of purpose in our Lord's life; and the remarks of Dr. Hanna, with the criticism of Pressensé, are a sufficient reply to Renan.

The mysterious moral power which our Lord at times exercised over men offers fresh evidence of his superhuman origin. In the scene at the cleansing of the Temple, whence came that singular spell "over those rough cattle-drivers, and those cold calculators of the money-tables," that at the bidding of the youthful stranger all power of resistance va-

nished? And on the brow of the cliff at Nazareth, as well as in the garden of Gethsemane, whence came that sudden irresistible power over bands of men, that yielded they knew not why? No psychological analysis will explain these three events without the element of the supernatural.

Again, the evident ease and sense of power (never paraded) with which our Lord wrought his works of healing points in the same direction. He gives no explanations, and offers no argument to prove that he is the Christ, but simply and naturally, as one who held the key of Nature's storehouse, he proceeds to work a miracle as we would set about the commonest acts of our lives. When the miracle-workers of antiquity (as Elijah) are represented as raising the dead, they claim no personal power to do so; and it is only "with trouble and with pain," after long delay, and as the delegates of Jehovah, that they succeed, showing that they had to rise above themselves in the act. Our Lord, on the contrary, acts without any sign of rising above his accustomed level. He speaks to the dead, "in the style of him who said, Let there be light, and there was light."

A still more remarkable characteristic of our Lord's life remains to be unfolded, one which leads us to the very root of the moral evidence for his divinity. It is the infinite assumptions that he makes, which, if unsupported by an inward consciousness of their reality, would sink him, morally, beneath the majority of men. So that we must choose between the horns of a dilemma: either he was much more than human, or much worse than his calumniators. This is admirably indicated by Dr. Hanna. Take the words on the ground of which alone our Lord was condemned to die. "Art thou the Son of God?" was the question of the judges, and it was from his re-assertion of the fact that he was condemned as a blasphemer. But if the fact was not true, in the unique sense in which Jesus claimed it, and in which his accusers knew that he claimed it, it must have been the very height of blasphemy in him. No passing delusion could lessen the sin of such a reiterated assertion by one of sane mind, were it false.

"If only a man," says Dr. Hanna, "Jesus was guilty of an extent, an audacity, an effrontery of pretension, which the blindest, wildest, and most arrogant enthusiast has never exceeded. The only way in which to free his character as a man from the stain of egregious vanity and presumption, is to recognize him as the Son of the Highest. *If the divinity that was in him be denied, the humanity no longer stands stainless.*"—(*Last Day*, p. 73.)

To apprehend the full bearing of this remark, we must consider it in relation to the successive incidents of the life, and the continuity of the claim Christ made. He speaks of his oneness with the Father, of an hour coming in which all men, and even the dead, should hear his voice and live. "If this were but a man speaking of the Creator, and to his fellows, we know not which would be worst, the arrogance in the one direction, or the presumption and uncharitableness in the other" (*Earlier Years*, p. 375). Again, in pronouncing a doom over the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida, *for rejecting himself*, he "anticipates the verdict of eternity" (*Galilean Ministry*, p. 123). At Casarea-Philippi he minutely and circumstantially predicts the details of his own death; and on his last entrance into Jerusalem foretells the destruction of the city, which Josephus informs us was to the letter fulfilled. Strauss seems to perceive the force of this, as he admits (*New Life*, vol. i. p. 45) that "this previous certainty (if real) must have been as supernatural as the event itself." And in accordance with his theory, the prediction must be construed as an apostolic afterthought, to enhance the mythical glory of the Master. But it is not to the fact of Christ's prevision that we now point, but to the claim associated with it; the assumption of the right to judge mankind, his certainty of a future empire over the world and the realm of the dead; and the conviction is forced upon us, that if no supernatural consciousness supported our Lord in making these assertions, he sinks at once to the level of an inhuman impostor. He denounces terrible woes over the Pharisees. Could the greatest of the prophets have ventured to speak to them as from the throne of heaven, as one who would shortly be seated there? And if this was a delu-

sion on his part, his words not only lose all meaning, but are from first to last profane, and might be turned against himself. In the house of Simon the Pharisee he quietly makes the assumption that to him all debts are owing, and that by himself alone they could be forgiven. He arranges the future destinies of his disciples, pre-announcing and fixing the time and manner of their death. Deity incarnate alone was entitled to use the language, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" He washes his disciples' feet, and thereafter says, "Ye call me Master and Lord, *and ye say well, for so I am.*"

"No one ever made pretensions so high, no one ever executed offices more humble, no one ever claimed to stand so far above the level of our humanity, speaking of himself as the light of the world, having rest and peace and life for all at his disposal. No one has made himself more thoroughly one with every human being whom he met, or was so ready with the services which one man may claim from his brother."—(*Passion Week*, p. 290.)

Again, in the very institution of the Lord's Supper, Dr. Hanna sees a unique testimony to the supernatural in Christ. He says it must have been instituted at the time asserted in the narrative; for "how could any body of men, without a falsehood in their hands which every one could detect, at any posterior period commence the celebration?"

"But who would ever have risked his reputation, his prospect of being remembered by the ages that were to come, by exhibiting such an eager and premature desire to preserve and perpetuate the remembrance of his name, his character, his deeds? They have left it to others after them to devise the means of doing so; neither vain enough, nor bold enough, nor foolish enough to be themselves the framers of these means. But who is this who, ere he dies, by his own act and deed, sets up the memorial institution by which his death is to be shown forth? Surely he must be one who knows and feels that he has claims to be remembered such as none other ever had? Does not Jesus Christ, in the very act of instituting in his own lifetime this memorial rite, step at once above the level of ordinary humanity, and assert for himself a position towards mankind utterly and absolutely unique?"—(*Passion Week*, pp. 330-1.)

Again, as to the Resurrection. "It is by this event," says Dr. Hanna, in com-

mon with many others, "that we desire the entire question of the supernaturalism of our religion to be decided." The most remarkable attestation of this fact is to be found where we would least expect it, viz., in the state of the disciples' mind before and after the event occurred. No writer of fiction, no elaborator of floating myths, would have conjoined with the predictions of Christ as to his resurrection, before he died, such an entire forgetfulness of these facts on the part of the disciples a few days afterwards; "such an utter prostration of all faith and hope as that which the evangelists describe, lasting till the most extraordinary means were taken to remove them, and yielding slowly even then." We can easily account for the state of the disciples' minds when their Master's death, and the very power of remembering his words had vanished: but we cannot understand how the inventor of a cunningly devised fable, or the credulous idolatry of a number of disciples full of faith and idealism, could have conjoined these two almost repugnant facts—facts which no man could have foreseen, on a calculation of probabilities, because they run utterly counter to the ordinary course of human action. We need not insist on the fact that Christ had "perilled his own reputation on its occurrence;" nor do we rest so much on the positive testimony borne by multitudes to the fact itself. But the puzzle which anti-supernaturalism cannot explain is the moral hiatus between the utter gloom and dismay, nay, even the despair, of the apostles at the time of their Master's death, and the sudden kindling of their faith (the faith of martyrs), which, within a few days, leapt into flame. What link connected these two states of mind in the apostles? Could it have been wholly subjective? There is a gap to be filled, a moral chasm to be spanned, and no bridge but that of the supernatural reality will span it. This becomes even more evident when we consider the origin and education of the apostles. They were rude unlettered men, slow of heart to believe; men without the faculty of poetic idealization; some of them with a large infusion of the spirit of honest doubt. It is a mistake to sup-

pose that the rustic mind of a peasant is usually more amenable to spectral delusions than the soul of the imaginative thinker; and these Jewish peasants, the fishermen of Galilee, required the strong, clear evidence of fact before they would believe that which at first seemed to them too good news to be true. Then it might have been possible for *one* disciple to have elaborated the myth of the resurrection, for one excited woman to report that she had seen a ghost, and that it resembled the dead Master whose loss they all mourned: but a mixed multitude of diverse minds, in every variety of circumstances, united their testimony to the fact; a cloud of witnesses declared it with one voice. And such was the force of the evidence to them that they willingly sealed it by death, while the resurrection became the central fact of apostolical testimony and of missionary preaching for years. No link but that of a real resurrection, the re-appearance of the historical Christ for a season with his disciples, can explain this victorious faith of the men, the rapid assent to their doctrine, the planting of innumerable churches, and the speedy power of Christianity in the world.

But perhaps the best contribution to this line of evidence will be found in Dr. Hanna's chapter entitled "The Great Commission." In the narrative of one of those manifestations of Jesus to his disciples after the resurrection, we read that "he came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." "How," asks Dr. Hanna,—

"How could a man of woman born, who had lived and died as we do, have been regarded as other than the vainest and most arrogant of pretenders, who said that all power in heaven and earth was his, had there not been something in the whole earthly history of this man which corresponded with and bore out such an extraordinary assumption? The simple fact that there was a man who lived for three-and-thirty years in familiar intercourse with his fellow-men, yet, ere he left the world, was recognized and worshipped by five hundred of them, as one who was guilty of no presumption in saying, 'All power is given unto *me* in heaven and in earth,' goes far to sustain the belief that he was indeed the Son of the Highest. To imagine that a Jew, the son of a Galilean carpenter,

educated in a village in the rudest part of Judea,—that such a man, being a man and nothing more, could have lived so long upon the earth without saying or doing anything to belie the belief in his divinity, presents a far greater difficulty than does the doctrine of the Incarnation.”—(*Forty Days*, pp. 157-8.)

The commission to the infant Church followed this claim of power—“Go, preach the gospel to every creature:”—

“A mission so comprehensive was as novel as it was sublime. Familiarity with the idea blunts the edge of our wonder; but at that time, when, in a remote Jewish province, Jesus gathered a few hundred followers, and sent them forth, assigning them a task not to be accomplished till all nations had been brought to sit under his shadow; the idea of a religion addressed to all, equally adapted to all, and needed by all, had never been broached, never been attempted to be realized. Prior systems gloried in their exclusiveness; and, both socially and religiously, the Jew of the Saviour's time was one of the most shut in and bigoted of his race. His faith and his patriotism were one; and the deeper the patriotism the narrower the faith. And yet it is among this people—it is from one brought up in one of its wildest districts, it is from one for whom birth, position, education, had done nothing in the way of weaning him from the prejudices of his countrymen; it is from him that a religion emanates whose professed object is to gather into one the whole human family. The very broaching of a project so original, so comprehensive, so sublime, in that age, and in these circumstances, stands out as an event unique in the history of our race. Had Jesus Christ done nothing more than set this idea for the first time afloat, that it was desirable and practicable to frame for the world a religious faith and worship which should have nothing of the confinements of country, or period, or caste, he would have stood by himself, and above all others. But he did more than this. He not only announced the project, but he devised the instrument by which it was to be accomplished. He put that instrument in its complete and perfect form, into the hands of those by whom it was to be employed. That instrumentality has never asked for, because it has never needed, improvement or change. When Jesus said, ‘Go make disciples of all nations,’ he announced, and that in the simplest, least ostentatious way, as if there was no novelty in the project, no difficulty in its execution, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that it should be taken up, and the surest thing that it should be carried out, the most original, the broadest, the sublimest enterprise that ever human hands have been called upon to accomplish.”—(Pp. 156-166.)

Dr. Hanna has not written a book for scholars, yet in his volumes there are hints of problems which the most learned scholars may very easily miss. To a devout imagination and a mature judgment aspects of truth are sometimes disclosed to which mere erudition is often blind. We may mention several of these questions underlying the narrative of facts, which are hinted at rather than discussed by our author. The significant absence of any information as to the mode of ordination of the twelve apostles—Christ “having done nothing with his own hand to erect or organize the church” (*Galilean Ministry*, p. 329); the pretended primacy of St. Peter (pp. 332-6); the exposition of the relations of Church and State, in the analysis of the saying, “Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but unto God the things which are God's” (*Passion Week*, p. 79); the trial to our Lord in bearing the burden of insoluble problems which should hereafter perplex his Church, as, for example, the destination of human souls after death (*Galilean Ministry*, pp. 124-5); the possible pain arising from the restriction of his earthly ministry, and its insignificant results (*Passion Week*, p. 147); the “room for the patriotic sentiment in Jesus, that love of country by which every true man is characterized; and, mingling with that which was divine and broadly human, purified from all imperfection, narrowness, and selfishness, that patriotic grief which wept over the overthrow of Jerusalem” (*Last Day*, p. 168). In the answer to the question of the Sadducees (*Passion Week*, p. 90) the root of the system of materialism is disclosed; and the relation of a free personal being to his creation, with the possible changes which nature may undergo in the economy of the future, is alluded to. In the classification of the miracles, as wrought upon nature and upon man, and the reasons given for “the vast preponderance of the latter,” we have a glance into the philosophy of the miraculous. To display omnipotence was not Christ's aim, or he could have done so far more strikingly than he did. His omnipotence was veiled under the moral import and the spiritual end to be reached. A deep question in morals, and the relation of the central commandment to

the separate precepts, are discussed in connection with the lawyer's question, "Master, which is the great commandment?" (*Passion Week*, p. 103). We may further notice the reasons assigned for our Lord's delay upon the earth for forty days between the resurrection and the ascension, and for the brief mysterious glimpses of these days, viz., that both the humanity and divinity should be signalized; the one by his residence so long, and the clearly human appearances; the other by their peculiar character, brief and fugitive, *almost* spiritual and spectral. Had the old Galilean life been resumed, "the rising faith in the divinity" of Jesus would have been checked. Had he ascended immediately from the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, "in the blaze of that new glory around his person, the man Christ Jesus had been lost, the humanity swallowed up in the divinity" (*Forty Days*, p. 39).

The view taken of the nature of our Lord's resurrection body is also noteworthy. It is represented as undergoing during the forty days a gradual transition from the material to a spiritual state, "the corruptible being on its way to the incorruptible, the mortal *putting on* the clothing of immortality" (*Forty Days*, p. 53). Strauss has affirmed that on this point there is an insuperable contradiction in the accounts of the evangelists: one statement representing the resurrection body as physical, because able to digest food, another representing it as a ghost, because able to pass through closed doors. He therefore speaks of the story as a "fantastic imagination." But the supposition that the body which arose from the grave was physical, but that it gradually became etherealized, though not new, is so exceedingly suggestive, that we wonder it is not generally received by the Church. We have some analogies which bear it out. The spirit may gradually exercise a vast ascendancy over the body; and in proportion as a man acquires victory over the senses the form of his organization is refined. Matter may finally yield to spirit, so as to be its elastic and ethereal vehicle, rather than, as now, its impediment and drag. Spirit may gradually be able to dispense with the aid of matter, and after having been educated and enriched by it may stand less and less in need of its coarser

stimulus. And in the resurrection body of Christ we have the type of what the bodies of men may become in a more etherealized universe. It is only in keeping with other divine laws to which he was subject that the process of transition in our Lord's case should have been gradual.

There are occasional repetitions in the course of these volumes, arising no doubt from the order in which they appeared. We have, for example, the analysis of the character of St. Peter given twice over in the same words. Had they been written in a consecutive series, beginning with the Nativity, the retrospect in the fifth volume on the *Last Day of the Passion* would not have occurred; nor such regressions as the biographic sketch of the Virgin, which is suggested merely by Christ's address to her from the cross. The admirable sermon on "the great invitation," introduced into the recital of the Galilean ministry, may be justified by the grandeur of the theme, and because it contains the very essence of our Lord's message to the world; but it somewhat breaks the continuity of the narrative, and, if treated in its evidential character, as testifying to him who could alone invite a world to find repose in himself, it would have been more homogeneous and complete. The two discourses on the parables of the Virgins and of the Talents, and the description of the day of final judgment (in the *Passion Week*), might have been retrenched, especially as some other discourses revealing the inner life of our Lord are briefly passed over. The reference to the abuse of works of fiction introduced into the lecture on the weeping for the daughters of Jerusalem is scarcely relevant.

While it is true that we find in these volumes some things more adapted to the pulpit than the permanent literary page, they are a very noteworthy specimen of Scottish Christian teaching. It is to be regretted that a philosophical analysis and defence of the great data of the Christian faith is seldom heard from the modern pulpit. A notion seems to prevail that the elementary facts of the gospel of Christ ought to be the staple of the teaching there. It was not so always. If we consult the specimens which survive even of patristic and mediæval preaching, or examine the great mas-

ters of English Platonism in the seventeenth century (to select but two instances), we shall find that their ideal was widely different. The exclusion, or even the subordination, of those fundamental themes with which reflective men are struggling, from the place where they should be welcomed and cherished, will impoverish, if it does not arrest, the power of the pulpit. Believing as we do, with the *Spectator*, that questions of an "apparently refined and scholastic nature lie at the very basis of national energy and national morality," we think that these should be freely discussed from the place of direct Christian education.

We would suggest to Dr. Hanna the expediency of following this series of volumes with another, dealing with some of the questions which he takes for granted in these. Though the series is complete in itself, a supplementary discussion of some of the problems which the Tübingen school has raised would form an appropriate introduction. Much remains to be done in this direction. We have not as yet an absolutely accurate history of the results of modern criticism as to the origin of the Gospel narratives.

We should also have relished from the same pen some chapters devoted to the still more arduous task of gathering together the main elements in the teaching of our Lord, summarizing its results, and showing the reappearance of its germs in the apostolic doctrine of the Epistles. If we proceed beyond a mere recital of events to ponder the *meaning* of the facts narrated, we are immediately led into the region of doctrinal form. Doctrine is but the *explanation of fact*. But we think that the collection of "the first flowings" of Christian doctrine from the words of its Founder would reveal some curious discrepancies between it and the creeds of later ages, some modern growths and incrustations, possibly also some losses and departures from its first ideal.

We cannot part with these volumes without a further reference to the fundamental feature which distinguishes this Life of our Lord from those by Strauss and Renan. The admission or rejection of the supernatural determines that fundamental feature. Its recogni-

tion is the touchstone of success, its rejection the badge of failure. From the account we have given of the French and German works, it will be seen that they agree in pronouncing the supernatural unhistoric. Renan has not the hardihood to assert that miracles are impossible, but in the name of universal history he says, that "up to this time no miracle has ever been proved," as none has ever occurred in presence of men capable of testing its miraculous character. Strauss is at once bolder and more rash. In his judgment miracle is "that heterogeneous element which makes history impossible." He would admit nothing supernatural, no matter how numerous the witnesses or harmonious their attestation. Philosophy pronounces the verdict *a priori*, which scientific history ratifies *a posteriori*. Miracle is contingency and lawlessness within an orderly world. It implies that God acts against his own laws. It amounts to a correction of the universe, and consequently involves its imperfection: and as the evangelical recorders had no critical tests, their evidence loses all power of proof.

It will be observed that we have here a gigantic *petitio principii*, a gratuitous assumption utterly inadmissible in philosophy, unless supported by the evidence of an intuition. But its advocates deny the validity of the intuitions, and found it on an induction from historical phenomena. As such it ignores the boundaries of human knowledge. It illogically infers a universal conclusion from a number of particular instances of fixed order in nature (these instances being irrelevant to the argument, as they are admitted on both sides). And it may be directly negated by positive testimony to the opposite. We therefore turn Strauss's dictum against his own theory, that "there may be things so incredible in themselves that this incredibility would invalidate the evidence of a witness in other respects the most credible of men" (by which principle he would reject a miracle, however attested). It may be applied with the greatest cogency to the assumption that Jesus was merely human, notwithstanding any amount of evidence as to the origin of the Gospel narratives. This is an assumption so incredible, that its incredulity would

shake the evidence of any witness from the first century that attested it.

But we decline to admit the postulate from which both Strauss and Renan and all anti-supernaturalists start. They first define a miracle in a fashion which travesties the doctrine maintained, and then refuse on the ground of their dogmatic postulate to admit the relevancy of the only kind of evidence that could substantiate that which they reject. Even although the occurrence of a miracle were tantamount to the suspension of Nature's laws (which it is not), to be entitled to assert that such a violation of Nature was impossible the objector should be conversant with the inmost secrets of natural phenomena, to be absolutely sure that no new force or set of forces had escaped his notice, or was held by the Divine mechanic in reserve. In short, if miracles are impossible, man in his ignorance cannot know the fact. The secret would belong exclusively to Him who has chosen to reveal the opposite. For a creature of limited intellectual vision to deny the possibility of miracle is indirectly to arrogate omniscience. M. Renan has seen this, and hence has fallen back on historical ground, and contents himself with affirming that no miracle has ever been attested.

The question of the miraculous thus recedes into a problem of speculative philosophy. Miracles are impossible except on a theistic theory of the universe. But no theist can validly deny their possibility. It remains for historical and moral evidence to authenticate the fact. But the first postulate of theism, the free-will of God, and the existence of an infinite *reserve of power* in the Divine Nature,—power unexhausted in the creation and upholding of the universe,—supplies us with a firm philosophical basis on which the fact may repose.

Searching for a human analogy to the transcendent power which theism thus conceives as ever within and behind the veil of Nature, we do not betake ourselves to marvels and apparitions; for we find the true analogue within the human will. If our will is free in any sense, it is a source of power; it can originate new processes. By the forthputting of our free causality we can produce a new series of effects, which, how-

ever, blend throughout the whole process with the customary sequences of Nature. We change the order of Nature by introducing a new force within its realm. And if God be free, if human freedom is but a dim reflection or adumbration of his, it is self-evident that he may introduce at will new forces within the existing order of things. We can alter no law of Nature: we can only discharge a new force from the centre of our personality amongst existing laws. And in the miracles of Christ we see Nature amenable to a Divine will, as it is amenable to the supernatural action of our human wills. The difference is not in the nature of the effects produced, but in the rank and power of the Agent producing them. The reign of law is unbroken; but Nature is flexible, and bends before a new-born power. The novel and seemingly anomalous agent blends harmoniously with the existing framework of causation, and is itself subject to the sweep of mundane law the moment that it is introduced. Its miraculous character lies in its source. The new element is not lawless, nor does it come to violate law, or dethrone it. The supernatural is but the *higher natural*. God does not readjust his former work; he supplements it, out of the infinite reserve of his nature. Without the rigor of fixed law, confusion and anarchy would reign: and without the presence of a supernatural will behind the orderly phenomena, the universe would be locked up as in the chains of fate; and intermediate between the chance of the one system and the rigor of the other, between causalism and fatalism, the doctrine of a supernatural and living will emerges.

But we cannot affirm that the presence of God is more real in a miraculous event than in a natural process. That would be to banish God from the realm of Nature,—to limit him to the abnormal and exclude him from the normal. The spiritual and supernatural is rather the *source* of the natural and material. The latter is an apocalypse of the former, a revelation of God, "the garment we see him by." And the "signs and wonders" of the New Testament were not more truly (though they were *as* truly) the signs of the supernatural, than were the lilies of the field, or the fowls of the

air, from which our Lord deduced the doctrine of a universal Providence. What we see in the phenomena of the universe is the apparatus by which God reveals himself constantly in Nature; what the disciples saw in the miracles of our Lord was the apparatus by which he revealed himself once in his Son. The supernatural is the same in both cases. We cannot affirm that the presence of God is less real throughout Nature at all times (though we may not discern it) than it was in the peculiar and unique machinery of the Christian advent; or, to make the distinction more emphatic, that in the *resurrection* of Lazarus God was more specially revealed than he was in the natural *death* of Lazarus. The former incident was but a selected means to impress upon a callous generation the reality of the supernatural, and to supply a type of the continuous miracle of history. But why should our biased "men of science" so persistently deny the possibility of such a gentle incursion into the realm of Nature of that power which ever sleeps behind phenomena? They deny that there can be "aught in heaven or earth but what is dreamt of in their philosophy." But Science itself is only the human interpretation of natural phenomena, and the human classification of Nature's powers. Why refuse to include within the limits of historical fact a series of new manifestations of which the cause is occult, under-working, and divine? We do not fall into the abyss of oriental dualism by so doing; for between the ordinary and the extraordinary the difference, as we have said, is only one of degree. And a miracle is the highest revelation of Nature, because of the supernatural Power which resides behind and within it everywhere. Apparent violations of order are but instances in which laws that are inferior yield nominally before the power of the superior.

But some reason for the introduction of the new agency within the old order may be shown to exist. Nature was already marred by the introduction of moral evil, and the necessity for the supernatural arises simply from the *failure of the natural*—a failure not due to any physical defect within the universe, but to the loss of moral power in man. The original and normal

state of the creature had by his own act become the abnormal; and the introduction of the supernatural was a means of his restoration to the normal, as human nature had failed to raise and regenerate itself. If the present condition of the earth were its normal state, and the evil were merely a defect to be balanced in due time by excess, there would be no room for supernatural agency. But if the evil be a moral blot in the universe, the interposition of God to remove the blot of the creature is immediately seen to be but the restoration of order.

But the restorative process which is introduced will be in strict conformity with the nature of that which it comes to restore, *i. e.*, it will be mainly spiritual and moral. The physical wonders which may accompany it will be altogether secondary and subordinate. Now, in discussing the Christian miracles, attention is often fixed on the physical marvels, which have no value and little meaning apart from their moral end. A prodigy is a mere finger-post pointing to some moral truth. And possibly the Christian miracles have repelled the scientific world, mainly because of the attention which Christian apologists have bestowed upon their outward forms. But the physical is the accidental, the moral is the essential in a miracle; and the radical conception of the supernatural in Christianity is the *restoration of a lost moral order, by the free act of one whose power is the mere energy of his love*. Thus considered, the supernatural is not only an essential part of Christianity, it *is* Christianity itself. Eliminate it, and you eliminate root, branches, and the whole tree; and the religion of Christ falls at once to the level of the other religious systems, if it does not (because of its claim to the supernatural) sink beneath them all.

Strauss had attempted to show that if a belief in miracles has any warrant at all, it may be as freely extended to those of the Greek mythology, or oriental Buddhism, or mediæval Catholicism, as to those "signs" which accompanied the birth of Christianity. As we reject the former marvels as unhistorical, and make an exception in favor of the Christian miracles, we must show some valid reasons for the exception. If we can prove that it would involve a greater marvel,

and tax our credulity more, to treat the Christian miracles as legends, than to accept them as facts, we have a presumption in their favor; just as if, by the rejection of all miracles, the life of Christ could be made to yield a more satisfactory result, we should have a presumption on the other side. We therefore accept the challenge, and point to the totally different *character* of the Christian miracles from the poetic idealizations of Greece or the apocryphal legends of Jewish story. The test of a divine moral purpose, in which power is ever "vassal unto love," will easily distinguish between the spurious and authentic; while the evidence of facts is in the one case clear, and in the other obscure. We think that the volumes of Dr. Hanna have abundantly proved this point. But a scientific vindication of the miraculous is comparatively useless to those critics who assert their impossibility *a priori*. Strauss virtually says, "I will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Renan desires that the alleged marvel should be performed before the Academy of Sciences, and *repeated frequently*, that no illusion or sleight-of-hand be mistaken for reality. But this demand is fatal to the very idea of the miracle. It is wrought not to excite wonder, but to produce a moral result. Renan ignores the spiritual element in the physical prodigy. But no miracle could have been wrought to gratify the scientific curiosity of men already biassed against its evidence. It is recorded in the Gospels that in certain districts our Lord "could do no mighty works, because of the unbelief" of the spectators. But his miracles were varied sufficiently to prove that by no stock process, legerdemain, or fraud, could any one of them have been wrought; while the whole keyboard of Nature was amenable to his will.

Pressensé has well said, "Falsehood

may have its hour, but it has no *future*;" a maxim by which it would be unwise for any generation to test a novel doctrine submitted to it. But the advance of history, with its "increasing purpose," the gradual extinction of those forms of faith which have no permanent root in human nature, or in the facts of the past, and the severe strain to which those must have been subjected which have outlived the scrutiny of the ages, warrant its application to history at large. What stands the criticism of Time is true; and if error lives, its vitality is due to the truth with which it is in all cases mixed up. The constant and distracting succession of hypotheses as to the origin of the Gospels, and the twilight of uncertainty to which most of them conduct, present a strange contrast to the light which the supernatural casts upon the life of Christ. The first work with the majority of the critics is to abolish the conclusions of their predecessors. This is consistent enough in those who hold with Renan that "the ideal is ever a utopia." But we pronounce his dictum philosophically false, and historically untrue. The ideal *has been realized* in One Human Life. Its solitariness and its ideal completeness is the source of its unique power in the world; and it has "possessed the future" much more completely than it conquered the age in which it first appeared.

We have sufficiently indicated our high estimate of the work of Dr. Hanna, and of the contribution he has made to the apologetical literature of the Church. It has been written mainly for those who have not been perplexed by the questions of modern thought,—rather for the Church than for those outside its borders. But its function is much wider than its author states it, and it may yet take precedence of more ambitious treatises in the estimation of the Church catholic.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

REPORT ON PROGRESS OF WORKS AT JERUSALEM AND ELSEWHERE IN THE HOLY LAND, BY LIEUTENANT WARREN, R.E.

11th JUNE, 1869.

Interesting Discovery at the N. E. angle, Haram area.—We have, during the last few days, succeeded in driving a gallery up to the great block of masonry

forming the northeast angle, and have found the wall to be built of great bevelled stones, to a depth of at least 60ft. below the surface, and we have not yet come on the rock.

In my last letter I expressed some diffidence about our being able to get across, on account of the treacherous nature of the soil, although we were then only 50ft. off. By employing a different shape of gallery frame, and keeping a non-commissioned officer continually at the head of the gallery fixing them, we have been able to surmount these difficulties, and are now likely to make a great addition to our knowledge of the ancient topography. Already we have made a happy commencement.

We struck the Haram Wall about 18ft. south of the north-east angle, and at a depth of about 32ft. below the surface. We then turned north, and ran along the Haram Wall for 26ft. without finding any angle similar to that above. At this point a slit about 18in. wide and 4in. high was observed in the Haram Wall, formed by cutting out parts of the upper and lower beds of two courses. A stone, dropped down this slit, rolled rattling away for several feet.

It was some time before I could believe that we had really passed to the north of the north-east angle; but there can now be no doubt of it, and that the ancient wall below the surface runs several feet to the north of the north-east angle without break of any kind.

If the portions above ground are *in situ*, it would appear that this angle is a portion of an ancient tower reaching above the old city wall.

We have this morning examined the slit mentioned above. At first it was impossible to squeeze through, but after a few hours it became easier, though it is now only 7in. in height.

The passage in from this slit is difficult to describe: the roof falls by steps, but the floor is a very steep smooth incline, falling 12ft. in 11½ft., like the slit and shoot for letters at a postoffice. The shoot ends abruptly, passing through the roof of a passage. This passage runs east and west; it is 3ft. 9in. high and about 2ft. wide; it runs nearly horizontally, and at its eastern end opens out through the Haram Wall. At the western end it goes (by measurement) to the east end of the Birket Israil, but is closed up by a perforated stone. This passage is 46ft. (?) in length. On the south side of it, a little to the west of the shaft, is a staircase cut in the masonry, and running

apparently to the surface, but it is jammed up with stones. The roof of the passage is about 48ft. below the surface. The stones forming it are of great size, but do not show large in comparison with those of the sides, which are from 14ft. to 18ft. in length, and vary from 3ft. 10in. to 4ft. 6in. in height. To the west of the staircase the bottom of the passage slopes down rapidly, so that in one place it is 12ft. in height. The roof also is stepped down 4ft., about 11ft. from the western end.

Altogether this passage bears a great resemblance to that which we found under the Single Gate, October, 1867.

At the eastern end, where the passage opens out through the Haram Wall, a rough masonry shaft has been built round, so that we can see a few feet up the wall, and about 7ft. down it below the sole of the gallery. It is evident that here there has been some tinkering at a comparatively modern date.

In the course forming the sole of the passage there is a water duct leading through the Haram Wall, about 5in. square, very nicely cut; but in the next course, lower, a great irregular hole has been knocked out of the wall, so as to allow the water to pass through at a slightly lower level, and so run into an aqueduct 9in. wide and 2ft. high, which commences at this point, and runs nearly due east from the Haram Wall. All this botching and tinkering looks as if it had been done quite recently, and the workmen have left their mark on the wall in the shape of a Christian cross, of the type used by the early Christians, or during the Byzantine period.

At the further end of the passage, to west, the same large massive stones are seen until the eye rests upon a large perforated stone closing it up. This is the first approach we have yet found to any architectural remains about these old walls (which I believe now are admitted to be of the time of the Kings of Judah), and though it merely shows us the kind of labor bestowed upon a concealed overflow aqueduct, still it has a bold and pleasing effect, and until something else is found, will hold its own as some indication of the style of building at an early period.

It consists simply of a stone closing up the end of the passage, with a recess or

alcove cut in it 4in. deep. Within this recess are three cylindrical holes, 5½in. in diameter, the lines joining their centres forming the sides of an equilateral triangle. Below this appears once to have been a basin to collect the water; but whatever has been there, it has been violently removed. It appears to me probable that the troops defending this portion of the wall came down the staircase into this passage to obtain water.

At first sight this passage appears to be cut in the rock, as stalactites have formed all over it, and hang gracefully from every joint, giving the place a very picturesque appearance. It seems probable that we are here some 20ft. above the rock.

There can be little doubt that this is an ancient overflow from the Birket Israil, which could not at that time have risen above this height, about 235°, or 25ft. above the present bottom of the pool, and 60ft. below the present top of the pool.

It is also apparent that the Birket Israil has been half full and overflowing during the Christian period, and that for some purpose or other the water was carried away by an aqueduct to the Kedron Valley. At the present day, when there is such a dearth of running water in Jerusalem, it is rather mystifying to find that within our era the Birket Israil has probably been constantly full up to a certain point, and flowing over.

It will be a great mistake now if we have to stop this work for want of funds. We have got over to this N. E. angle with considerable trouble, and at great risk, and it is highly probable that difficulties would be put in the way of a second excavation at this point.

If the excavations are to continue, I am convinced it is essential that we should strain every nerve to get sufficient funds to complete this work.

18th August, 1869.

N. E. Angle of Haram area (continued).—We have now made further progress at this angle, and have settled several points of considerable interest.

1. We find that the tower (so called tower of Antonia) at the N. E. angle of the Haram area, forms part of the main east wall, and, at near its base, the wall and tower are flush, or in one line.

2. The wall is built up of bevelled stones from the rock, but up to a certain height (nearly the same as at Robinson's arch) the stones have rough faces.

3. The rock, which is only twenty feet below the surface at the 'St. Stephen's Gate, falls rapidly past the tower, so that at the southern angle the wall is covered up with *débris* to a depth of no less than one hundred and ten feet, and the total height of the wall is over one hundred and fifty feet.

4. There is now no doubt that the valley at the Bab az Zahiré passes down through the Birket Israil into the Haram area, and thence out to the east between the N. E. tower and the Golden Gate; and that the platform of the dome of the rock is at least *one hundred and sixty-five feet* above one part of the valley in the northern part of the Haram area; and also that the contour trace showing the conjectural line of the ground in the northern part of the Haram area, forwarded in June, appears to be nearly generally correct.

5. Some characters in red paint have been found on the bottom stones of the Haram wall under the southern end of this tower; a trace is enclosed.

6. It appears probable that the four courses of bevelled stones of this tower, which appear above ground, are *in situ*, and also in the wall south of the tower, but of this latter it does not seem so certain.

7. The faces of the stones below a certain line are described as rough (in paragraph 2), but they are quite unlike the roughly-faced stones at the S. W. angle. The faces project from two to *twenty* inches or more, presenting a very curious appearance.

8. The stone used does not seem to be so compact and hard as that used at the S. E. angle, and the chisel working is not so carefully done.

The manner in which the tower becomes flush with the wall is very interesting; for the first forty-eight feet above the rock it is one wall, the stones being carefully drafted, the faces projecting irregularly, on an average ten inches. The upper and lower parts of the faces are horizontal, and the sides are vertical, so that they in some instances present the appearance of one cube stuck on to a larger one.

The wall throughout this distance has a batter formed by each course receding $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from that below it, up to course Q, where the projecting faces end; here the tower begins, and it is formed by the portion forming the wall continuing to recede from 4 to 7 inches, while that forming the tower only recedes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, so that at 70 feet from the bottom (level of the gallery), and 22 feet from whence the tower begins, the projection is nearly 2 feet. If this were continued at the same rate up to the surface, another 40 feet, it would give to the tower a projection very similar to what it has, viz., about seven feet; from this it would appear as though the upper were *in situ*; but it is to be remarked that the stones in the wall at the surface, and also in the gallery, have projecting faces, and as the southernmost shaft was sunk at the junction of the tower and wall, it yet remains to be seen whether the wall throughout is composed of stones with projecting faces, while the stones in the tower are like those at the Wailing Place.

It is also to be remarked that the level

of the point where the tower commences is only a short distance below the surface at the S. E. angle, where there is a check in the wall as if just such another tower were commencing.

De Vogüé's view of the Temple of Jerusalem restored, appears to give an approximate view of what the east wall of the Haram is at *present*, except that the centre tower is not known.

There is no straight joint between the tower and wall at the N. E. angle; it is one wall for the 22 feet we have examined, and probably continues the same up to the surface. Where the projection increases to 2 feet, the stones are cut out to that depth, but a few feet higher some other method must have been adopted.

I propose after the summer to drive the gallery 100 feet further to the south along the wall, and then to sink again in search of the bottom of the valley, which is likely to be some thirty or forty feet lower down; as it is, this shaft at the angle of the tower is the deepest yet sunk, the bottom being 110 feet below the surface.

The Spectator.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

Mrs. CLOUGH has done wisely in giving her husband's remains so frankly to the world, and all understanding readers will thank her sincerely for the true taste, perfect simplicity, and quiet literary skill with which she has edited them. These two volumes, as they now stand, contain as adequate a picture of the singular, but large, simple, and tender nature of the Oxford poet as is now attainable; and it is one which no one can study without much delight and some pain, without much profit and perhaps also some loss, without feeling the high exaltation of true poetry and the keen pleasure caused by the subtlety of true scholarship, at every turn; nor without feeling now and again the sad infection of those "blank

misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized," which are scattered so liberally through these fine poems of buoyant ardor, disappointed longings, and speculative suspense, and through these singular letters and reviews of reticent tenderness and rough self-satire. The new materials, now for the first time published, and many of them for the first time printed, are of the highest interest in the contribution they give us to Mr. Clough's intellectual autobiography. And some of them will add greatly to his fame,—especially the strange and wonderful poem written at Naples in 1849, in which Mr. Clough starts from the precisely opposite point of view to Keble's Easter hymn, and instead of singing,—

"Oh, day of days! shall hearts set free,
No minstrel rapture find for thee?"

pours out the despair with which the poet infers from the multitude of servile

* *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Selection from his Letters, and a Memoir.* Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. With a Portrait. Vol. I. Life, Letters, Prose Remains. Vol. II. Poems. London and New-York: Macmillan.

hearts *not* set free from either guilt or meanness, that "Christ is not risen." This poem will live, we believe, forever in English literature, as the most burning and pathetic lament which an ardent love of Christ, amazed and ashamed and aghast at the spectacle of an utterly un-Christian world calling itself Christian, and the despair of intellect naturally suggested by this spectacle, ever produced. To our minds, this singular poem, short though it be, is not unlikely to be recognized as one of the greatest poems,—if not in all English literature, which is likely enough,—certainly of our day and generation. But as we hope to say something separately upon it, we will only say of it here that it is unquestionably the author's greatest achievement, and is not less remarkable for the patient realism and almost bitter intellectual precision of the style, than for the molten stream of religious passion which it pours out. As a rule, Mr. Clough's lyrical poems are not quite so successful in delineating the mood which they are really meant to delineate, owing to the chronic state of introspective criticism on himself in which he is too apt to write, and which, characteristic as it is, necessarily diminishes the linearity and directness of the feeling expressed, refracting it, as it were, through media of very variable density. As he himself,—no doubt in this stanza delineating himself,—says of one of his heroes:—

"With all his eager motions still there went
A self-correcting and ascetic bent,
That from the obvious good still led astray,
And set him travelling on the longest way."

And in the same poem there are descriptive touches which very skilfully portray the nature of those *dispersive* influences, as we may call them, in his character which, while they may injure his lyrical, add a great wealth of criticism to his speculative and disquisitional poems:—

"Beside the wishing-gate which so they name
'Mid Northern hills to me this fancy came;
A wish I formed, my wish I thus expressed:
'Would I could wish my wishes all to rest,
And know to wish the wish that were the best!
Oh, for some winnowing wind to th' empty air
This chaff of easy sympathies to bear
Far off, and leave me of myself aware!'"

That is clearly self-portraiture, and it describes an element in Mr. Clough's

nature which, no doubt, contributed greatly to diminish the number of his few but exquisite lyrical poems, and sometimes to confine even those to the delineation of feelings of a certain vagueness of drift, like the dim but characteristic stanzas which he has himself headed with Wordsworth's line, "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized." Yet there was, besides this most subtle and almost over-perfect intellectual culture in Mr. Clough, much also of a boyish, half-formed nature in him, even to the last, which, when fully roused, contributed a great deal of the animation, and, when least roused, contributed not a little of the embarrassed, shy, half-articulate tone to some of the most critical passages of his finest poems. He describes this side of boyish feeling admirably in one of his "In Mari Magno" tales:—

"How ill our boyhood understands
Incipient manhood's strong demands!
Boys have such trouble of their own
As none, they fancy, e'er have known,—
Such as to speak of, or to tell
They hold were unendurable,—
Religious, social, of all kinds,
That tear and agitate their minds
A thousand thoughts within me stirred
Of which I could not speak a word,—
Strange efforts after something new
Which I was wretched not to do;
Passions, ambitions lay and lurked,
Wants, counter-wants, obscurely worked
Without their names, and unexplained."

And even in his latest and most finished poems you see the working of this half-developed element of Mr. Clough's massive and rich but to some extent inert imagination; and you see, too, how powerfully it operated to discontent him with his own productions, to make him underrate vastly their real worth. Rapidly as his genius ripened at an age when, with most men, the first flush of it would have passed over, there was something of conscious inertia, not unlike immaturity, in it to the last, which gives a tone of proud hesitation, a slowness of hand, to the literary style of his finest poems. He calls himself, in his Long Vacation pastoral, "the grave man, nicknamed Adam," and there is really something of the flavor of primeval earth, of its unready vigor and crude laboriousness, about his literary nature. Even when he succeeds best,

the reader seems to see him "wipe his honorable brows bedewed with toil." And yet he is impatient with himself for not succeeding better, and despises his own work. He needed external stimulus, something of excitement in the atmosphere, for his best success. Thus, the siege of Rome during his residence there in 1849, was the stimulus which gave rise to his most original and striking poem, "*Amours de Voyage*," which is brimful of the breath of his Oxford culture, of Dr. Newman's metaphysics, of classical traditions, of the political enthusiasm of the time, and of his own large, speculative humor, subtle hesitancy of brain, and rich pictorial sense. Yet so ill-satisfied was he with this striking poem, that he kept it nine years in MS., and published it apologetically at last only in an American magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*. He himself says that what he doubted about in it was not its truth of conception, but its vigor of execution. Yet no execution could have been more perfect of the picture,—a picture of inchoacy, we admit,—which he intended to draw. Mr. Emerson has in some things shown himself a fine critic; but he never made a more egregious blunder than when he found fault with Mr. Clough for not making this poem end more satisfactorily. The whole meaning and drift of it would have been spoiled if it had so ended. His idea was to draw a mind so reluctant to enter on action, shrinking so morbidly from the effects of the "ruinous force of the will," that even when most desirous of action it would find a hundred trivial intellectual excuses for shrinking back in spite of that desire. His own explanation of the poem is contained in the final verse:—

"So go forth to the world, to the good report and the evil!
Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and good?
Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by without answer.
Go, and if ourious friends ask of thy rearing and age,
Say, 'I am flitting about many years from brain unto brain of
Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days:
But,' so finish the word, 'I was writ in a Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France.'"

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And it is this brain of what the author chooses to call "feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days" that the poem is meant to delineate throughout,—their speculative discontent, their passion for the abstract, their dread of committing themselves to a course, their none the less eager cravings for action and for the life that can only be reached through action, their driftings and their reactions;—and all this is artistically contrasted with the great Roman stage on which so many great dramas had been enacted in years gone by, and one great revolutionary drama was going forward at that very moment. To our minds, the poem would lose half its character and meaning if the hero's incipency of passion had been developed into anything but incipency, if it had not faded away, just as it is represented as doing, with the first difficulties, into a restless but still half-relieved passiveness. The irony of the poem, with its background of Mazzinian and Garibaldian achievement, would have been utterly spoiled by any other conclusion. How perfect a picture of the paralysis caused by too subtly speculative a nature, is there in such lines as these, for example, in which the hero declares his intention to abide by the indications of the first adverse throw of fortune:—

"Great is Fate, and is best. I believe in Providence partly.
What is ordained is right, and all that happens is ordered.
Ah, no, that isn't it! But yet I retain my conclusion.
I will go where I am led, and will not dictate to the chances."

"*Amours de Voyage*" would indeed have been spoiled if it had ended "prettilly," like any other novel.

One of the most curious and original of the pieces published for the first time in this edition is that on the "*Mystery of the Fall*," to which we regret that Mrs. Clough has not appended any date. Most probably it was earlier than "*The Bothie*." As a poem it cannot rank high, for it is fragmentary as well as unpolished; and the cautious but masculine transcendentalism displayed by Adam in reserving the doubt whether his disobedience was not in some sense or other divinely preordained,—the feminine despair of Eve, the thin saintliness of Abel,

the impatient aggressiveness of Cain, are all somewhat grotesque,—even with the most liberal allowance for something of allegory,—as representatives of primeval man. Still, taken in connection with “Dipsychus,” and, indeed, with a whole series of scattered hints ranging through both the letters and the poems, it is a very curious indication of the direction in which Mr. Clough was inclined to look for a solution of the mystery of moral evil. He evidently inclined to believe that though evil must be taken as absolutely evil for all practical purposes, there is some transcendental view in which it is necessary for the development of independent beings, and a part therefore of human destiny, rather than a mere product of human free-will. With the most exalted love for a pure morality, there is a slight vein of contempt for it, as something impracticably fastidious and fanciful, running through most of Mr. Clough’s works, and a fixed conviction that all actual life must be at best, in some sense, a *conscious* compromise between right and wrong. That is, we believe, an erroneous view, one at the root of whatever error there is in Mr. Clough’s philosophy, and of much of the melancholy of his thought; but it is expressed with great power and originality in this strange soliloquy of Adam’s, as he half-struggles with the overpowering sense of sin which overcomes him, treating his own remorse, if not as a weakness, at least as belonging to a more superficial part of his nature than the lowest depth of all, and recognizing in himself something deeper than either evil or good, a personality above, or, at least, nearer to the very centre of his being, than the sense of either good or evil. In a philosophical point of view at least, and as illustrating a vein of speculation very fundamental in Mr. Clough’s writings, profound and eager as is his sense and abhorrence of evil, we cannot help giving a part of this remarkable soliloquy:—

“SCENE II.]

“[Adam, alone.]

“Adam. Misery, oh my misery! O God, God! How could I ever, ever, could I do it?

Whither am I come? where am I? O me, miserable!

My God, my God, that I were back with Thee! O fool! O fool: Oh irretrievable act!

Irretrievable what, I should like to know?

What act, I wonder? What is it I mean?

O Heaven! the spirit holds me; I must yield;

Up in the air he lifts me, casts me down;

I writhe in vain, with limbs convulsed, in the void.

Well, well! go, idle words, babble your will;

I think the fit will leave me ere I die.

Fool, fool! where am I? O my God! Fool, fool!

Why did we do’t? Eve, Eve! where are you? quick!

His tread is in the garden! hither it comes!

Hide us, O bushes! and ye thick trees, hide!

He comes on, on! Alack, and all these leaves,

These petty, quivering, and illusive blinds,

Avail us naught: the light comes in and in;

Displays us to ourselves; displays—ah! shame—

Unto the inquisitive day our nakedness.

He comes; He calls. The large eye of His truth,

His full, severe, all-comprehending view,

Fixes itself upon our guiltiness.

O God, O God! what are we? what shall we be?

What is all this about, I wonder now?

Yet I am better, too. I think it will pass.

’Tis going now, unless it comes again.

A terrible possession while it lasts.

Terrible, surely; and yet indeed ’tis true.

E’en in my utmost impotence I find

A fount of strange persistence in my soul;

Also, and that perchance is stronger still,

A wakeful, changeless touchstone in my brain,

Receiving, noting, testing all the while

These passing, curious, new phenomena—

Painful, and yet not painful unto it.

Though tortured in the crucible I lie,

Myself my own experiment, yet still

I,—or a something that is I indeed,

A living, central, and more inmost I,

Within the scales of mere exterior me’s,

I,—seem eternal, O thou God, as Thou;

Have knowledge of the evil and the good,

Superior in a higher good to both.”

The prose writings—excepting the letters—now for the first time published, have not nearly the same importance as the poems. The letters, indeed, especially those written from America, are full both of depth of thought and of that grave simplicity which was the chief charm of Mr. Clough’s personal talk. But the reviews, also chiefly written in America, are a little harum-scarum, and written almost as if they were thrown off in factitious high spirits. This is especially true of the letters of Perepidemus and the review of Mr. Newman’s “Soul”—essays the style of which was doubtless meant only to express a transient mood, though the latter, at least, contains solid conviction. But among the other criticisms, brief and unlabored as they are, there are passages of very great beauty and critical depth, as when he describes

Wordsworth's great poetic work as consisting in this,—that he strove, “not unsuccessfully, to build the lofty rhyme, to lay slowly the ponderous foundations of pillars to sustain man's moral fabric, to fix a centre around which the chaotic elements of human impulse and desire might take solid form, and move in their ordered ellipses, to originate a spiritual vitality;”—or where he thus describes the sphere to which in some moods one is disposed to limit the subject-matter of modern poetry,—“There are moods in which one is prone to believe that in these last days, no longer by ‘clear spring or shady grove,’ no more on any Pindus or Parnassus, or by the side of any Castaly, are the true and lawful haunts of the poetic powers; but we could believe it, if anywhere, in the blank and desolate streets, and upon the solitary bridges of the midnight city, where Guilt is, and the wild Temptation, and the dire Compulsion of what has once been done,—there, with these tragic sisters around him, and with Pity also, and pure Compassion, and pale Hope that looks like Despair, and Faith in the garb of Doubt, there walks the disrowned Apollo, with unstrung lyre; nay, and could he sound it, those mournful Muses would scarcely be able, as of old, to respond and ‘sing in turn with their beautiful voices.’”

Taken as a whole, these volumes cannot fail to be a lasting monument to one of the most original men of our age, and its most subtle, intellectual, and buoyant, though very far, of course, from its richest, most musical, and exquisite poet. There is a very peculiar and unique attraction about what we may call the physical and almost animal buoyancy of these subtly intellectual

rhythms and verses, when once the mass of the poet's mind—by no means easy to get into motion—is fairly under weigh. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Clough both represent the stream of the modern Oxford intellectual tradition in their poems, but how different is their genius. With all his intellectual precision there is something of the boyishness, of the simplicity, of the vascular Saxon breadth of Chaucer's poetry in Mr. Clough, while Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetical ancestor is certainly no earlier than Wordsworth. There are both flesh and spirit, as well as emotion and speculation, in Mr. Clough,—while, in Mr. Arnold, soul and sentiment guide the emotion and the speculation. There is tenderness in both, but Mr. Clough's is the tenderness of earthly sympathy, and Mr. Arnold's the lyrical cry of Virgilian compassion. Both fill half their poems with the most subtle intellectual meditations, but Mr. Clough leaves them all but where they were, not even half settled, laughing at himself for mooning over them so long; while Mr. Arnold finds some sort of a delicate solution, or no-solution, for all of them, and sorts them with the finest nicety. Finally, when they both reach their highest poetical point, Mr. Arnold is found painting lucidly in a region of pure and exquisite sentiment, Mr. Clough singing a sort of pæan of buoyant and exultant strength:—

“But, oh, blithe breeze, and oh, great seas,
If ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain, they join again,
Together lead them home at last!

“One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,
Oh, bounding breeze, oh rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!”

Chambers's Journal.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

ONE of those periods is now approaching when the earth is thrilled through her whole frame by magnetic throes of unusual intensity. Physicists will be able to trace in the silent indications of the suspended magnet the action of the most remarkable of all the forces to which the earth is subjected. In tele-

graphic offices, the occurrence of these disturbances will be made apparent by the interruption of communication for longer or shorter intervals of time. And the self-recording instruments at Kew and other such observatories will indicate by unusual movements the progress of those mysterious electric convulsions

known as magnetic storms. But except for such indications as these, and one or two others which have only of late years been referred to the agency of terrestrial magnetism, the inhabitants of this earth will not be made sensibly aware that anything unusual is in progress. For ages these magnetic disturbances have thrilled through the earth's framework without being recognized; and even now it seems almost as by an accident that our physicists have been led to understand the significance of one of the most remarkable of all terrestrial phenomena.

The facts which have been ascertained respecting terrestrial magnetism are so interesting and so little known, that we may confidently claim the attention of the reader while we state some of the most striking and noteworthy of them.

The most generally recognized property of the magnet, its power of indicating the north point, was discovered by the Chinese many ages before it became known to European observers. We learn that the Chinese, when journeying over the great plains of Central Asia, used a magnetic car, in front of which a floating needle bore a figure, whose outstretched arm pointed continually southwards. The Greeks and Romans were aware that iron could be magnetized; but it never happened that a suitably balanced fragment of magnetized iron exhibited to them the earth's directive force. Humboldt remarks, that "on this accidental circumstance alone the great discovery depended." It must be remarked, however, that such accidents have been common in the history of discovery and invention.

Had the western nations discovered the magnet's principal property so early as the Chinese, we should probably have gained valuable information respecting the next property which has to be considered—the fact, namely, that the magnet does not commonly point due north. It is not likely that the Chinese discovered this property, because over the whole of Eastern Asia the magnetic compass points very nearly towards the north. But even if they had, it is not so much the divergence of the compass from the north point which would have

rendered the discovery interesting to us, as the knowledge which ancient observations might have given us respecting the laws on which the *changes* of that divergence depend. In Europe, as we shall presently see, these changes are very conspicuous.

It was in the thirteenth century that European observers first detected the fact that the magnetic needle does not point due north.* For a long time it was supposed that the direction of the needle was the same for all places; but during the first voyage of Christopher Columbus across the Atlantic it was found that this is not the case. He had travelled six hundred miles from the most westerly of the Canary Islands, when he noticed that the compass, which had been pointing towards the east of north when he was in Europe, was now pointing due north. The actual day on which the discovery was made was September 13, 1492. As he sailed farther west he found that the westerly declination gradually increased.

But here we have at once to call attention to another peculiarity of the magnetic compass, otherwise the reader would form a mistaken notion of the present nature of the needle's declination. We have spoken of the needle as pointing to the east of north in 1492. This is no longer a true description of the declination in Europe. The needle now points far to the west of north. It is a peculiarity of the science of terrestrial magnetism that variations are thus mixed up with variations, until it has become a matter of exceeding difficulty to present all the facts of the science in such a sequence that the student shall not be in any risk of being led astray. Properly speaking, the change of the needle's declination from time to time should be kept wholly separate from the changes which are noticed as the needle is changed from place to place. Yet, if this were done in describing the original discovery of the latter change, erroneous impressions would be given respecting the present state of the needle's declination in various countries.

* It may be well to notice a certain peculiarity about the nomenclature of this deviation. Seamen always call it the needle's *variation*; but among scientific men it is called the *declination*.

At present the terrestrial globe may be looked upon as divided into two vast but unequal portions, which may be called the region of westerly magnets and the region of easterly magnets. In the former must be included all Europe except the extreme north-easterly parts of Russia, the whole of Africa, Turkey, Arabia, the greater part of the Indian Ocean, and the western parts of Australia. Returning westwards, we must add to the region of westerly magnets the greater part of the Atlantic Ocean, the north-eastern parts of Brazil, the eastern parts of Canada, and the whole of Greenland. All the rest of the world belongs to the region of easterly magnets except an oval space, which is situated in the very middle of the region, yet has a contrary character. This space includes the eastern parts of China, Manchooria, and the islands of Japan.

Such is the present arrangement of the two divisions; but, fifty years ago, the description would have been incorrect, and fifty years hence it will again be so; for over the whole world the declination is steadily changing—here in one direction, there in the contrary; quickly at some places, almost imperceptibly at others. And we may mention in passing, that, as a general rule, where the declination is least either westwards or eastwards, there it is changing most rapidly; and where it is greatest, it is hardly changing at all. But there appear to be some places where the range of change is so small, that, though the declination is never large, it does not change rapidly—as in other places of small declination. As yet, however, much remains to be learned respecting the progress of these strange changes in countries where magnetic observations have been only commenced in recent times.

Some idea of the complexity of the question will be suggested by comparing the changes which have occurred in two places so near to each other as London and Paris. We shall see that not only are the declinations different in these cities, but their range of variation is different, both as to extent and as to the period in which a complete oscillation of the needle is effected.

The easterly declination of the needle

in London was observed to disappear in about the year 1657. From that epoch, the needle continually travelled westwards, until it began to be thought, that it would move ever in that direction, and so come at length to point southwards. In Paris, the easterly declination had not disappeared before the year 1663, and there also the needle travelled continually westwards, though not quite so rapidly as in London. In 1814, the needle pointed about $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees towards the west in Paris, and some two degrees farther west in London. In that year, however, Arago startled the scientific world by announcing that in his opinion the needle's westerly motion was flagging, and he asserted his belief that that motion would presently give place to an easterly movement. Only three years passed before the prediction was fulfilled; and on the 10th of April, 1817, Arago was able to announce that the needle had begun to return towards the north. But observers in London pronounced against this view. The London needles were still travelling westwards, though with a slowly diminishing motion. It was not until the spring of 1819 that the London observers admitted that the needles had really reached the limit of their westerly oscillation. And whereas in Paris the needles had not travelled more than $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees towards the west, in London they had passed no less than 25 degrees from the north point. Corresponding to this circumstance, we see also that the duration of the half-oscillation (for the needles had not been watched from their greatest easterly declinations) was a hundred and sixty-two years in London, and a hundred and fifty-four years in Paris.

It gives a grand idea of the nature of those ever-acting forces to which terrestrial magnetism is due, to consider that the sway of the magnetic needle from limit to limit of its range should occupy so long an interval as three centuries in both these instances. Conceive the scale on which a pendulum should be constructed in order that its oscillations might have a period of as many seconds!

It was while they were engaged in tracking the progress of this long oscillation, that physicists detected minute oscillations superposed, so to speak, upon

the main one, and even more singular in their character. The case is somewhat as though to the bob of a long pendulum there were attached a short one, and that it was to the motions of this short pendulum (beating with its own rapid swing, while carried slowly backwards and forwards by the main movement) that attention was primarily directed.

Each day the magnetic needle sways backwards and forwards *twice* across its mean position. Shortly before midnight, it begins to travel from west to east, reaching the limit of that motion soon after eight in the morning. Then it sweeps westward to its greatest westerly limit, which it reaches soon after one. Then back again towards the east, until half-past eight, and so to its original position at about eleven o'clock.

It must be understood that these motions are so minute in comparison with the great secular oscillation, that they never affect the general direction of the magnet to any noteworthy extent. For instance, we have just spoken of the two easterly limits of the daily swing, but throughout the day the magnet always points far to the west of north. The mean declination, in fact, is (roughly) about 20 degrees, whereas the daily swing never ranges over more than the fifth part of a degree.

It will be noticed that the oscillations above described correspond closely with the diurnal motions of the sun. They are such, in fact, as the needle would exhibit on the supposition that it tries to follow the sun during his complete apparent revolution round the celestial sphere. It is believed that the daily motions of flowers, and in particular that class of motion which has given to the sun-flower its distinctive appellation, are due to the same magnetic properties which cause the diurnal swing of the suspended needle.

But besides the daily sway of the magnetic needle, there is an annual oscillation of a somewhat different character. In fact, properly speaking, the annual change is not oscillatory, though it has a regularly recurrent character. The daily swing is variable. Now, this variability would be somewhat confusing, on account of its general irregularity;

therefore, physicists consider the mean of several days, and thus get rid of what for the present we may term accidental variations. When this has been done, it is found that the average daily swing of the needle is subject to a slow progressive increase, followed by an equally slow diminution; and the period of these slow changes is a year.

The peculiarity of this annual change is that its progress is the same for both hemispheres. It might have been expected that it would attain its maximum in summer, when the solar influence is strongest; but this is not the case. It attains its maximum in January, which is indeed near midsummer for the southern hemisphere, but nearly the least sunny of our northern months. The secret of this peculiarity lies in the fact that the sun is nearest to the earth in January. The peculiarity is a very meaning one, as showing that the magnetic influence is not a local matter, however variable the magnetic declination may be as we shift from place to place. The real fact pointed to by this, as by many other phenomena, is, that the earth must be looked upon as a single gigantic magnet, gaining or losing power throughout its whole frame simultaneously.

The consideration of the *power* of the great earth-magnet must be for a moment laid on one side, while we deal with a form of deviation as remarkable as the declination. We refer to the *dip* of the needle. The ordinary compass is, we know, suspended horizontally, and, for anything which appears to the contrary when we examine such an instrument, that might be the needle's position of rest. But when a needle is so suspended by a silken thread as to be free to assume an inclined position, it is found that the northern end dips perceptibly. We are assuming, of course, that in its non-magnetized state the needle would rest horizontally. In our latitudes, the dip or inclination is so great that the needle is inclined only about 22 degrees to the vertical. When we travel northwards, the dip increases; when southwards, it diminishes, until we reach a place near the equator (travelling always, it is assumed, in the longitude of London), where the needle becomes horizontal. After passing that point, the southern end dips, and the

inclination continues to increase as we travel southwards.

The same is true for other longitudes, only the place of "no dip" is differently situated. The line along which there is no inclination lies near the equator, crossing that circle at two opposite points, one in west longitude 3 degrees, the other in east longitude 177 degrees. The magnetic equator is not a strictly circular curve, however; it is noteworthy that it departs most from the figure of a true circle where it traverses the Atlantic Ocean.

We have seen the variations which are exhibited in the declination of the magnet, not only at different places, but at different times in the same place. Changes of precisely the same character are exhibited in the dip of the magnet: in London, for example, the dip has diminished four degrees in less than a century; in Paris, during the last two centuries, the dip has diminished about seven degrees.

Seeing this, we must accept with some little question the locales usually assigned to the magnetic poles; because we have every reason for supposing that these poles must be continually shifting their position. In fact, the motion of the magnetic equator, which is continually sweeping from east to west along the true equator, suffices of itself to demonstrate that the magnetic poles are continually travelling around the true poles. What the laws of this motion may be, it would not be easy to determine in the present state of our knowledge; but it is worthy of notice that the same motion would serve to account at once for the change of dip and for the change of declination. For example, in 1663 the magnetic pole may be reasonably supposed to have been due north of Paris. In the latter year the inclination was 75 degrees in Paris, so that we can judge that the magnetic pole was on the nearer side of the true pole. As the magnetic pole passed away from this position, travelling westwards, there would naturally result both a westerly declination and a gradual diminution of dip. And the fact that when Sir J. C. Ross determined the position of the northern pole in 1837, it was found to be somewhat more than 90 degrees west of the longitude of Paris—in other

words, the fact that it had traversed somewhat more than a quarter of a complete revolution soon after the westerly declination at Paris had attained its maximum value—seems strikingly confirmatory of this view. If this theory is correct, the inclination will continue to diminish until the magnetic pole has completed half a revolution, so as to be again due north of Paris, but on the further side of the true pole. Then the declination will be nothing, and it will afterwards become easterly.

It must be admitted, however, that there is much more complexity in the laws according to which the declination varies, than the above view, taken alone, would imply. Doubtless, the peculiarities of the earth's structure, the arrangement of land and water, mountain-ranges, table-lands, and valleys, have much to do with the matter.

The variations of the intensity of magnetic action, either from time to time, or as we proceed from place to place, are among the most interesting of all the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The latter class of change is associated so obviously with the changes of declination and dip, that we need not enter on its consideration. The former, however, points to problems of extreme interest in connection with the probable character and source of the whole range of forces included under the subject we are dealing with.

We have seen already that from hour to hour, and from day to day, there are changes in the extent of the minute oscillations of the suspended magnet, and that these changes indicate variations in the intensity of the magnetic force under diurnal and annual solar influences. When we add to these variations a change which has a period corresponding to the motions of the moon, it becomes evident that it is to an influence as subtle and as pervading in its character as gravitation itself, that the terrestrial magnet owes its powers.

But there are other variations still more significant.

A long series of researches had convinced Colonel Sabine, one of our leading authorities on the subject of terrestrial magnetism, that the intensity of the magnetic action is subject to a process of change having a period of some-

what more than ten years. Scarcely had this law been established, when the results of a long and elaborate series of solar observations exhibited to the world the strange fact, that the spots which stain the sun's face vary in frequency according to a precisely similar relation. It was found that the changes of solar spottiness, and of magnetic intensity of action, are not merely characterized by an equality of period, but that the maximum effect under one period is absolutely coincident with the maximum effect under the other.

We might have looked upon this as merely a very singular coincidence, had we not independent evidence of an association between the sun's action and the intensity of terrestrial magnetism. Part of this evidence has been already referred to. But the evidence founded on the exact coincidence of magnetic storms, thrilling in a moment through the whole frame of the earth, with solar disturbances actually witnessed by astronomical observers, is even more striking. Thus, no room is left to question the dependence of terrestrial magnetism on solar action, and the relation between the sun's spots and the vibrations of the needle—a relation which, when first

propounded, was received even by eminent physicists with ridicule—has been accepted as one of the most well established of all the circumstances known respecting terrestrial magnetism. Of the meaning of this singular relation, we have not at present space to speak; indeed, we should be led into a variety of considerations, which would be out of place in such a paper as the present. The appearance presented by the solar spots, the processes by which they are formed, the laws on which their changes depend—all these, and many other questions of the sort, would have to be dealt with, to say nothing of the planetary movements on which, according to modern researches, the habitudes of the solar atmosphere are dependent. We may note, in conclusion, that the solar face has recently presented all the signs which we have learned to associate with the intenser phases of terrestrial magnetic action. Enormous spots and clusters of spots have broken out during the past few months; and probably the spots which will shortly make their appearance will be yet larger, since the epoch of maximum disturbance has not yet been fully reached.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LABURNUM COTTAGE.

THERE had been various letters passing, during the last six weeks, between Priscilla Stanbury and her brother, respecting the Clock House at Nuncombe Putney. The ladies at Nuncombe had, certainly, gone into the Clock House on the clear understanding that the expenses of the establishment were to be incurred on behalf of Mrs. Trevelyan. Priscilla had assented to the movement most doubtingly. She had disliked the idea of taking the charge of a young married woman who was separated from her husband, and she had felt that a going down after such an uprising,—a fall from the Clock House back to a cottage,—would be very disagreeable. She had, however, allowed her brother's argu-

ments to prevail, and there they were. The annoyance which she had anticipated from the position of their late guest had fallen upon them: it had been felt grievously, from the moment in which Colonel Osborne called at the house; and now that going back to the cottage must be endured. Priscilla understood that there had been a settlement between Trevelyan and Stanbury as to the cost of the establishment so far;—but that must now be at an end. In their present circumstances she would not continue to live there, and had already made inquiries as to some humble roof for their shelter. For herself she would not have cared had it been necessary for her to hide herself in a hut,—for herself, as regarded any feeling as to her own standing in the village. For herself, she was ashamed of nothing. But her mother

would suffer, and she knew what Aunt Stanbury would say to Dorothy. To Dorothy at the present moment, if Dorothy should think of accepting her suitor, the change might be very deleterious; but still it should be made. She could not endure to live there on the very hard-earned proceeds of her brother's pen,—proceeds which were not only hard-earned, but precarious. She gave warning to the two servants who had been hired, and consulted with Mrs. Crocket as to a cottage, and was careful to let it be known throughout Nuncombe Putney that the Clock House was to be abandoned. The Clock House had been taken furnished for six months, of which half were not yet over; but there were other expenses of living there much greater than the rent, and go she would. Her mother sighed and assented; and Mrs. Crocket, having strongly but fruitlessly advised that the Clock House should be inhabited at any rate for the six months, promised her assistance. "It has been a bad business, Mrs. Crocket," said Priscilla; "and all we can do now is to get out of it as well as we can. Every mouthful I eat chokes me while I stay there." "It ain't good, certainly, miss, not to know as you're all straight the first thing as you wakes in the morning," said Mrs. Crocket,—who was always able to feel when she woke that everything was straight with her.

Then there came the correspondence between Priscilla and Hugh. Priscilla was at first decided, indeed, but mild in the expression of her decision. To this, and to one or two other missives couched in terms of increasing decision, Hugh answered with manly, self-asserting, overbearing arguments. The house was theirs till Christmas; between this and then he would think about it. He could very well afford to keep the house on till next Midsummer, and then they might see what had best be done. There was plenty of money, and Priscilla need not put herself into a flutter. In answer to that word flutter, Priscilla wrote as follows:—

"Clock House, September 16, 186—.

"DEAR HUGH,

"I know very well how good you are, and how generous, but you must allow me to have feelings as well as yourself.

I will not consent to have myself regarded as a grand lady out of your earnings. How should I feel when some day I heard that you had run yourself into debt? Neither mamma nor I could endure it. Dorothy is provided for now, at any rate for a time, and what we have is enough for us. You know I am not too proud to take anything you can spare to us, when we are ourselves placed in a proper position; but I could not live in this great house, while you are paying for everything,—and I will not. Mamma quite agrees with me, and we shall go out of it on Michaelmas-day. Mrs. Crocket says she thinks she can get you a tenant for the three months, out of Exeter,—if not for the whole rent, at least for part of it. I think we have already got a small place for eight shillings a week, a little out of the village, on the road to Cockchaffington. You will remember it. Old Soames used to live there. Our old furniture will be just enough. There is a mite of a garden, and Mrs. Crocket says she thinks we can get it for seven shillings, or perhaps for six and sixpence, if we stay there. We shall go in on the 29th. Mrs. Crocket will see about having somebody to take care of the house.

"Your most affectionate sister,
"PRISCILLA."

On the receipt of this letter, Hugh proceeded to Nuncombe. At this time he was making about ten guineas a week, and thought that he saw his way to further work. No doubt the ten guineas were precarious; that is, the "Daily Record" might discontinue his services to-morrow, if the "Daily Record" thought fit to do so. The greater part of his earnings came from the "D. R.," and the editor had only to say that things did not suit any longer, and there would be an end of it. He was not as a lawyer or a doctor with many clients who could not all be supposed to withdraw their custom at once; but leading articles were things wanted with at least as much regularity as physic or law; and Hugh Stanbury, believing in himself, did not think it probable that an editor, who knew what he was about, would withdraw his patronage. He was proud of his weekly ten guineas, feeling sure that a weekly ten guineas would not as yet

have been his had he stuck to the Bar as a profession. He had calculated, when Mrs. Trevelyan left the Clock House, that two hundred a year would enable his mother to continue to reside there, the rent of the place furnished, or half-furnished, being only eighty; and he thought that he could pay the two hundred easily. He thought so still, when he received Priscilla's last letter; but he knew something of the stubbornness of his dear sister, and he therefore went down to Nuncombe Putney, in order that he might use the violence of his logic on his mother.

He had heard of Mr. Gibson from both Priscilla and from Dorothy, and was certainly desirous that "dear old Dolly," as he called her, should be settled comfortably. But when dear old Dolly wrote to him declaring that it could not be so, that Mr. Gibson was a very nice gentleman, of whom she could not say that she was particularly fond,—“though I really do think that he is an excellent man, and if it was any other girl in the world, I should recommend her to take him,”—and that she thought that she would rather not get married, he wrote to her the kindest brotherly letter in the world, telling her that she was “a brick,” and suggesting to her that there might come some day some one who would suit her taste better than Mr. Gibson. “I'm not very fond of parsons myself,” said Hugh, “but you must not tell that to Aunt Stanbury.” Then he suggested that as he was going down to Nuncombe, Dorothy should get leave of absence and come over and meet him at the Clock House. Dorothy demanded the leave of absence somewhat imperiously, and was at home at the Clock House when Hugh arrived.

“And so that little affair couldn't come off?” said Hugh at their first family meeting.

“It was a pity,” said Mrs. Stanbury, plaintively. She had been very plaintive on the subject. What a thing it would have been for her, could she have seen Dorothy so well established!

“There's no help for spilt milk, mother,” said Hugh. Mrs. Stanbury shook her head.

“Dorothy was quite right,” said Priscilla.

“Of course she was right,” said Hugh. “Who doubts her being right?”

Bless my soul! What's any girl to do if she don't like a man except to tell him so? I honor you, Dolly,—not that I ever should have doubted you. You're too much of a chip of the old block to say you liked a man when you didn't.”

“He is a very excellent young man,” said Mrs. Stanbury,

“An excellent fiddlestick, mother. Loving and liking don't go by excellence. Besides, I don't know about his being any better than anybody else, just because he's a clergyman.”

“A clergyman is more likely to be steady than other men,” said the mother.

“Steady, yes; and as selfish as you please.”

“Your father was a clergyman, Hugh.”

“I don't mean to say that they are not as good as others; but I won't have it that they are better. They are always dealing with the Bible, till they think themselves apostles. But when money comes up, or comfort, or, for the matter of that either, a pretty woman with a little money, then they are as human as the rest of us.”

If the truth had been told on that occasion, Hugh Stanbury would have had to own that he had written lately two or three rather stinging articles in the “Daily Record,” as “to the assumed merits and actual demerits of the clergy of the Church of England.” It is astonishing how fluent a man is on a subject when he has lately delivered himself respecting it in this fashion.

Nothing on that evening was said about the Clock House, or about Priscilla's intentions. Priscilla was up early on the next morning, intending to discuss it in the garden with Hugh before breakfast; but Hugh was aware of her purpose and avoided her. It was his intention to speak first to his mother; and though his mother was, as he knew, very much in awe of her daughter, he thought that he might carry his point, at any rate for the next three months, by forcing an assent from the elder lady. So he managed to waylay Mrs. Stanbury before she descended to the parlor.

“We can't afford it, my dear;—indeed we can't,” said Mrs. Stanbury.

“That's not the question, mother. The rent must be paid up to Christmas,

and you can live here as cheap as you can anywhere."

"But, Priscilla——"

"Oh, Priscilla! Of course we know what Priscilla says. Priscilla has been writing to me about it in the most sensible manner in the world; but what does it all come to? If you are ashamed of taking assistance from me, I don't know who is to do anything for anybody. You are comfortable here?"

"Very comfortable; only Priscilla feels——"

"Priscilla is a tyrant, mother; and a very stern one. Just make up your mind to stay here till Christmas. If I tell you that I can afford it, surely that ought to be enough." Then Dorothy entered the room, and Hugh appealed to her. Dorothy had come to Nuncombe only on the day before, and had not been consulted on the subject. She had been told that the Clock House was to be abandoned, and had been taken down to inspect the cottage in which old Soames had lived;—but her opinion had not been asked. Priscilla had quite made up her mind, and why should she ask an opinion of any one? But now Dorothy's opinion was demanded. "It's what I call the rodomontade of independence," said Hugh.

"I suppose it is very expensive," suggested Dorothy.

"The house must be paid for," said Hugh;—"and if I say that I've got the money, is not that enough? A miserable, dirty little place, where you'll catch your death of lumbago, mother."

"Of course it's not a comfortable house," said Mrs. Stanbury,—who, of herself, was not at all indifferent to the comforts of her present residence.

"And it is very dirty," said Dorothy.

"The nastiest place I ever saw in my life. Come, mother; if I say that I can afford it, ought not that to be enough for you? If you think you can't trust me, there's an end of everything, you know." And Hugh, as he thus expressed himself, assumed an air of injured virtue.

Mrs. Stanbury had very nearly yielded, when Priscilla came in among them. It was impossible not to continue the conversation, though Hugh would much have preferred to have forced an assent from his mother before he opened his mouth on the subject to his sister. "My

mother agrees with me," said he abruptly, "and so does Dolly, that it will be absurd to move away from this house at present."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Priscilla.

"I don't think I said that, Hugh," murmured Dorothy, softly.

"I am sure I don't want anything for myself," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"It's I that want it," said Hugh. "And I think that I've a right to have my wishes respected, so far as that goes."

"My dear Hugh," said Priscilla, "the cottage is already taken, and we shall certainly go into it. I spoke to Mrs. Crocket yesterday about a cart for moving the things. I'm sure mamma agrees with me. What possible business can people have to live in such a house as this with about twenty-four shillings a week for everything? I won't do it. And as the thing is settled, it is only making trouble to disturb it."

"I suppose, Priscilla," said Hugh, "you'll do as your mother chooses?"

"Mamma chooses to go. She has told me so already."

"You have talked her into it."

"We had better go, Hugh," said Mrs. Stanbury. "I'm sure we had better go."

"Of course we shall go," said Priscilla. "Hugh is very kind and very generous, but he is only giving trouble for nothing about this. Had we not better go down to breakfast?"

And so Priscilla carried the day. They went down to breakfast, and during the meal Hugh would speak to nobody. When the gloomy meal was over he took his pipe and walked out to the cottage. It was an untidy-looking, rickety place, small and desolate, with a pretension about it of the lowest order, a pretension that was evidently ashamed of itself. There was a porch. And the one sitting-room had what the late Mr. Soames had always called his bow window. But the porch looked as though it were tumbling down, and the bow window looked as though it were tumbling out. The parlor and the bedroom over it had been papered;—but the paper was torn and soiled, and in sundry places was hanging loose. There was a miserable little room called a kitchen to the right as you entered the door, in which the grate was worn out, and behind this was a shed with a copper. In

the garden there remained the stumps and stalks of Mr. Soames's cabbages, and there were weeds in plenty, and a damp hole among some elder bushes called an arbor. It was named *Laburnum Cottage*, from a shrub that grew at the end of the house. Hugh Stanbury shuddered as he stood smoking among the cabbage-stalks. How could a man ask such a girl as Nora Rowley to be his wife, whose mother lived in a place like this? While he was still standing in the garden, and thinking of Priscilla's obstinacy and his own ten guineas a week, and the sort of life which he lived in London,—where he dined usually at his club, and denied himself nothing in the way of pipes, beer, and beefsteaks, he heard a step behind him, and turning round, saw his elder sister.

"Hugh," she said, "you must not be angry with me."

"But I am angry with you."

"I know you are; but you are unjust. I am doing what I am sure is right."

"I never saw such a beastly hole as this in all my life."

"I don't think it beastly at all. You'll find that I'll make it nice. Whatever we want here you shall give us. You are not to think that I am too proud to take anything at your hands. It is not that."

"It's very like it."

"I have never refused anything that is reasonable, but it is quite unreasonable that we should go on living in such a place as that, as though we had three or four hundred a year of our own. If mamma got used to the comfort of it, it would be hard then upon her to move. You shall give her what you can afford, and what is reasonable; but it is madness to think of living there. I couldn't do it."

"You're to have your way at any rate, it seems."

"But you must not quarrel with me, Hugh. Give me a kiss. I don't have you often with me; and yet you are the only man in the world that I ever speak to, or even know. I sometimes half think that the bread is so hard and the water so bitter, that life will become impossible. I try to get over it; but if you were to go away from me in anger, I should be so beaten for a week or two that I could do nothing."

"Why won't you let me do anything?"

"I will;—whatever you please. But kiss me." Then he kissed her, as he stood among Mr. Soames's cabbage-stalks. "Dear Hugh; you are such a god to me!"

"You don't treat me like a divinity."

"But I think of you as one when you are absent. The gods were never obeyed when they showed themselves. Let us go and have a walk. Come;—shall we get as far as Ridleigh Mill?" Then they started together, and all unpleasantness was over between them when they returned to the Clock House.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BROOKE BURGESS TAKES LEAVE OF EXETER.

THE time had arrived at which Brooke Burgess was to leave Exeter. He had made his tour through the county, and returned to spend his two last nights at Miss Stanbury's house. When he came back Dorothy was still at Nuncombe, but she arrived in the Close the day before his departure. Her mother and sister had wished her to stay at Nuncombe. "There is a bed for you now, and a place to be comfortable in," Priscilla had said, laughing, "and you may as well see the last of us." But Dorothy declared that she had named a day to her aunt, and that she would not break her engagement. "I suppose you can stay if you like," Priscilla had urged. But Dorothy was of opinion that she ought not to stay. She said not a word about Brooke Burgess; but it may be that it would have been matter of regret to her not to shake hands with him once more. Brooke declared to her that had she not come back he would have gone over to Nuncombe to see her; but Dorothy did not consider herself entitled to believe that.

On the morning of the last day Brooke went over to his uncle's office. "I've come to say Good-by, Uncle Barty," he said.

"Good-by, my boy. Take care of yourself."

"I mean to try."

"You haven't quarrelled with the old woman,—have you?" said Uncle Barty.

"Not yet;—that is to say, not to the knife."

"And you still believe that you are to have her money?"

"I believe nothing one way or the other. You may be sure of this,—I shall never count it mine till I've got it; and I shall never make myself so sure of it as to break my heart because I don't get it. I suppose I've got as good a right to it as anybody else, and I don't see why I shouldn't take it if it come in my way."

"I don't think it ever will," said the old man, after a pause.

"I shall be none the worse," said Brooke.

"Yes, you will. You'll be a broken-hearted man. And she means to break your heart. She does it on purpose. She has no more idea of leaving you her money than I have. Why should she?"

"Simply because she takes the fancy."

"Fancy! Believe me, there is very little fancy about it. There isn't one of the name she wouldn't ruin if she could. She'd break all our hearts if she could get at them. Look at me and my position. I'm little more than a clerk in the concern. By God;—I'm not so well off as a senior clerk in many a bank. If there came a bad time, I must lose as the others would lose;—but a clerk never loses. And my share in the business is almost a nothing. It's just nothing,—compared to what it would have been, only for her."

Brooke had known that his uncle was a disappointed, or at least a discontented man; but he had never known much of the old man's circumstances, and certainly had not expected to hear him speak in the strain that he had now used. He had heard often that his Uncle Barty disliked Miss Stanbury, and had not been surprised at former sharp, biting little words spoken in reference to that lady's character. But he had not expected such a tirade of abuse as the banker had now poured out. "Of course I know nothing about the bank," said he; "but I did not suppose that she had anything to do with it."

"Where do you think the money came from that she has got? Did you ever hear that she had anything of her own? She never had a penny,—never a penny. It came out of this house. It is the capital on which this business was founded, and on which it ought to be carried on to this day. My brother had

thrown her off; by heavens, yes;—had thrown her off. He had found out what she was, and had got rid of her."

"But he left her his money."

"Yes;—she got near him when he was dying, and he did leave her his money;—his money, and my money, and your father's money."

"He could have given her nothing, Uncle Barty, that wasn't his own."

"Of course that's true;—it's true in one way. You might say the same of a man who was cozened into leaving every shilling away from his own children. I wasn't in Exeter when the will was made. We none of us were here. But she was here; and when we came to see him die, there we found her. She had had her revenge upon him, and she means to have it on all of us. I don't believe she'll ever leave you a shilling, Brooke. You'll find her out yet, and you'll talk of her to your nephews as I do to you."

Brooke made some ordinary answer to this, and bade his uncle adieu. He had allowed himself to entertain a half chivalrous idea that he could produce a reconciliation between Miss Stanbury and his uncle Barty; and since he had been at Exeter he had said a word, first to the one and then to the other, hinting at the subject;—but his hints had certainly not been successful. As he walked from the bank into the High Street he could not fail to ask himself whether there were any grounds for the terrible accusations which he had just heard from his uncle's lips. Something of the same kind, though in form much less violent, had been repeated to him very often by others of the family. Though he had as a boy known Miss Stanbury well, he had been taught to regard her as an ogress. All the Burgesses had regarded Miss Stanbury as an ogress since that unfortunate will had come to light. But she was an ogress from whom something might be gained,—and the ogress still persisted in saying that a Burgess should be her heir. It had therefore come to pass that Brooke had been brought up half to revere her and half to abhor her. "She is a dreadful woman," said his branch of the family, "who will not scruple at anything evil. But as it seems that you may probably reap the advantage of the evil that she

does, it will become you to put up with her iniquity." As he had become old enough to understand the nature of her position, he had determined to judge for himself; but his judgment hitherto simply amounted to this,—that Miss Stanbury was a very singular old woman, with a kind heart and good instincts, but so capricious withal that no sensible man would risk his happiness on expectations formed on her promises. Guided by this opinion, he had resolved to be attentive to her and, after a certain fashion, submissive; but certainly not to become her slave. She had thrown over her nephew. She was constantly complaining to him of her niece. Now and again she would say a very bitter word to him about himself. When he had left Exeter on his little excursion, no one was so much in favor with her as Mr. Gibson. On his return he found that Mr. Gibson had been altogether discarded, and was spoken of in terms of almost insolent abuse. "If I were ever so humble to her," he had said to himself, "it would do no good; and there is nothing I hate so much as humility." He had thus determined to take the goods the gods provided, should it ever come to pass that such godlike provision was laid before him out of Miss Stanbury's coffers;—but not to alter his mode of life or put himself out of his way in obedience to her behests, as a man might be expected to do who was destined to receive so rich a legacy. Upon this idea he had acted, still believing the old woman to be good, but believing at the same time that she was very capricious. Now he had heard what his Uncle Bartholomew Burgess had had to say upon the matter, and he could not refrain from asking himself whether his uncle's accusations were true.

In a narrow passage between the High Street and the Close he met Mr. Gibson. There had come to be that sort of intimacy between the two men which grows from closeness of position rather than from any social desire on either side, and it was natural that Burgess should say a word of farewell. On the previous evening Miss Stanbury had relieved her mind by turning Mr. Gibson into ridicule in her description to Brooke of the manner in which the clergyman had carried on his love affair; and she

had at the same time declared that Mr. Gibson had been most violently impertinent to herself. He knew, therefore, that Miss Stanbury and Mr. Gibson had become two, and would on this occasion have passed on without a word relative to the old lady had Mr. Gibson allowed him to do so. But Mr. Gibson spoke his mind freely.

"Off to-morrow, are you?" he said. "Good-by. I hope we may meet again; but not in the same house, Mr. Burgess."

"There or anywhere I shall be very happy," said Brooke.

"Not there, certainly. While you were absent Miss Stanbury treated me in such a way that I shall certainly never put my foot in her house again."

"Dear me! I thought that you and she were such great friends."

"I knew her very well, of course;—and respected her. She is a good church-woman, and is charitable in the city; but she has got such a tongue in her head that there is no bearing it when she does what she calls giving you a bit of her mind."

"She has been indulgent to me, and has not given me much of it."

"Your time will come, I've no doubt," continued Mr. Gibson. "Everybody has always told me that it would be so. Even her oldest friends knew it. You ask Mrs. MacHugh, or Mrs. French, at Heavitree."

"Mrs. French!" said Brooke, laughing. "That would hardly be fair evidence."

"Why not? I don't know a better judge of character in all Exeter than Mrs. French. And she and Miss Stanbury have been intimate all their lives. Ask your uncle at the bank."

"My uncle and Miss Stanbury never were friends," said Brooke.

"Ask Hugh Stanbury what he thinks of her. But don't suppose I want to say a word against her. I wouldn't for the world do such a thing. Only, as we've met there and all that, I thought it best to let you know that she had treated me in such a way, and has been altogether so violent, that I will never go there again." So saying, Mr. Gibson passed on, and was of the opinion that he had spoken with great generosity of the old woman who had treated him so badly.

In the afternoon Brooke Burgess went over to the further end of the Close, and called on Mrs. MacHugh; and from thence he walked across to Heavitree, and called on the Frenches. It may be doubted whether he would have been so well behaved to these ladies had they not been appealed to by Mr. Gibson as witnesses to the character of Miss Stanbury. He got very little from Mrs. MacHugh. That lady was kind and cordial, and expressed many wishes that she might see him again in Exeter. When he said a few words about Mr. Gibson, Mrs. MacHugh only laughed, and declared that the gentleman would soon find a plaster for that sore. "There are more fishes than one in the sea," she said.

"But I'm afraid they've quarrelled, Mrs. MacHugh."

"So they tell me. What should we have to talk about here if somebody didn't quarrel sometimes? She and I ought to get up a quarrel for the good of the public;—only they know that I never can quarrel with anybody. I never see anybody interesting enough to quarrel with." But Mrs. MacHugh said nothing about Miss Stanbury, except that she sent over a message with reference to a rubber of whist for the next night but one.

He found the two French girls sitting with their mother, and they all expressed their great gratitude to him for coming to say good-by before he went. "It's so very nice of you, Mr. Burgess," said Camilla, "and particularly just at present."

"Yes, indeed," said Arabella, "because you know things have been so unpleasant."

"My dears, never mind about that," said Mrs. French. "Miss Stanbury has meant everything for the best, and it is all over now."

"I don't know what you mean by its being all over, mamma," said Camilla. "As far as I can understand, it has never been begun."

"My dear, the least said is soonest mended," said Mrs. French.

"That's of course, mamma," said Camilla; "but yet one can't hold one's tongue altogether. All the city is talking about it, and I dare say Mr. Burgess has heard as much as anybody else."

"I've heard nothing at all," said Brooke.

"Oh yes, you have," continued Camilla. Arabella conceived herself at this moment to be situated in so delicate a position, that it was best that her sister should talk about it, and that she herself should hold her tongue,—with the exception, perhaps, of a hint here and there which might be of assistance; for Arabella completely understood that the prize was now to be hers, if the prize could be rescued out of the Stanbury clutches. She was aware,—no one better aware,—how her sister had interfered with her early hopes, and was sure, in her own mind, that all her disappointment had come from fratricidal rivalry on the part of Camilla. It had never, however, been open to her to quarrel with Camilla. There they were, linked together, and together they must fight their battles. As two pigs may be seen at the same trough, each striving to take the delicacies of the banquet from the other, and yet enjoying always the warmth of the same dunghill in amicable contiguity, so had these young ladies lived in sisterly friendship, while each was striving to take a husband from the other. They had understood the position, and, though for years back they had talked about Mr. Gibson, they had never quarrelled; but now, in these latter days of the Stanbury interference, there had come tacitly to be something of an understanding between them that, if any fighting were still possible on the subject, one must be put forward and the other must yield. There had been no spoken agreement, but Arabella quite understood that she was to be put forward. It was for her to take up the running, and to win, if possible, against the Stanbury filly. That was her view, and she was inclined to give Camilla credit for acting in accordance with it with honesty and zeal. She felt, therefore, that her words on the present occasion ought to be few. She sat back in her corner of the sofa, and was intent on her work, and showed by the pensiveness of her brow that there were thoughts within her bosom of which she was not disposed to speak. "You must have heard a great deal," said Camilla, laughing. "You must know how poor Mr. Gibson has been abused, because he wouldn't—"

"Camilla, don't be foolish," said Mrs. French.

"Because he wouldn't what?" asked Brooke. "What ought he to have done that he didn't do?"

"I don't know anything about ought," said Camilla. "That's a matter of taste altogether."

"I'm the worst hand in the world at a riddle," said Brooke.

"How sly you are," continued Camilla, laughing; "as if dear Aunt Stanbury hadn't confided all her hopes to you."

"Camilla, dear,—don't," said Arabella.

"But when a gentleman is hunted, and can't be caught, I don't think he ought to be abused to his face."

"But who hunted him, and who abused him?" asked Brooke.

"Mind, I don't mean to say a word against Miss Stanbury, Mr. Burgess. We've known her and loved her all our lives;—haven't we, mamma?"

"And respected her," said Arabella.

"Quite so," continued Camilla. "But you know, Mr. Burgess, that she likes her own way."

"I don't know anybody that does not," said Brooke.

"And when she's disappointed, she shows it. There's no doubt she is disappointed now, Mr. Burgess."

"What's the good of going on, Camilla?" said Mrs. French. Arabella sat silent in her corner, with a conscious glow of satisfaction, as she reflected that the joint disappointment of the elder and the younger Miss Stanbury had been caused by a tender remembrance of her own charms. Had not dear Mr. Gibson told her, in the glowing language of truth, that there was nothing further from his thoughts than the idea of taking Dorothy Stanbury for his wife?

"Well, you know," continued Camilla, "I think that when a person makes an attempt, and comes by the worst of it, that person should put up with the defeat, and not say all manner of ill-natured things. Everybody knows that a certain gentleman is very intimate in this house."

"Don't, dear," said Arabella, in a whisper.

"Yes, I shall," said Camilla. "I don't know why people should hold their

tongues, when other people talk so loudly. I don't care a bit what anybody says about the gentleman and us. We have known him for ever so many years, and mamma is very fond of him."

"Indeed I am, Camilla," said Mrs. French.

"And for the matter of that, so am I,—very," said Camilla, laughing bravely. "I don't care who knows it."

"Don't be so silly child," said Arabella. Camilla was certainly doing her best, and Arabella was grateful.

"We don't care what people may say," continued Camilla again. "Of course we heard, as everybody else heard too, that a certain gentleman was to be married to a certain lady. It was nothing to us whether he was married or not."

"Nothing at all," said Arabella.

"We never spoke ill of the young lady. We did not interfere. If the gentleman liked the young lady, he was quite at liberty to marry her, as far as we were concerned. We had been in the habit of seeing him here, almost as a brother, and perhaps we might feel that a connection with that particular young lady would take him from us; but we never hinted so much even as that,—to him or to any one else. Why should we? It was nothing to us. Now it turns out that the gentleman never meant anything of the kind, whereupon he is pretty nearly kicked out of the house, and all manner of ill-natured things are said about us everywhere." By this time Camilla had become quite excited, and was speaking with much animation.

"How can you be so foolish, Camilla?" said Arabella.

"Perhaps I am foolish," said Camilla, "to care what anybody says."

"What can it all be to Mr. Burgess?" said Mrs. French.

"Only this, that as we all like Mr. Burgess, and he is almost one of the family in the Close, I think he ought to know why we are not quite so cordial as we used to be. Now that the matter is over, I have no doubt that things will get right again. And as for the young lady, I'm sure we feel for her. We think it was the aunt who was indiscreet."

"And then she has such a tongue," said Arabella.

Our friend Brooke, of course, knew the whole truth;—he knew the nature of Mr. Gibson's failure, and he knew also how Dorothy had acted in the affair. He was inclined, moreover, to believe that the ladies who were now talking to him were as well instructed on the subject as was he himself. He had heard, too, of the ambition of the two young ladies now before him, and believed that that ambition was not yet dead. But he did not think it incumbent on him to fight a battle even on behalf of Dorothy. He might have declared that Dorothy, at least, had not been disappointed, but he thought it better to be silent about Dorothy. "Yes," he said, "Miss Stanbury has a tongue; but I think it speaks as much good as it does evil, and perhaps that is a great deal to say for any lady's tongue."

"We never speak evil of anybody," said Camilla; "never. It is a rule with us." Then Brooke took his leave, and the three ladies were cordial and almost affectionate in their farewell greetings.

Brooke was to start on the following morning before anybody would be up except Martha, and Miss Stanbury was very melancholy during the evening. "We shall miss him very much; shall we not?" she said, appealing to Dorothy. "I am sure you will miss him very much," said Dorothy. "We are so stupid here alone," said Miss Stanbury. When they had drunk their tea, she sat nearly silent for half an hour, and then summoned him into her own room. "So you are going, Brooke?" she said.

"Yes; I must go now. They would dismiss me if I stayed an hour longer."

"It was good of you to come to the old woman; and you must let me hear of you from time to time."

"Of course I'll write."

"And, Brooke,—"

"What is it, Aunt Stanbury?"

"Do you want any money, Brooke?"

"No; none, thank you. I've plenty for a bachelor."

"When you think of marrying, Brooke, mind you tell me."

"I'll be sure to tell you;—but I can't promise yet when that will be." She said nothing more to him, though she paused once more as though she were going to speak. She kissed him and bade him

good-by, saying that she would not go down-stairs again that evening. He was to tell Dorothy to go to bed. And so they parted.

But Dorothy did not go to bed for an hour after that. When Brooke came down into the parlor with his message she intended to go at once, and put up her work, and lit her candle, and put out her hand to him, and said good-by to him. But, for all that, she remained there for an hour with him. At first she said very little, but by degrees her tongue was loosened, and she found herself talking with a freedom which she could hardly herself understand. She told him how thoroughly she believed her aunt to be a good woman—how sure she was that her aunt was at any rate honest. "As for me," said Dorothy, "I know that I have displeased her about Mr. Gibson;—and I would go away, only that I think she would be so desolate." Then Brooke begged her never to allow the idea of leaving Miss Stanbury to enter her head. Because Miss Stanbury was capricious, he said, not on that account should her caprices either be indulged or permitted. That was his doctrine respecting Miss Stanbury, and he declared that, as regarded himself, he would never be either disrespectful to her or submissive. "It is a great mistake," he said, "to think that anybody is either an angel or a devil." When Dorothy expressed an opinion that with some people angelic tendencies were predominant, and with others diabolic tendencies, he assented; but declared that it was not always easy to tell the one tendency from the other. At last, when Dorothy had made about five attempts to go, Mr. Gibson's name was mentioned. "I am very glad that you are not going to be Mrs. Gibson," said he.

"I don't know why you should be glad."

"Because I should not have liked your husband,—not as your husband."

"He is an excellent man, I'm sure," said Dorothy.

"Nevertheless, I am very glad. But I did not think you would accept him, and I congratulate you on your escape. You would have been nothing to me as Mrs. Gibson."

"Shouldn't I?" said Dorothy, not knowing what else to say.

"But now I think we shall always be friends."

"I am sure I hope so, Mr. Burgess. But indeed I must go now. It is ever so late, and you will hardly get any sleep. Good-night." Then he took her hand, and pressed it very warmly, and referring to a promise before made to her, he assured her that he would certainly make acquaintance with her brother as soon as he was back in London. Dorothy, as she went up to bed, was more than ever satisfied with herself, in that she had not yielded in reference to Mr. Gibson.

CHAPTER XLV.

TREVELYAN AT VENICE.

TREVELYAN passed on moodily and alone from Turin to Venice, always expecting letters from Bozzle, and receiving from time to time the despatches which that functionary forwarded to him, as must be acknowledged, with great punctuality. For Mr. Bozzle did his work, not only with a conscience, but with a will. He was now, as he had declared more than once, altogether devoted to Mr. Trevelyan's interest; and as he was an active, enterprising man, always on the alert to be doing something, and as he loved the work of writing despatches, Trevelyan received a great many letters from Bozzle. It is not exaggeration to say that every letter made him for the time a very wretched man. This ex-policeman wrote of the wife of his bosom,—of her who had been the wife of his bosom, and who was the mother of his child, who was at this very time the only woman whom he loved,—with an entire absence of delicacy. Bozzle would have thought reticence on his part to be dishonest. We remember Othello's demand of Iago. That was the demand which Bozzle understood that Trevelyan had made of him, and he was minded to obey that order. But Trevelyan, though he had in truth given the order, was like Othello also in this,—that he would have preferred before all the prizes of the world to have had proof brought home to him exactly opposite to that which he demanded. But there was nothing so terrible to him as the grinding suspicion that he was to be kept in the dark.

Bozzle could find out facts. Therefore he gave, in effect, the same order that Othello gave;—and Bozzle went to work determined to obey it. There came many despatches to Venice, and at last there came one, which created a correspondence which shall be given here at length. The first is a letter from Mr. Bozzle to his employer:—

"55, Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough,
"September 20, 186—, 4.30 p.m.

"HOND. SIR,

"Since I wrote yesterday morning, something has occurred which, it may be, and I think it will, will help to bring this melancholy affair to a satisfactory termination and conclusion. I had better explain, Mr. Trewilyan, how I have been at work from the beginning about watching the Colonel. I couldn't do nothing with the porter at the Albany, which he is always mostly muzzled with beer, and he wouldn't have taken my money, not on the square. So, when it was telegraphed to me as the Colonel was on the move in the North, I put on two boys as knows the Colonel, at eightpence a day, at each end, one Piccadilly end, and the other Saville Row end, and yesterday morning, as quick as ever could be, after the Limited Express Edinburgh Male Up was in, there comes the Saville Row End Boy here to say as the Colonel was lodged safe in his downey. Then I was off immediate myself to St. Diddulph's, because I knows what it is to trust to Inferiors when matters gets delicate. Now, there hadn't been no letters from the Colonel, nor none to him as I could make out, though that mightn't be so sure. She might have had 'em addressed to A. Z., or the like of that, at any of the Post-offices as was distant, as nobody could give the notice to 'em all. Barring the money, which I know ain't an object when the end is so desirable, it don't do to be too ubiquitous, because things will go astray. But I've kept my eye uncommon open, and I don't think there have been no letters since that last which was sent, Mr. Trewilyan, let any of 'em, parsons or what not, say what they will. And I don't see as parsons are better than other folk when they has to do with a lady as likes her fancy-man."

Trevelyan, when he had read as far as

this, threw down the letter and tore his hair in despair. "My wife," he exclaimed, "Oh, my wife!" But it was essential that he should read Bozzle's letter, and he persevered.

"Well; I took to the ground myself as soon as ever I heard that the Colonel was among us, and I hung out at the Full Moon. They had been quite on the square with me at the Full Moon, which I mention, because, of course, it has to be remembered, and it do come up as a hitem. And I'm proud, Mr. Trewilyan, as I did take to the ground myself; for what should happen but I see the Colonel as large as life ringing at the parson's bell at 1.47 p.m. He was let in at 1.49, and he was let out at 2.17. He went away in a cab which it was kept, and I followed him till he was put down at the Arcade, and I left him having his 'ed washed and greased at Truffitt's rooms, half-way up. It was a wonder to me when I see this, Mr. Trewilyan, as he didn't have his 'ed done first, as they most of 'em does when they're going to see their ladies; but I couldn't make nothing of that, though I did try to put too and too together, as I always does.

"What he did at the parson's, Mr. Trewilyan, I won't say I saw, and I won't say I know. It's my opinion the young woman there isn't on the square, though she's been remembered too, and is a hitem of course. And, Mr. Trewilyan, it do go against the grain with me when they're remembered and ain't on the square. I doesn't expect too much of Human Nature, which is poor, as the saying goes; but when they're remembered and ain't on the square after that, it's too bad for Human Nature. It's more than poor. It's what I calls beggarly.

"He ain't been there since, Mr. Trewilyan, and he goes out of town to-morrow by the 1.15 p.m. express to Bridport. So he lets on; but of course I shall see to that. That he's been at St. Diddulph's, in the house from 1.47 to 2.17, you may take as a fact. There won't be no shaking of that, because I have it in my mem. book, and no Counsel can get the better of it. Of course he went there to see her, and it's my belief he did. The young woman as was remembered says he didn't, but she isn't

on the square. They never is when a lady wants to see her gentleman, though they comes round afterwards, and tells up everything when it comes before his ordinary lordship.

"If you ask me, Mr. Trewilyan, I don't think it's ripe yet for the court, but we'll have it ripe before long. I'll keep a look-out, because it's just possible she may leave town. If she do, I'll be down upon them together, and no mistake.

"Yours most respectful,
"S. BOZZLE."

Every word in the letter had been a dagger to Trevelyan, and yet he felt himself to be under an obligation to the man who had written it. No one else would or could make facts known to him. If she were innocent, let him know that she were innocent, and he would proclaim her innocence, and believe in her innocence,—and sacrifice himself to her innocence, if such sacrifice were necessary. But if she were guilty, let him also know that. He knew how bad it was, all that bribing of postmen and maidservants, who took his money, and her money also, very likely. It was dirt, all of it. But who had put him into the dirt? His wife had, at least, deceived him,—had deceived him and disobeyed him, and it was necessary that he should know the facts. Life without a Bozzle would now have been to him a perfect blank.

The Colonel had been to the parsonage at St. Diddulph's, and had been admitted! As to that he had no doubt. Nor did he really doubt that his wife had seen the visitor. He had sent his wife first into a remote village on Dartmoor, and there she had been visited by her—lover! How was he to use any other word? Iago;—oh, Iago! The pity of it, Iago! Then, when she had learned that this was discovered, she had left the retreat in which he had placed her,—without permission from him,—and had taken herself to the house of a relative of hers. Here she was visited again by her—lover! Oh, Iago; the pity of it, Iago! And then there had been between them an almost constant correspondence. So much he had ascertained as fact; but he did not for a moment believe that Bozzle had learned all the facts. There might be correspondence, or even visits, of which Bozzle could learn nothing. How

could Bozzle know where Mrs. Trevelyan was during all those hours which Colonel Osborne passed in London? That which he knew, he knew absolutely, and on that he could act; but there was, of course, much of which he knew nothing. Gradually the truth would unveil itself, and then he would act. He would tear that Colonel into fragments, and throw his wife from him with all the ignominy which the law made possible to him.

But in the mean time he wrote a letter to Mr. Outhouse. Colonel Osborne, after all that had been said, had been admitted at the parsonage, and Trevelyan was determined to let the clergyman know what he thought about it. The oftener he turned the matter in his mind, as he walked slowly up and down the piazza of St. Mark, the more absurd it appeared to him to doubt that his wife had seen the man. Of course she had seen him. He walked there nearly the whole night, thinking of it, and as he dragged himself off at last to his inn, had almost come to have but one desire,—namely, that he should find her out, that the evidence should be conclusive, that it should be proved, and so brought to an end. Then he would destroy her, and destroy that man,—and afterwards destroy himself, so bitter to him would be his ignominy. He almost revelled in the idea of the tragedy he would make. It was three o'clock before he was in his bedroom, and then he wrote his letter to Mr. Outhouse before he took himself to his bed. It was as follows:—

“ Venice, Oct. 4, 186—.

“ SIR,

“ Information of a certain kind, on which I can place a firm reliance, has reached me, to the effect that Colonel Osborne has been allowed to visit at your house during the sojourn of my wife under your roof. I will thank you to inform me whether this be true; as, although I am confident of my facts, it is necessary, in reference to my ulterior conduct, that I should have from you either an admission or a denial of my assertion. It is of course open to you to leave my letter unanswered. Should you think proper to do so, I shall know also how to deal with that fact.

“ As to your conduct in admitting Colonel Osborne into your house while

my wife is there,—after all that has passed, and all that you know that has passed,—I am quite unable to speak with anything like moderation of feeling. Had the man succeeded in forcing himself into your residence, you should have been the first to give me notice of it. As it is, I have been driven to ascertain the fact from other sources. I think that you have betrayed the trust that a husband has placed in you, and that you will find from the public voice that you will be regarded as having disgraced yourself as a clergyman.

“ In reference to my wife herself, I would wish her to know, that after what has now taken place, I shall not feel myself justified in leaving our child longer in her hands, even tender as are his years. I shall take steps for having him removed. What further I shall do to vindicate myself, and extricate myself as far as may be possible from the slough of despond in which I have been submerged, she and you will learn in due time.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ L. TREVELYAN.

“ A letter addressed ‘poste restante, Venice,’ will reach me here.”

If Trevelyan was mad when he wrote this letter, Mr. Outhouse was very nearly as mad when he read it. He had most strongly desired to have nothing to do with his wife's niece when she was separated from her husband. He was a man honest, charitable, and sufficiently affectionate; but he was timid, and disposed to think ill of those whose modes of life were strange to him. Actuated by these feelings, he would have declined to offer the hospitality of his roof to Mrs. Trevelyan, had any choice been left to him. But there had been no choice. She had come thither unasked, with her boy and baggage, and he could not send her away. His wife had told him that it was his duty to protect these women till their father came, and he recognized the truth of what his wife said. There they were, and there they must remain throughout the winter. It was hard upon him,—especially as the difficulties and embarrassments as to money were so disagreeable to him;—but there was no help for it. His duty must be done though it were ever so painful. Then that horrid Colonel had come. And

now had come this letter, in which he was not only accused of being an accomplice between his married niece and her lover, but was also assured that he should be held up to public ignominy and disgrace. Though he had often declared that Trevelyan was mad, he would not remember that now. Such a letter as he had received should have been treated by him as the production of a madman. But he was not sane enough himself to see the matter in that light. He gnashed his teeth, and clenched his fist, and was almost beside himself as he read the letter a second time.

There had been a method in Trevelyan's madness; for, though he had declared to himself that without doubt Bozzle had been right in saying that as the Colonel had been at the parsonage, therefore, as a certainty, Mrs. Trevelyan had met the Colonel there, yet he had not so stated in his letter. He had merely asserted that Colonel Osborne had been at the house, and had founded his accusation upon that alleged fact. The alleged fact had been in truth a fact. So far Bozzle had been right. The Colonel had been at the parsonage; and the reader knows how far Mr. Outhouse had been to blame for his share in the matter. He rushed off to his wife with the letter, declaring at first that Mrs. Trevelyan, Nora, and the child, and the servant, should be sent out of the house at once. But at last Mrs. Outhouse succeeded in showing him that he would not be justified in ill-using them because Trevelyan had ill-used him. "But I will write to him," said Mr. Outhouse. "He shall know what I think about it." And he did write his letter that day, in spite of his wife's entreaties that he would allow the sun to set upon his wrath. And his letter was as follows:—

"St. Diddulph's, October 8, 186—.

"SIR,

"I have received your letter of the 4th, which is more iniquitous, unjust, and ungrateful, than anything I ever before saw written. I have been surprised from the first at your gross cruelty to your unoffending wife: but even that seems to me more intelligible than your conduct in writing such words

as those which you have dared to send to me.

"For your wife's sake, knowing that she is in a great degree still in your power, I will condescend to tell you what has happened. When Mrs. Trevelyan found herself constrained to leave Nuncombe Putney by your aspersions on her character, she came here, to the protection of her nearest relatives within reach, till her father and mother should be in England. Sores against my will I received them into my home, because they had been deprived of other shelter by the cruelty or madness of him who should have been their guardian. Here they are, and here they shall remain till Sir Marmaduke Rowley arrives. The other day, on the 29th of September, Colonel Osborne, who is their father's old friend, called, not on them, but on me. I may truly say that I did not wish to see Colonel Osborne. They did not see him, nor did he ask to see them. If his coming was a fault,—and I think it was a fault,—they were not implicated in it. He came, remained a few minutes, and went without seeing any one but myself. That is the history of Colonel Osborne's visit to my house.

"I have not thought fit to show your letter to your wife, or to make her acquainted with this further proof of your want of reason. As to the threats which you hold out of removing her child from her, you can of course do nothing except by law. I do not think that even you will be sufficiently audacious to take any steps of that description. Whatever protection the law may give her and her child from your tyranny and misconduct cannot be obtained till her father shall be here.

"I have only further to request that you will not address any further communication to me. Should you do so, it will be refused.

"Yours, in deep indignation,
"OLIPHANT OUTHOUSE."

Trevelyan had also written two other letters to England, one to Mr. Bideawhile, and the other to Bozzle. In the former he acquainted the lawyer that he had discovered that his wife still maintained her intercourse with Colonel Osborne, and that he must therefore remove his child from her custody. He

then inquired what steps would be necessary to enable him to obtain possession of his little boy. In the letter to Bozzle he sent a cheque, and his thanks for the ex-policeman's watchful care. He desired Bozzle to continue his precautions, and explained his intentions about his son. Being somewhat afraid that Mr. Bideawhile might not be zealous on his behalf, and not himself understanding accurately the extent of his power with regard to his own child, or the means whereby he might exercise it, he was anxious to obtain assistance from Bozzle also on this point. He had no doubt that Bozzle knew all about it. He had great confidence in Bozzle. But still he did not like to consult the ex-policeman. He knew that it became him to have some regard for his own dignity. He therefore put the matter very astutely to Bozzle,—asking no questions, but alluding to his difficulty in a way that would enable Bozzle to offer advice.

And where was he to get a woman to take charge of his child? If Lady Milborough would do it, how great would be the comfort! But he was almost sure that Lady Milborough would not do it. All his friends had turned against him, and Lady Milborough among the number. There was nobody left to him, but Bozzle. Could he intrust Bozzle to find some woman for him who would take adequate charge of the little fellow, till he himself could see to the child's education? He did not put this question to Bozzle in plain terms; but he was very astute, and wrote in such a fashion that Bozzle

could make a proposal, if any proposal were within his power.

The answer from Mr. Outhouse came first. To this Mr. Trevelyan paid very little attention. It was just what he expected. Of course, Mr. Outhouse's assurance about Colonel Osborne went for nothing. A man who would permit intercourse in his house between a married lady and her lover, would not scruple to deny that he had permitted it. Then came Mr. Bideawhile's answer, which was very short. Mr. Bideawhile said that nothing could be done about the child till Mr. Trevelyan should return to England;—and that he could give no opinion as to what should be done then till he knew more of the circumstances. It was quite clear to Trevelyan that he must employ some other lawyer. Mr. Bideawhile had probably been corrupted by Colonel Osborne. Could Bozzle recommend a lawyer?

From Bozzle himself there came no other immediate reply than, "his duty, and that he would make further inquiries."

[NOTE.—We have concluded to discontinue the publication of "He Knew He Was Right" with the present number. Those of our readers who have become interested in its perusal have doubtless for the most part availed themselves of Messrs. Harper & Brothers' complete edition, published several months ago; and the space which it occupies in our pages from month to month will probably give more general satisfaction when devoted to other papers. For the benefit of those of our subscribers, however, who have depended upon the ECLECTIC instalments, we will send Part II. (commencing next chapter, and to conclusion) on receipt of 25 cts.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers' price for Part II. is 50 cts.—EDITOR.]

Gentleman's Magazine.

WILD CATS.

OF all the animals of Europe, perhaps all living creatures, the most ferocious and destructive is the common wild cat. The fox, carnivorous as he is, feeds willingly on grapes, and, when hungry, devours vegetable produce of many other kinds with an avidity that disproves repugnance. The weasel, though more sanguinary than the fox, has been known, nevertheless, though in the midst of living plunder, to feed for days together

from the remains of a dead horse. The wild cat, on the contrary, admits no medium between craving want and bleeding flesh; and it is only when coerced by actual famine, that he condescends to prey not captured by himself, and torn alive by his own claws.

The fox, on securing a living animal, kills it instantly with a dexterous shake. The wild cat seizes by the neck a hare as large and heavy as himself, and, grasp-

ing it firmly with his claws, begins by gnawing off its ears alive; he then eats gradually downwards from the skull, bolting the teeth and fur, and slowly swallowing the eyes and brain.

A contrast somewhat similar distinguishes, in most other instances, the canine race from the feline; and imaginative writers have seen ground in the distinction for ascribing generosity to the one, and for imputing cruelty to the other. In reality, the difference is due to an exercise of mere instinct. Canine beasts of prey have no effective claws to detain with firmness a struggling victim, which, if not disabled at the very moment of capture, might escape through sheer desperation.

Be this as it may, the wild cat, though the smallest of the feline species, passes deservedly for the most rapacious of the whole race, and owes to his evil reputation the extinction of his kind in almost every department in France.

In England the wild cat is said to have shared the fate of the wolf and of the great bustard. In Ireland and Scotland he is still to be met with at rare intervals. In Switzerland he is found, from time to time, in certain localities. In Austria he abounds, and is not uncommon in Northern Germany, and in other parts of Europe. He is altogether unknown in Norway, Sweden, and Russia.

But, exist where he may, his presence is speedily detected by the rapid diminution of the living beings 'around him. Hunting chiefly at night, in silence and security, no care in choosing, no artifice in disguising, can long conceal from him the suspected hiding-place of his prey. The nestling squirrel wakes in his claws, an expiring captive. The crouching quail sleeps on, till seized in turn by the noiseless ravisher of her unconscious mate. No kind of attainable prey comes amiss to him; but, fortunately for the larger species, he entertains a decided preference for the small rodentia, of which he destroys incredible numbers. Tschudi relates that the remains of no fewer than twenty six field mice have been found at one time in the stomach of an adult individual. In such respects he renders, no doubt, important services; but these are said to be outbalanced by his mischievous destruction of the insectivorous birds—at any rate, no kind of redeeming cre-

dit is ever accorded to him. The farmer dreads, the sportsman abhors, him. In districts where he abounds, a price is invariably set on his head; and no wild animal in Europe is tracked with greater eagerness, or more revengefully pursued.

Having regard to his diminutive size, the strength of the wild cat is little short of prodigious. Scarcely less so is his astonishing agility, and in these qualities, combined with his predaceous aptitudes and his insatiable thirst for carnage, may be found the explanation of the title formerly applied to him of "*Catus Devastator*." Devastation is, indeed, the fittest term employable for conveying a just idea of his depredations. Rabbits rapidly disappear from neighborhoods infested with wild cats; a single pair suffices to depopulate a well-stocked warren. Where possible, they prey on hares with equal destructiveness; and have been known to exterminate an importation of pheasants, renewed copiously for three successive seasons. In the fold and farm-yard their ravages are incalculably more serious than those of the fox, and the Bavarian breeder knows from experience that the slightest relaxation of his nightly vigilance may cost him the entire profits of a season's toil. Nor are the finny tribes secure from the attacks of these marauders. In dearth of other resources, the wild cat watches by the brook with all the patience and immobility of the bittern, and seldom fails to secure the incautious fish that ventures to the surface within reach of his determined claws.

The habits of the wild cat are essentially solitary. Unless brought together by hazard, it is seldom that two are to be seen in company; and it appears that they fiercely resent intrusion on the part of those of their own species. It is somewhat otherwise in the spring of the year, when the males may be heard catterwauling after the manner of domestic cats. The utterance is, nevertheless, distinct, and resembles in nothing the familiar concert on the roofs at home. The impression once received is likely to be lasting, for it is difficult to conceive a more mysterious concourse of strange notes. The prevailing sound is that of a deep, unearthly moan, suggesting vague terrors, and quite capable of disconcerting a superstitious mind, when heard at

night from the sombre valleys of the Grindenvald.

Man excepted, and occasionally the lynx, the eagle is the only deadly foe to these ferocious little quadrupeds. In open fight, the wild cat would prove at least a match for most other European animals and birds of prey; and is, moreover, not likely to be brought into contact with any such. But in rocky and inaccessible places, where the wild cat is as often found as in the depths of the forest, he lives peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the golden eagle. Nor can he, when attacked, defend himself. His enemy is unseen, and the first intimation of hostilities is a disabling gripe in the throat and loins, followed by total darkness, caused by the shrouding round him of the eagle's wings, or else by a compulsory flight upwards, as the eagle bears him off to some high summit beyond the clouds.

For many years the common wild cat was universally regarded as the original ancestor of the whole tribe of domestic cats, and the majority of writers on natural history continue so to regard him. The arguments for the contrary are chiefly founded on points of difference in the internal organization of the two species as now existing; but it is difficult to admit conclusions drawn from types contrasted, as regards the tame varieties, after a thousand years of uninterrupted degeneracy. Organic transformation is, moreover, analogized completely in the instance of the horse; and as regards the facts relied on, there is no less difference between the cats of Egypt and the Angora or the Manx, than between these latter and the common wild cat.

The essential distinctions between the wild cat and the tame are marked sufficiently. As a rule, the wild cat is the larger animal, and incomparably the more powerful. His tail, which is larger and more bushy, is invariably annulated and tipped with black; it also preserves its thickness throughout the whole length, instead of tapering to a point, as is the case with most of the domestic species.

Another distinction is the richer fur, the more abundant whisker, the larger teeth, and yellow throat. But the most striking contrast is in the eyes. All cats have savage-looking eyes; but those of tame cats, savage as they are, are

mere boiled peas compared with those of wild ones. One would imagine no other eyes could fix the stare of the wild cat without giving way. It seems a kind of liquid ferocity frozen stiff. Rage, hatred, and cruelty appear condensed in one inexorable glare. No one in his senses would think of asking the wild cat a favor.

In addition to the genuine wild cat, there exists another, better known from being less rare, equally ferocious, and scarcely less destructive. This animal is the tame cat become wild. It exists in all stages of wildness, from the timid feline skeleton that haunts the farm, and flies at the approach of the inhabitants, to the well-furred sylvan cat, kittenized in the wood, and descended from a line of ancestors free for a series of generations. This latter species, in all but size and conformation, is the counterpart and rival of the wild cat proper. He is equally rapacious and sanguinary. He kills the hare with ease, and devastates the warren. He lurks in the close foliage, crouches in the cover, and courses boldly in the open country. In this latter mode of hunting, he differs from the wild cat in a point of permanent distinction: the wild cat invariably springs from ambush, and either secures its prey at once or slinks back discouraged; whereas the other repairs a false bound by immediately giving chase, and seldom fails to outstrip the victim by a succession of rapid leaps.

In France, the gamekeeper regards the domestic cat run wild as the least excusable of vermin, and for his sake confounds in one common slaughter the stray cats of every description that venture within range of his official piece. A certain number of these spurious cats are almost sure to be found on every well-appointed gibbet, where, from their large size and brindled hides, they figure prominently amongst other defunct criminals. The keeper seems to have for them a repugnance far more intolerant and unmitigated than for the native and indigenous poacher, and on surveying or exhibiting the collection, he usually gives vent to some half uttered malediction addressed exclusively to these "*affreux chats*."

Unless taken in earliest kittenhood, the wild cat is hopelessly irreclaimable in

captivity. Gentle treatment is utterly wasted on his savage will. He remains to the last wild, suspicious, sullen; ever ready to tear the hand that feeds him, and resenting no less the approach of kindness than the intrusions of aggressive curiosity.

An innkeeper at Trignolles, in the department of the Jura, kept one of these animals in a close cage for two entire years. It had been taken in the forest half grown, and was confined at first with a domestic cat, in order to be reclaimed, if possible, by the force of good example. But though it witnessed daily its companion's confidence in the human kind, it remained distrustful to the last, watching with anxiety the movements of those who approached it, and spitting with rage and fury when too closely noticed. At length the innkeeper, weary with expending patience on a brute so fierce and unredeemable, ordered it to be flung alive into a stagnant horsepond, where, after struggling exhausted to the brink, it was thrust back with long sticks, and tamed at last by the energetic process of drowning.

The courage of the wild cat, though not proverbial, is undeniably of the highest and most distinguished order. The bulldog's brutal ardor has something in it of insensibility to danger. Without cause or provocation, a bulldog attacks a bear, and his annihilation, from being courted gratuitously, becomes an inglorious and vulgar martyrdom. Men vaunt the panther, but with such an animal the scope for pure courage must be narrowed considerably by the consciousness of might. The lion stands discredited by repeated acts of doubtful valor; and applied to the blind rage of the tiger, no test of bravery can be accurate.

The wild cat is no less prudent than courageous. In conflict with dogs or men he is never the aggressor, and when assailed by numbers, he usually endeavors to escape; but he speedily grows fearless with the approach of peril, and becomes in turn a determined and desperate assailant. The combat is at all times dangerous and exciting, and many occasions are on record of a tragical termination of the strife.

In the neighborhood of Givry, in the department of the Saône and Loire, a wild cat had for some time haunted a

pond, where it had been observed watching eels from the locks of an abandoned mill. Adjoining the mill was an old building, which had been formerly used as a grange for housing corn. Into this building the wild cat had been traced, in company with a tame one with whom it had contracted an alliance. The alarm was quickly given, and the maire of the village, accompanied by all his staff, had shortly surrounded the building with dogs and cartwhips, the maire and his son having each a double-barrelled gun. The tame cat bolted immediately, and in less than a minute was caught and strangled by the dogs. The wild one lay close, and refused to stir, notwithstanding the hooting of the men and the deafening cracks of the cartwhips. It was even feared, from his persevering quiescence, that he had effected an escape through some unguarded hole; but, on examination, it appeared the holes were all stopped, and that there was no issue possible excepting that of the open window, through which the tame one had just passed. The door was then part opened, and a terrier introduced. The dog began immediately sniffing about, and after scouring once or twice round the floor of the building, stood barking furiously with his gaze intent upon the rafters. Still the cat lay motionless, fixing the dog with its savage eyes, and evidently waiting to outwit the danger. The maire's son then squeezed through the half-open door, and calling to his friends outside, was preparing to dislodge the cat, when suddenly, regardless of the dog, it flew down like a fury, and fixing its claws in the young man's head and neck-tie, seized him fiercely by the under lip. All was now howl and scuffle. Dogs and men rushed to the rescue, and in the midst of the confusion the cat escaped into a tree. Here its fate was soon decided. At first it lay concealed amongst the foliage, and protected by the branches on all sides; but a shot from one of the guns soon scared it into sight; a second brought it headlong to the ground, where, after a furious fight, it required the interference of the men to prevent its being torn to pieces by the dogs. The maire's son was gravely wounded. His lip was swollen and lacerated, his face and head torn severely, and a vein opened in his throat, in spite of the thickness of his tie,

He was removed to his home immediately and surgical aid procured, but his recovery cost him a month's seclusion and a long interval of feverish anxiety, lucky at last to escape with his life and a scar two inches long.

"In 1640," writes Hohberg (as reported in Brehm's popular description of the animal kingdom), "whilst beating for foxes in a wood near Pacduwetz, my dog came suddenly on a wild cat, and immediately gave chase to it. The cat ran up a tree, round which the dog kept barking eagerly, for he was a resolute and powerful animal, with an extreme antipathy for cats. I levelled my piece forthwith, but the cat was too quick for me, and leapt into the bushes before I had time to fire. The dog flew after it, and seized it by the back without a moment's pause or hesitation. I was now unable to discharge my piece for fear of wounding the dog, and I therefore drew my dirk and rushed into the cover, where the two animals lay rolling together, confused in an undistinguishable scuffle. I watched my moment, and at last ran the dirk completely through the cat's body, whereupon it tore from the dog, and contrived to run up the dirk with such a nimble movement, that I was compelled hastily to let go the handle, in order to protect my hand. The dog then seized the cat by the neck, and held it sufficiently long to enable me to draw out the dirk, and despatch the dying animal with a second and effectual thrust."

Brehm informs us further that near his native village, a certain division of the forest bears the apparently descriptive title of *Die Wildkatze*. But the name is simply commemorative of a particular event, and perpetuates the authentic story of an encounter with a wild cat which had indeed a disastrous ending. An old tracker one early morning discovers off the freshly-fallen snow the footsteps of a full-grown cat. Joyously he sets to following them up, already congratulating himself on the possession of not only the valuable skin, but also of the handsome premium claimable of right on presenting an adult wild cat at the *Rathhaus* of the communal section. The track leads him to the foot of an enormous beech-tree, where the cat lies certainly concealed. On the branches, however, it is nowhere to be

seen, and must be therefore hidden somewhere in the trunk, which is hollow from the base right up to the separation of the stem. Sure of his game, the tracker prepares his piece, which he rests in readiness against the trunk of the tree. He then draws out his hammer and taps smartly on the bark. Nothing appears; and again the tracker strikes the tree, and this time with louder and more telling blows. Still nothing stirs, and the tracker begins to fear there has been some unaccountable escape. But this is not possible; the snow bears not the minutest trace beyond the one imprinted by the return home of the animal. The cat is surely in the tree, and the tracker at last decides on starting it with a sudden and irresistible alarm. Waiting silently by the tree, in order to increase by stillness the unexpectedness of the shock, he strikes all at once upon the trunk a loud volley of resounding and rapidly repeated blows, at the same moment throwing down his hammer and catching up his gun, in immediate expectation of a sudden bolt. But, alas! before he has even time to adjust his posture, the savage animal is already on his shoulder, clutched fast at his throat, and fiercely tearing at his eyes and face. So utterly unawares is the attack, that the tracker, in his surprise and terror, drops his piece, and, raising his hands instinctively, thinks only of defending his head. In a twinkling the cat has clawed off his large fur cap, and torn through the cravat that still protects his neck. Wild with pain, and blind with blood, the wretched man calls loudly to his son, who is somewhere near him in the same forest. Meanwhile, the cat has scored the flesh from the old man's hands, and is mercilessly furrowing his bald scalp. His cries become more plaintive, his anguish grows intense; till, at length, he sinks to the earth distracted and insensible.

The son arrives in haste, but only to find his father relinquishing all consciousness of the horrid strife. His first impulse is to drag off the cat; but the brute holds on, and the son, with the cat, fears to tear up also the lacerated flesh. He then spies the hammer, and hurriedly deals with it a random blow. The cat cries, but continues not the less to tear its victim. A second and well-aimed blow stretches it lifeless on the grass;

and the son then bends in dread over his helpless father.

The noise of the struggle has by this time attracted a passer-by. The poor tracker is removed to his cottage, where care and restoratives revive him sufficiently to recall his consciousness, and enable him with effort to relate his story; but no skill suffices to avert the end, which takes place on the evening of the day of the adventure, the patient expiring in the midst of much and frightful suffering.

Another incident, nearer home, shows the wild cat in mortal conflict with another animal, no less renowned for valor, and which, on the occasion cited, divided with him equally the honors of the day. This occurred in the north of Ireland, where a sportsman, ferreting for rabbits, was witness of an unexpected and exciting combat. The ferret had scarcely disappeared in the entrance of an earth, when an unusual scuffle announced a surprise below ground. The sound, by degrees, approached the surface, and just afterwards a cat dashed out, dragging with him the ferret, firmly fastened on his neck. Once outside, the two animals redoubled their efforts; each one striving for the other's life, and each exerting to the utmost his instinctive deadliness. The cat gnashed and raved, rending his opponent's breast, and covering his side with cruel claw-wounds. The ferret, calm and exasperating, kept to the one deadly gripe which had begun the battle. No shock, no provocation could persuade him to unlock those once-closed jaws; and, doubtless, with a foe less cruelly armed, though twice the weight, his grim tactics would prevail at last. But here his power failed him through loss of blood; and when he dropped from his antagonist he was quite unable to stand. The sportsman, anxious for the event, stood motionless on the spot from which he had witnessed the combat, merely holding his piece in readiness to fire, in case the cat should offer to attack him. The precaution was needless. On being

liberated by the ferret the cat moved off for a few paces, and then stood perfectly still, with its head bent downwards, and its muzzle resting on the ground. Things lasted thus for several minutes, till the sportsman, observing the cat's eyes to turn dim, took the symptom as conclusive, and approached with some impatience. On this the cat shuffled off towards the earth; and the sportsman, fearing to lose it underground, shot it dead at the entrance of the hole. He was consequently unable to affirm that the cat, in its dire combat with the ferret, had or had not received a mortal wound. There was no doubt as to those it had inflicted: when taken up by its owner, the ferret was quite dead.

The skins of wild cats furnish an excellent fur, and, according to Tschudi, are of double the value of those of the domestic species. In winter the furs of wild cats are especially rich and thick; but have the disadvantage, when taken in that season, of becoming liable to the partial detaching of the hairs. In our day the extreme scarcity of the animal itself deprives of its commercial interest the question of the merits of its fur.

Formerly, in France, the wild cat took rank as game, and was even esteemed a special delicacy. It now shares the prejudice which in modern Europe proscribes the lynx, and, in general, all dangerous and carnivorous cattle. There can, nevertheless, be no reason why the flesh of these animals should be less digestible at present than in former times. Tschudi states that in Switzerland it was eaten commonly. Kobell informs us that lynxes were several times brought to the royal table during the Congress of the Sovereigns at Vienna. He says, also, that, in 1819, the foresters of Eutal had orders to kill lynxes for the private consumption of the King of Bavaria. And Audubon himself somewhat sanctions an inference in favor of roast lynx, by the fact of pronouncing it inferior to buffalo.

J. L.

Saturday Review.

FIRST LOVE.

It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for a while a little heightened and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of color will fade again, and the cool grays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love. There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw, that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before" is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montagu, "would be the river Lethe, the stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the

past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cæsar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair, and wondered how she could ever have doted on such a bald-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had she succeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is in fact the one thing that makes him man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of schoolfellows; there is no truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. Girls can't jump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's, they are awful milk sops, they cry and "tell mamma," they are afraid of a governess, and of a cow. It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. Paper-chases and the annual match with the "old fellows" cease to be the highest objects of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has got the Ireland. The boy's life has become muddled and confused.

The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand. He lingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ways. The surest, steadiest foot on the cricket-ground tumbles over foot-stools, and tangles itself in colored wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of a tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet among the tumult of football hushes and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing, when the sisterly heads bend together and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool—that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing he feels even more certain about—that he is in love, and that love has made him a man.

We are not, of course, going to trench on the field of poets and moral preachers, or to expound, like Sir Barnes Newcome, the philosophy of the affections, or to demonstrate with Miss Faithfull and Mrs. Fawcett the great office which First Love fulfils in the economy of man. The only remark we have to make is the very obvious one which moral preachers may be pardoned for forgetting, that it is on the whole a wonderfully pleasant thing. If one enters it through Purgatory, it is none the less a Paradise at which one arrives, an Eden with its tree of knowledge and its tree of life. There is none of the distrust, the irony, the low-pitched expectations of after affection; no practical second thoughts; no calculations about wedding-rings and marriage settlements. In its beginning love still hovers in a sort of debatable land between the real and the unreal, with a good deal of the fun and make-believe of boyhood and girlhood about it yet. There is the old school trick of "secrets," of "mystery," whisperings in

corners, stolen glances, dropped gloves, little letters deposited in crafty hiding-places. There is the carrying out of the new ritual of love as love-novels give it to us, the stealing photographs and the kissing locks of hair, and the writing love-poems with a certain weakness in their rhyme, and the watching the light in our mistress's window. It is wonderful with what a rigorous exactitude, with what a grave seriousness, we carry out our part in the pleasant little comedy. But it is no comedy to us while we figure in it. It is the revelation of a new world, a world of light and joy, a world, too, of wonder and enchantment and mystery. "Tout est mystère dans l'amour," we sing with old Fontaine, "ses flèches, son carquois, son flambeau, son enfance," and of these mysteries we are admitted as worshippers. It is hard not to feel a little flutter of pride at being not quite what other people are, not quite what we ourselves were a month ago. What would others understand of this new love-language that we talk? What of our spasmodic little chatter, broken with passionate ejaculations that have no relation to any subject that could be discussed in earth or heaven, interrupted by silences more eloquent than words? What of those delicious caprices that follow on the sense of power, those bright little quarrels that only exist in the faith that severance is impossible? What of this new love of letter-writing in fingers that once hated a pen? We exult in the thought that St. Valentine's day taxes the energies of the Post Office more than any other day in the year. We laugh to think of a great Government department in a flutter because Love says "write," and we have written. What of this new delight in solitude, in "mooning about," as we used to call it in our unregenerate days? Surely it is something that Love conquers boredom, that one is never alone when one can peep at a locket, or spell over again those sweetest and most crossed of letters, or debate whether the object of one's passion looked best in a blue dress or a brown. But all these are the mere outer accidents of life, and it is life itself that is so changed. What a fresh boisterous breeze of life and liberty comes sweeping down on the tranquil little soul whose deepest joys and sorrows have been over her lessons and her doll! All

the youth in her veins quickens at the touch. She is a hoyden, a scapegrace in a moment; the governess shrugs her shoulders; mamma begins to think of her "coming out." Then there is the sudden revulsion, the delicious inequalities and inconsistencies of a period of transition, the shyness and stiffness, the silence, the revery. Then at a bound there is the return on pure girlhood, the defiant revolt, the rebellion against this absorption in another. *Odi et amo*, it is the close neighborhood of the two that gives each its charm. She is a flirt, a coquette; for what is coquetry but the half-incredulity of a girl unable to believe in her own happiness, eager to convince herself by any experience of the new strength and attraction that she has gained? After life brings deeper, intenser passion, but never sensations so vivid, so rapid, so exquisitely contrasted, never so involuntary. A girl lies passive in the very dreaminess of joy as emotion after emotion sweeps over her, faith and jealousy and bitterness and delight, like the wind sweeping over Æolian chords and wakening music as wild and wayward as the music in her heart. What other moment of life gives her those "*grands ennuis entremêlés de joie*" that the old French poetess sung about?

Men spend a great deal too much time, says a great philosopher, over love. We share Mr. Mill's opinion, though probably Mr. Mill would hardly share our grounds for it. We don't grudge a moment given to a man's First Love, because a man believes in it. "*Credo quia impossibile*"—"I believe just because it is impossible"—replied Tertullian to the objector to his faith; and it is a gain to humanity that at the very outset of life one should meet and believe in a thing so impossible as first love. We are saved at any rate from the dreary gospel of Mr. Buckle, from regarding ourselves as machines, and tabulating our lives in averages. So too there are days, early days in a man's course, when, sitting alone and looking on a sunset, he feels like a grain of sand at the mercy of winds that blow whence and whither he knows not. First love at any rate saves us out of thoughts like these by quickening in us pulses of pain and pleasure that will beat on, drive the winds as they list, How much too of the reverence, the re-

serve, the grace and refinement of character, springs out of those days of distant, hushed worship, of all-surrendering, all-daring faith? A mere girl, like a mere daisy, rouses within us thoughts too deep for tears. That first touch of passion gives a beauty of its own to the temper of a man, as it gives it to the face of a woman. Who has not noted the strange, sweet change that softens the abrupt gesture, and gives music to the hasty speech, in the hoyden when love's finger first touches her? When Pygmalion's statue-bride quickened into human life, she must have felt, one fancies, an inexpressible joy in the sense of the rapture her beauty had created, and could sustain. It is this new sense—this consciousness that, as she simply lives and moves, her grace and power is going out of her to gladden at least one heart of man's—that quickens a girl's face out of the hardness and immobility of earlier years. From mere physical, immobile form, it becomes life and spirit, sensitive to every wave of thought, feeling, reflection. The very wonder of the new world she looks out upon, its interest, its awe, mirror themselves in the quick alternations of enthusiasm, of terror, of tenderness. It is quite as well to get a little beauty into the world, quite as well to preserve a little poetry in man, and while first love does this we don't mean to surrender it to Mr. Mill. But we freely give up to him its successors. The mere conventional repetition of the real thing, when its first fervor of faith has fled, the repetition of the old love-litanies by lips that have learnt the irony of them, the mechanical performance of the ritual that has become a sham, this is—we agree with Mr. Mill—a sheer waste of human time. When a man has got safely over thirty, and looks back on the number of these performances, their extreme dreariness, and the time they have cost him, he feels a twinge of compunction, and a certain pleasure in the consciousness that he is now at any rate secure till forty. As for women, till they are quickened by the apostleship of the champions of their "rights," they will probably go on thinking these little farces the pleasantest things in life. After all, they are not more ridiculous than the general tenor of their existence, and woman has at any rate more time to waste than man.

PÈRE HYACINTHE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PÈRE HYACINTHE, the great pulpit orator of Notre Dame, whom the attitude which he has assumed toward his Church, in conjunction with the critical circumstances upon which that Church is now entering, has recently brought so conspicuously to the attention of the public throughout Christendom, was born at Orleans, France, in the year 1827. Little is known of his youth except that, like most men who have subsequently become distinguished for oratorical eloquence, he was somewhat remarkable for his verses, and a tendency to imaginative studies. He seems from the first to have been designed for the Church, and in 1845, being then but 18 years of age, he entered upon his studies at the theological seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, where four years afterward, at the unusually early age of twenty-two, he was ordained priest. He obtained employment immediately as teacher of philosophy at Avignon, and was subsequently transferred to the chair of theology in the seminary of Nantes, where he remained until he was appointed officiating priest in the parish of the Church of St. Sulpice.

In 1859 he gave up his parish and went into the Convent of the Barefooted Carmelites at Lyons, as he himself says, "for the more perfect practice of holy liberty," becoming a member of the Order at the expiration of two years.

His first great success as a pulpit orator was made during a "spiritual retreat" held in the Lyceum at Lyons, where during one of the sessions he was invited to take the place of a preacher who was unexpectedly absent.

So pronounced was his success, and so profound the sensation which he created, that it was decided at once that his proper place was the pulpit rather than the chair of the professor, and from that time until he left his Church and Convent, a few months since, his duties have been chiefly forensic.

In 1863 he preached the course of Advent sermons at Lyons, which added greatly to his reputation, and in 1864

was invited to deliver the Lenten sermons at Perigueux.

By this time his fame had reached Paris, whither he soon went, preaching first in the Church of the Madeleine, and then delivering the Advent sermons in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where he has officiated ever since, attracting audiences and awakening an enthusiasm wholly unparalleled since the days when Massillon thrilled Paris.

There has probably never been heard in a Roman Catholic pulpit teachings so broad and liberal, so generous and profoundly sympathetic, so thoroughly imbued with the very essence of religious liberty, as those which PÈRE HYACINTHE has for five years delivered from the pulpit of Notre Dame. His is not the blind unreasoning faith of the ignorant devotee, but that of a man whose capacious intellect has swept over the whole field of human thought, who is as familiar with the speculations of modern philosophy as with the decisions of the Ecumenical Councils, and whose religion is an intellectual conviction, not merely a conjunction of circumstances. It is not surprising therefore that the preaching of such a man should be distasteful to the "powers that be" in Rome. Several intimations were made to the reverend Father at various times that his course did not meet with the approval of his Church and Order, and finally, on the 22d of last July, the Superior-General of the Carmelites at Rome addressed him an official letter, censuring him for attending secular meetings, commanding him to abstain from the expression of questionable sentiments, and suggesting that he retire for a time to some retreat in the province of Avignon. This letter drew forth the following response from PÈRE HYACINTHE, which, as the most remarkable document that has emanated from a Catholic priest since Luther made his famous declaration at the Diet of Worms, we insert entire.

*My Very Reverend Father:—*During the five years of my ministry at Notre Dame de Paris, despite the open attacks and secret accusations of

which I have been the object, your esteem and confidence have never failed me for a moment. I preserve numerous testimonials of them, written by your own hand, and which were addressed as much to my preaching as to myself. Whatever may happen, I shall hold them in grateful remembrance. To-day, however, by a sudden change, the cause of which I do not seek in your heart, but in the intrigues of a party all-powerful at Rome, you arraign what you encouraged, you censure what you approved, and you require that I should speak a language or preserve a silence which would no longer be the entire and loyal expression of my conscience. I do not hesitate an instant. With language perverted by a command, or mutilated by reticence, I shall not ascend the pulpit of the Notre Dame. I express my regret for this to the intelligent and courageous Archbishop who has given his pulpit to me, and sustained me there against the bad will of men of whom I shall speak at the proper time. I express my regrets to the imposing auditory that surrounded me there with its attention, its sympathies, I was nearly going to say its friendship. I would not be worthy of the auditory, of the Archbishop, of my conscience, nor of God, if I would consent to act before them in such a role! I separate myself at the same time from the convent in which I have resided, and which, under the new circumstances that have happened to me, renders it for me a prison of the soul. In acting thus I am not unfaithful to my vows. I have promised monastic obedience; but, limited by the honesty of conscience, the dignity of my person and my ministry, I have promised under the benefit of that superior law of justice and of *royal liberty* which is, according to the Apostle St. James, the proper law of the Christian.

It is for the more perfect practice of this holy liberty that I came to ask at the cloister, now more than ten years ago, in the *élan* of an enthusiasm free of all human calculation, I shall not venture to add, free of all the illusion of youth.—If, in exchange for my sacrifices, I am to-day offered chains, I have not only the right but the duty to reject them. The present hour is solemn. The Church passes through one of the most violent, dark, and decisive crises of its existence here below. For the first time in 300 years, an Ecumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared *necessary*: such is the expression of the Holy Father. It is not in such a moment that a preacher of the gospel, were he the last of all, can consent to remain as the mute dogs of Israel, unfaithful guardians, whom the prophet reproaches as unable to bark. *Cane muti, non valentes latrare.* The saints were never silent. I am not one of them, but nevertheless I belong to their race, *fili sanctorum sumus*, and I have always been ambitious to place my steps, my tears, and, if necessary, my blood, in the tracks which they have left. I raise, therefore, before the Holy Father and the Council, my protestation as Christian and preacher against these doctrines and practices, calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian, and which, in their encroachments, always most audacious and most baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her piety. I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insane, which it is sought to accomplish between the Church, who is our mother according to eternity,

and the society of the nineteenth century, of whom we are the sons according to the times, and toward whom we have also some duties and attachments. I protest against this more radical and dreadful opposition to human nature, which is attacked and made to revolt by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the Word of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which are equally trodden under foot by the pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause is without doubt not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner in which Catholicism has during a long time been understood and practised. I appeal to the Council about to meet to seek for remedies for the excess of our evils, and to apply them with as much force as gentleness. But if fears, in which I do not wish to share, come to be realized, if the august assembly has not more liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation, if, in a word, it is deprived of the essential characters of an Ecumenical Council, I will cry to God and men to call another, truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party, and representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some men, the oppression of others. "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—Jeremiah, viii. In fine, I appeal to your tribunal, O Lord Jesus! *Ad hunc Domine Jesu tribunal appello.* It is in your presence that I write these lines; it is at your feet, after having prayed much, reflected, suffered, and waited much, that I sign them. I have confidence that if men condemn them on earth you approve them in heaven. That is sufficient for me, living and dying.

FR. HYACINTHE,

Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites of Paris, second preacher of the order in the province of Avignon.

Paris-Passy, Sept. 20, 1869.

The great issues involved in the questions to be brought before the coming Ecumenical Council, and the precise attitude in which PÈRE HYACINTHE stands toward his Church, will justify us in quoting entire the following article from a recent number of the *Saturday Review* :—

It would be difficult to overrate the significance, especially at this moment, of the letter to the General of his Order just published by Father Hyacinthe, and which, though deplored and censured by the Bishop of Orleans, is said to have been previously submitted to the Archbishop of Paris, and to have received his approval. There is probably no living preacher who has exercised so wide an influence as Father Hyacinthe. He has conducted for the last five years the famous "Conferences," addressed to a congregation of some ten thousand people in the cathedral of

Notre Dame, which were initiated by Lacordaire and subsequently carried on by Ravignan. That Father Hyacinthe's teaching was hardly of a kind likely to find favor with the party at present "all-powerful at Rome" was indeed well known, but that they would have the indiscretion to command silence or public retraction, and that the command would elicit so pronounced and emphatic a protest against the whole Ultramontane system now dominant in the Catholic Church, is more than could have reasonably been surmised; and his letter, taken in connection with similar demonstrations from other influential quarters, gives startling evidence of the profound divergence between the two contending parties within her pale which is every day being forced more prominently into view. Moreover, the line which he has adopted, while it has much in common with that of the Trèves memorialists, of Montalembert, of Señor Llaño, the Abbé Saint Pol, and others, derives peculiar importance from the fact of his being not only an ecclesiastic, but a monk of the strictest order in the Church. And it differs no less importantly from that taken under somewhat similar circumstances by persons in nearly the same position. When the ill-omened Bull of Gregory XVI. appeared, which condemned the Liberal Catholicism of the last generation as represented by Lamennais and Lacordaire, Lacordaire yielded at least an external submission to the decree which blasted his fondest aspirations; and Lamennais, who had taught himself and others to identify Christianity with Papal infallibility, after a brief period of suspense, rejected both alike and finally. Father Hyacinthe does nothing of the kind. He refuses indeed "to speak a language or maintain a silence which would not be the faithful expression of his conscience," and appeals from an unjust command to "that higher law of justice and 'royal liberty' which, according to St. James the Apostle, is the proper law of the Christian." But he does not break with Christianity or Catholicism, though he brings the most terrible impeachment against the whole existing administration of the Catholic Church. On the contrary, he appeals to the example of the saints, in whose footsteps he desires to tread, and protests "before the Holy Father and the Council," in the interests of the Church at this solemn crisis, "the most violent, the most obscure, and the most decisive of its existence here below," against "those doctrines and practices which are called Roman, but which are not Christian, and which by their encroachments, always more audacious and more baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis and the form of its teaching, and even the spirit of its piety."

Three or four centuries have rolled away since this language, or anything like it, has been heard from the lips of priests and monks. It recalls the burning words of Gerson and Savonarola, of the speakers at Pisa and Constance, and at the earlier sessions of the Council of Trent, and it confirms in every particular what has for some years past been urged in more cautious terms by the reforming party within the Roman Catholic Church, and has been all along denounced by their opponents as a libellous falsehood of her enemies. Father Hyacinthe expressly accuses the Roman authorities of doing their utmost to bring about an unnatural divorce between religion and morality, and of

being the real authors of the unbelief and moral anarchy so widely prevalent among the Latin nations:—

I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insensate, sought to be effected between the Church, which is our eternal mother, and the society of the nineteenth century, of which we are the temporal children, and towards which we have also duties and regards. I protest against that opposition, more radical and more frightful still, to human nature, attacked and outraged by these false doctors, in its most indestructible and most holy aspirations. I protest above all against the sacrilegious perversion of the Gospel of the Son of God Himself, the spirit and the letter of which are alike trampled under foot by the pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France is particular, and the Latin races in general, are given up to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause undoubtedly is not Catholicism itself, but the manner in which Catholicism has for a long time been understood and practised.

No one who is even moderately acquainted with the phenomena of European society can entertain the slightest doubt that these words point to a truth, and a truth which is daily forcing itself more imperatively on the convictions of religious and earnest men, whether among Catholics or Protestants. And if now, as Father Hyacinthe observes, "for the first time in three hundred years an Ecumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared necessary," by the Pope, it seems not a little remarkable that in convoking it no reference whatever is made to facts which, one would have supposed, contained the true explanation of that necessity. In the fifteenth century the cry for reform was loudly raised throughout Catholic Europe. The Roman Catholic authorities of the present day seem to shrink from admitting the possibility of any reformation being requisite or even desirable. How are we to explain this? One explanation has been suggested by some among both the Catholic and Protestant critics of Father Hyacinthe's letter, which, utterly fallacious as we deem it, is of sufficient consequence from its general bearings, as well as in its application to this particular case, to call for a brief notice here.

Father Hyacinthe's protest, it is said, may be—and from a Protestant point of view is—a very fine and noble one, but what right has he to deliver it? Are we to understand that he has become, or intends to become, a Protestant? If so, well and good. He would, according to one section of his critics, vindicate his position as a consistent apostate; according to the other, as an enlightened Christian. But how can he, as a Roman Catholic, venture to question the possible decrees of the forthcoming Council, and to imply that they may be such as he will not consent to be bound by? Is not the infallibility of the Church and its Councils part and parcel of Catholic belief? Yet he certainly does imply that the Council of next December may go wrong. Now we must confess that we do not see the relevancy of this question. Father Hyacinthe may intend to become a Protestant, though there is no sort of indication of any such design in his letter, and it may be true, as some of his critics have suggested, that it would be a very fine thing if he did. But with that we are not concerned here. No sensible man will suppose, at all events, that the considerable party which he represents are likely to turn Protestants *en masse*; and it becomes therefore a matter of some interest, when we reflect on the critical influence they may hereafter exert on the destinies

of a communion including more than half the Christian world, to inquire whether we ought to tell them that, if they do not, they can only vindicate their consistency, not to say their honesty, by relapsing into Ultramontaniam. Let it then be granted at once that a belief in the infallibility of Councils is universal, or all but universal, among Catholics, though we are not aware of any authoritative document of their Church which defines it. Does it therefore follow that they will be bound on their own principles to accept any decision whatever, however little in accord with Scripture or ancient tradition, which may emanate from the assembly of next December? Surely there is a previous question to be determined first. Whether we maintain, with them, that General Councils are infallible, or say, with the Thirty-nine Articles, that "forasmuch as they be composed of men," &c. "they may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God," we still have to ascertain, in the first place, what is a General Council? One condition always laid down is that it should be lawfully convoked and universally received in the Church; and here at once room may be given for much variety of opinion in this or that particular case. Nor can it be said that such questions, however possible in the abstract, do not really affect the practical result. A glance at Church history will convince us of the reverse. About the authority of the first seven General Councils assembled before the division of East and West, no question has ever been raised by Catholic divines, but there the unanimity ends. The number of General Councils of the Latin Church since the separation is variously stated by different theologians, and those who agree upon the number do not always make it up in the same way. The first Council of Lyons (1245) and the Council of Vienne (1311) are, with abundant reason, excluded from the list by many theologians, and none but extreme Ultramontanes would reckon Leo X.'s fifth Synod of Lateran (1517) as Ecumenical. Objections, only less strong, may be urged against several more. On the other hand, Ultramontane writers have openly assailed the claims of the Councils of Pisa and Basle, and some recent Jesuit divines, like the authors of the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, without venturing directly to assail the Council of Constance, have quietly dropped it out of their list. Yet these three were the most largely attended, the most weighty and influential on every moral ground, as well as in fact, of all the mediæval Councils, and their decrees received the express approbation of the Pope, if we except the latter sessions of Basle, whose authority no one defends. More than this, when the illusory union with the Greeks was being patched up at the Council of Florence, it was, formally, styled the Eighth Ecumenical Council, thus passing over with a wet sponge the ten or eleven, according to the ordinary Latin reckoning, which had met since the second of Nice. On this ground alone, therefore, it cannot fairly be urged that Father Hyacinthe is inconsistent in holding his allegiance to the decisions of the future Council of the Vatican in suspense, while accepting as infallible the decisions of Nice or Ephesus or Chalcedon; especially if it should enjoin a belief inconsistent (say) with the decisions of Constance, by which he is already bound. It yet remains to be seen how far the forthcoming

decrees will receive the assent of the Church. The refusal of such assent has always been held conclusive against the claims of, e.g., the Arian Synod of Rimini, and the Eutychian decisions of the so-called *Latrocinium* of Ephesus.

But there is another consideration of fully equal magnitude, dwelt on by Father Hyacinthe in the concluding paragraph of his letter, and urged at greater length by Señor Liano in the pamphlet lately reviewed in our columns. Theologians and canonists maintain, in obvious accordance with the dictates of common sense, that freedom of discussion at a Council is an indispensable condition of the validity of its decrees. Indeed, when this condition is absent it is the merest mockery to speak of it as an Ecumenical Council at all, or as in any real sense representing the Church. It is one thing to say—what, we presume, would be the ordinary Catholic view—that the Holy Ghost may be expected so to "order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men" in a Council, as eventually to bring out a true decision even from the most passionate and prejudiced wranglings of rival parties. It is quite another thing to say that He will guarantee the infallibility of decisions which are not, properly speaking, those of the Council at all, when it is simply convoked to register decrees prepared beforehand by an independent authority, and submitted, not to its discussion, but to its passive assent. Nor does it make the least difference whether the compulsion applied be physical, as at the Robbers' Synod of Ephesus, or moral, as at many of the mediæval Councils, or a mixture of the two. The infallibility of Councils, on any but the Ultramontane theory, depends solely on the infallibility of the Church which they are supposed to represent; and a Council which is packed, or coerced or cajoled into acting as the mere mouthpiece of the Pope, does not really represent the Church at all. No Council can be called free which is composed exclusively of bishops every one of whom is bound by the most stringent oath "to preserve, defend, increase, and promote, to the utmost of his power," not the welfare of religion and the Church, but "the rights, honors, privileges, and authority of the Holy Roman Church, of our Lord the Pope, and his successors," and "to observe, and make others observe, the decrees, ordinances, reservations, provisions, and mandates of the Apostolic See." It is, then, without any surprise, and still less with any inclination to charge him with inconsistency or unfaithfulness to his professions, that we find Father Hyacinthe protesting by anticipation against a possible, not to say probable, miscarriage of justice at "the august assembly" summoned to meet at Rome on December 8:—

But if fears which I will not share were to be realized—if the august assembly had no more liberty in its deliberations than it already has in its preparations; in a word, if it were to be deprived of the essential character of an Ecumenical Council, I would cry aloud to God and man to claim another, really assembled in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party; really representing the universal Church, not the silence of some and the oppression of others.

Meanwhile, it must by this time have become clear, even to the shortsighted clique of resolute obscurantists who pull the wires at the Vatican, that they cannot hope to carry matters their own way without a struggle, and that to extort from

the Council an assertion of Papal infallibility is much more likely to imperil the unity than to secure the subserviency of the Church. A recent preacher on the Council, at Archbishop Manning's "Pro-Cathedral" of Kensington, is reported to have told his hearers that for his own part he would not remain another day in the Catholic Church if it did not allow full scope for the reasoning powers. It is very satisfactory, of course, to be assured on such good authority that Monsignor Capel finds full and free play for his intellect within the strictest limits of Ultramontane orthodoxy; but we have to set against this the fact that another preacher, of perhaps almost equal celebrity, has a very opposite experience to record. Cardinal Cajetan said, in his treatise on the relative authority of Popes and Councils, that "the Catholic Church is the born handmaid of the Pope." The Court of Rome is, to all appearance, determined to take an early opportunity of testing the correctness of his description.

Immediately after the despatch of his letter to the Superior-General, PÈRE HYACINTHE left his convent, laid aside his conventual garb, and is now under the discipline of the Church.

On the 18th of October PÈRE HYACINTHE arrived in America, whither he has come to study the practical working of liberal institutions, and also to seek that quietude and retirement, in this great crisis of his life, which the approaching political and ecclesiastical troubles and his own conspicuous position would probably have denied him in France.

Whether in thus coming to what Carlyle calls "a nation of thirty million bores" he has found or is likely to find the retirement which he seeks, we leave to the judgment of our readers, who are doubtless familiar with the vulgar and impertinent attempts made by the Press generally, and certain Protestant ministers, to entrap the Father into "defining his position" and accepting attentions which would still farther compromise him with his Church and Order. It is natural enough that, knowing the vast and momentous influence of the issues at stake, we should wish to know something of the attitude, intentions, and purposes of the great preacher, and it is also natural enough on a superficial view to wish him to identify himself with Protestantism, and thus record his conviction that it is impossible for him to remain in the Romish Church without sacrificing the "dignity of his person and his ministry."

But we think that reflection and a study of similar events in the past will convince us that this view is superficial and implies a fatal mistake.

For ourself, we most earnestly hope that PÈRE HYACINTHE may find it compatible with the "royal liberty of a Christian" to remain *inside* the Church of Rome, where alone, as leader of the liberal elements which secular influence has raised up within the Church, he can become dangerous to the Papacy and to the fatal schemes in which the disciples of Loyola are gradually enmeshing Romish Christendom. It should never be forgotten, in looking upon this question, that PÈRE HYACINTHE, as the great Liberal preacher of Europe, addressing audiences of ten thousand people from the pulpit of Notre Dame, and yet standing within the "awful circle" of the Church, and PÈRE HYACINTHE on exhibition as a renegade priest, are very different—different as the power which belongs to a leading member of a hierarchy believed in as infallible, and the fleeting influence of a vulgar notoriety. Inside the Church his influence is great and may become illimitable; outside, he is weaker than the least of our Protestant clergymen who dispose of the Pope, the Cardinals, the Councils, and the Jesuits in a Sunday evening sermon. And the Jesuits know this better even than we can know it. Their policy has always been to force the Liberals into taking the fatal step which in the eyes of all Catholics is a deliberate defiance of God himself; and the Protestants, in endeavoring to entrap PÈRE HYACINTHE into an equivocal attitude, are assisting the Jesuits to remove one of the few powerful obstacles which stand in the way of the universal empire of their Cult. The noble and unfortunate Lamennais, than whom a purer and more gifted man never gave dignity to the priesthood, was driven into absolute infidelity (and it should be remembered that logical and cultured minds like PÈRE HYACINTHE's seldom stop at Protestantism), and now only serves to point the logic of those who would warn their followers against the danger of questioning the authority of "the Holy Roman Catholic Church."

POETRY.

THE AGE.

THE age is great! let whoso'er
That wills its majesty attain!—
We cannot, who its movement share,
Give judgment passionless and fair.
We look for martyr and for saint
To times behind us—and our eye,
Too near the present, can but spy
At boys who dress and girls who paint!

Thus they of Egypt doubtless did,
In early times—at History's birth.
They saw the sweating crowds that hid
The slowly-rising pyramid—
That now is wonder to the earth!
They thought not of the pile at all;
This workman's sloth—that bungler's fall
Aroused their satire or their mirth.

The work that seems so grand to us,
Whom Science and her marvels pall,
Was too familiar to discuss—
They talked of little things; for thus,
The small forever please the small.
Ay, when the work was done, the throng
Thought more of dancing, feast, and song
Than that which towered above them all.

So ages will anon succeed,
More great, perchance, than this of ours,
And—though we did but sow the seed
Of nobler things—will say, "Indeed
It was an age of wondrous pow'rs!"
It will be well they shall not know
That while the oaks among us grow
We, at their roots, pluck weeds and flow'rs.

Oh, for a man whose words should strike
A silence through these petty jars—
Should prove our babble is but like
The nightly howl of mongrel tyke
Who scolds the silence of the stars:
A noise incessant, meaningless,
Impugning still the nobleness
Its clamor magnifies—not mars!

Gaze onward, then, and trust the age!
Uplift clear eyes to heaven's cope;
And be contented to engage,
As guides throughout your pilgrimage,
The sweet companions, Faith and Hope.
Let Folly's pioneers-in-chief—
Cheap Satire, sneering Unbelief—
Delight to grovel and to grope!

Look up! and see how grandly looms
Above us what the age has done;
And then discuss the drawing-rooms,
The city marts, the talk of grooms,
That fade like mists before the sun!
Discuss such topics, if you can—
Leave those to mark the March of Man,
Who follow, when our course is run.

Lo! in our midst a giant stands,
Who builds his monument complete.

He strides e'en now from lands to lands—
He moulds the nations in his hands!—
And yet must History repeat
That you were finding petty flaws,
And quarrels with dead leaves and straws
Among the dust beneath his feet?

St. Paul's.

BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

I SAT at Berne, and watched the chain
Of icy peaks and passes,
That towered like gods above the plain,
In stern majestic masses;

I waited till the evening light
Upon their heads descended;
They caught it on their glittering height,
And held it there suspended:

I saw the red spread o'er the white,
Just like a maiden's blushing,
Till all were bathed in rosy light,
That seemed from heaven rushing:

The dead white snow was full of life,
As if some huge Pygmalion
Had sought to flud himself a wife,
In stances that saw Deucalion.

Too soon the light began to wane,
Though lingering soft and tender,
And the snow-giants sank again
Into their calm, dead splendor.

And, as I watched the last faint glow,
I turned as pale as they did,
And sighed to think that on the snow
The rose so quickly faded.

W. H. POLLOCK.

OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

I.

STILL falls the leaf, on golden sheaf
The harvest suns no longer shine;
In ruddier brown their beams go down,
And ruddier tinge the far sea-line;
And each fair fading of the day shows plainer yet
The year's decay.

II.

Soon from the West, in angrier quest,
The chariots of the wind shall sweep;
Soon, down the shore, with hoarser roar,
Shall sound the trumpets of the deep,
Till autumn's vesture disappear, and the dark
storm-cloud's path be clear.

III.

Then, while her eyes to leaden skies
The patient earth no more may raise,
E'en tempests' power in that drear hour
Shakes not her hope in gladder days:
She deems that spring will come anew and deck
her in fresh robes of dew.

IV.

So, o'er our soul when thick clouds roll,
And youth's bright pageants sink in shade;
When, pressed with care, we woo despair,
As dreams we closest clung to fade—
Let some such gracious thought of spring rise hope-
ful to our imaging.

G. W. M. D.

ODE TO THE DAY.

AND thou art gone, oh Day!
Thy long pale shadow lies upon my heart,
Until it swells with solemn stern reflection,
What art thou, Day? I scarce can call thee Day,
Whose sound imports a slow, awaiting Master,
Granting full leisure for our several tasks.
Rather art thou a bird, whose rapid flight
And plumage without equal,
Stamps thee as Heaven's especial courier,
With message sent to mortals!
Or I could fancy thee a waking dream,
Wherein I see a godlike form,
Stepping from the pavilion of his slumber
Clothed in celestial light, mounting his car tri-
umphal,
Holding Life's reins, and its regalia, with defiant
air,
Coursing his panting steeds around the Earth,
Till, wearied, worn, exhausted,
They rest beneath the welcome roof of Night.

To-morrow as this morn, thou wilt awake the
world,
Wilt ring thy loud alarm, and again
Wilt "hold the word of promise to the ear;"
And we again shall yield thee full accredit,
That when our hand-toil and heart-worry cease,
Respite, and ease, and comfort will succeed.
Delusion vain! to which for many a year
Have I, and hundreds other else been victim.
To those with duties multiplied, recurring ever,
Night comes before its time, leaving, as this one
does,

Only vain sad regrets.
We find the sunlight of existence past,
The elixir of hope, that once did gild
Our distant future, gone, forever gone,
Nor enough future left to do
That purposed to be done,
While yet remained this essence volatile,
This visionary, fleeting form yclept DAY!!

HENRIETTE CAROLINE PUMFREY.

TWO IFS.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

If it might only be
That in the singing sea,
The living, lighted sea,
There were a place for you to creep
Away within the tinted weeds, and sleep,
A cradled, curtained place for you
To take the happy rest for two!

And then if it might be
Appointed unto me
(God knows how sweet to me!)
To plunge into the sharp surprise
Of burning battles' blood and dust and cries,
And face the hottest fire for you,
And fight the deadly fight for two!

Atlantic Almanac for 1870.

PRIMROSE TIME.

BY WILLIAM DAVIES.

THIS world was formed for maid and man,
So each must find a fellow;
It hath been so since the world began,
And marigolds were yellow.

For she who wastes her summer prime,
And coldly doth eschew it,
Shall in the Winter of her time
With vain repentance rue it.

Then, prithee, say not Nay, but Yea,
Whilst primroses are blooming;
For Spring-time will not always stay
The Winter that is coming.

DESOLATE.

I STRAIN my worn-out sight across the sea,
I hear the wan waves sobbing on the strand,
My eyes grow weary of the sea and land,
Of the wide deep and the forsaken lea:
Ah! Love, return—ah! Love, come back to me!
As well these ebbing waves I might command
To turn and kiss the moist deserted sand!
The joy that was is not, and cannot be.
The salt shore, furrowed by the foam, smells
sweet,
Oh! blest for me if it were now my lot
To make this shore my rest, and hear all strife
Die out like yon tide's faint, receding beat:
If he forgot so easily in life,
I may in death forget that he forgot.

Cornhill.

LINES.

UPON a day, no matter, here or there,
Sweet Philomel was singing, and the air
Was heavy with the breath of roses everywhere.

I sat and sang, as bees will hum in June
For humming's sake—vague preludes to no tune,
Songs without words, that yet come to an end too
soon,

Unknowing care or joy, or love or pain—
Pain that is blessing, or love that is vain;
And asking but to rest, and hear the bird again.

Behind the copse the sun had died in fire,
When the last wail came—faint, but swelling
higher—
As of a soul o'ercome with passionate desire.

So listening, aloud, all heedlessly,
I said, "O bird, teach half thy pain to me;
Thou shouldst not bear alone so great a misery."

And when I turned, my prelude had an air,
My song found words, my careless heart found
care;
And, ah! it was too late to pray another prayer.

ALICE HORTON.

SONNETS.

I.

I WALKED among the solemn woods to-day—
The pines, whose sigh, so like a human heart's,
With one long, lingering monotone departs,
A mournful minor wailing far away—
And stern foreboding phantasies held away
O'er all my being: something undefined,
In that weird, grieving, melancholy wind,
Those ghost-like trees, and the cold, shuddering
play
Of their drooped leaves funereal, told of death—
Death and Decay, that know no after bloom,
No marvellous Resurrection's morning glow,
No second birth of rapt celestial breath,
But dust, and rain, and the desolate tomb,

Round which, sweet Faith! no flowers of thine
shall blow.

II.

But while this morbid fancy on my soul
Pressed with dull weight, along the forest verge
Remote I heard a murmur like the surge
Of gentle waters—a soft, musical roll
Of fairy thunder, such as that which swells
Up the Fair Southland coast when days are
calm.
A blissful voice it was, a wind of balm,
Wave-born, and brightening all the shadowy dells;
Oh how it thrilled my spirit! how it spake
In homelike yet majestic harmony
Of that lone shore whereon the billows break
Melodious o'er mine own beloved sea!—
Of joy and childhood's hope, whose splendors take
A range, fresh radiance from Infinity.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Lippincott's Magazine.

THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

THY lips are quiet and thine eyes are still,
Cold, colorless, and sad thy placid face,
Thy form has only now the statue's grace;
My words wake not thy voice, nor can they fill
Thine eyes with light. Before fate's mighty will
Our wills must bow; yet for a little space
I sit with thee and Death in this lone place,
And hold thy hands that are so white and chill.
I always lov'd thee, which thou didst not know,
Though well he knew whose wedded love thou
wert;
Now thou art dead I may raise up the fold
That hides thy face, and, by thee bending low,
For the first time and last before we part,
Kiss the curv'd lips—calm, beautiful, and cold.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Essays on Political Economy. By the late M. FREDERICK BASTIAT. Chicago: *The Western News Company.*

MR. HORACE WHITE, of the *Chicago Tribune*, one of the ablest journalists in the West, believing "that the time has now come when the people, relieved from the absorbing anxieties of the war, and the subsequent strife on reconstruction, are prepared to give a more earnest and thoughtful attention to economical questions than was possible during the previous ten years," has prepared these selections from the works of the great French economist, M. Bastiat. Mr. White also considers it incontestable that "we have retrograded in economical science during this period, while making great strides in moral and political advancement by the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisement of the freedmen;" and in a very modest but very able essay prefixed to the volume

as a preface, he traces briefly the method by which the manufacturers, taking advantage of the entire absorption of the people during the war in military and financial questions, gradually but effectually pressed their claims, until to-day we see the United States the only highly civilized nation committed absolutely to the doctrines of the protective system.

We suppose there are few of us who will not agree with Mr. White that the time for the final settlement of our economical policy has come—that it has come whether we wish it or not, for the contest is already commenced; and fewer still who will not agree with him that the principles of free-trade cannot be expounded to the people by a more luminous and attractive writer than Bastiat. Those who wish to study political economy in its philosophical aspects, and in its relations to the other social sciences, must go to

Mill, Bentham, and Prof. Perry; but, as M. Bastiat points out, there are two ways of accomplishing a work of this kind—constructing truth, which is complex and difficult; and exposing error, which is simple and intelligible. He has chosen the latter, and his work is philosophical and constructive only in this, that in pointing out sophisms he, of course, proves the contrary, and the free-trade theory is in itself so simple as scarcely to need a formula.

In presenting these selections, the compiler has given much the larger portion of the volume to the two series of the "Sophisms of Protection;" the only other papers being a brief essay on "Spoliation and Law," and another on "Capital and Interest." The "Sophisms of Protection" are, of course, the most important to the average reader, and we may say that there is no work in existence which gives in a similar compass so luminous an exposition, not only of the principles of free-trade, but of the protective system itself. M. Bastiat wields a keen and trenchant blade, and it is none the less effective as a weapon from being easily seen, and from glittering with wit and humor and piquant illustration. As the *Nation* says, the discussion as conducted by Bastiat is "not a combat, but slaughter," and will be doubly attractive to those who like to see a campaign made "short, sharp, and decisive." Moreover, any one can understand it who can be made to comprehend that it is best to keep out of the water if we wish to avoid getting wet.

And yet we fear that language like the above will give a false conception of, or at least fail to do justice to, the exquisite polish, finish, and temper, the gayety (so to speak) of M. Bastiat's style. Those who are familiar with the best French *vaudevilles* will have it before them at once; but there is nothing sufficiently typical in our own language to which we can compare it. If his weapon "*slaughters*," it reminds us rather of the skill and science of the surgeon than of the riot and coarseness of battle, and there is almost none of the heat and *argumentum ad hominem* which too often pertain to controversy.

This volume contains much more of M. Bastiat's writings than have hitherto been translated into English, and if we could see several million copies of it put into the hands of our agriculturists, we should have little fear of the economical and political future of the nation. We say "political" advisedly, for M. Bastiat is a broad and thoughtful Liberal in his political opinions, holding with Herbert Spencer that the necessity for government is in inverse ratio to the progress of the people. It will add not a little to the interest of the work among readers in this country to see such republican ideas openly advocated by a Frenchman and member of the National Assembly, who died before the present century had entered upon its second half.

Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. From the French of M. LACOMBE. By CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have already had occasion more than once to notice the "Library of Wonders," which is destined to supply a peculiar deficiency in our ordinary educational influences. It is a series of

books by French authors, for the most part on popular science, that has met with such extraordinary success in France, and also in England, as to attract the attention of several of our own publishers; and now, in addition to the dozen or more volumes announced by Scribner & Co., we may expect a series from Messrs. Appleton & Co. To the general merit of the volumes issued so far, we have before borne testimony. They are reliable, concise, and lucid in treatment, unobjectionable in their theoretical aspects, and almost certain to awaken in children, as well as adults, an interest in scientific subjects—a result so desirable in itself that it may be regarded as the most urgent demand at present made upon our educational machinery.

"Arms and Armor" is a sketch of the progress which the members of the human race have made in inventing instruments to kill each other and to protect themselves from being killed, from the dawn of history up to the time of the Chassepot and Needle-gun. Of course, to compress such a work into the limits of a small volume, the treatment must necessarily be brief, and only the broader outlines could be indicated; but the selection, rejection, and grouping has been done judiciously, and M. Lacombe's book contains all that is really important to the average unprofessional reader. In the parts in which the work was weakest it has been strengthened with "Notes" by Charles Boutell, the English translator (most of which are good, but some of which are offensively pert and "patriotic"), who also adds a valuable chapter on "Arms and Armor in England."

One of the most interesting sections is that which treats of the peculiar weapons of savage races, such as the *wummera* and *boomerang* of the Australians, and the *bola* of the South Americans. Much curious information is also accumulated concerning the weapons and defensive armor of the great nations of antiquity,—those with which the Assyrians, and later, the Medes and Persians, founded their empires, and with which Alexander conquered Asia.

The illustrations to "Arms and Armor" are singularly full, and are the best specimens of wood-engraving we have ever seen. Such pictures really dignify the art of illustration. As we look over these fearful "bills," "pecks," "pila," "Fauchards," and "partisans," with which our ancestors used to tear each other, we are more than ever thankful that we live in an age when, if we must fight, we can at least be shot decently at the distance of a mile or so, without having the murderous weapon come too close to our anatomy. The mutilation among the unprotected foot-soldiers in ancient battles must have been horrible to contemplate, as it is even to imagine.

In addition to "Arms and Armor," Messrs. Appleton & Co. have issued "Meteors, Aërolites, Storms, and Atmospheric Phenomena;" from the French of Gurcher and Margollé, by Wm. Lachland, the character of which is sufficiently indicated in the title. It contains many curious facts which are gradually forming the basis for the science of isothermy, and furnishes also the latest and most authoritative interpretations which have been put upon them by scientific men. The style is easy and intelligible, and there is no attempt at technical treatment. The illustrations of this

volume also, though different in character from those of "Arms and Armor," are excellent of their kind.

Too Bright to Last. A Novel. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE instinctive suspicion, generated by long and melancholy experience, with which we are apt to regard paper-covered fiction, we own was completely disarmed by seeing the endorsement of Fields, Osgood & Co. upon a novel, apparently the first work of an anonymous author, and which they are careful to assure us is issued from "advance sheets."

Taken thus at a disadvantage, we were seduced into wasting an evening over "Too Bright to Last," and we confess to a grudge against the publishers for trading upon public confidence in a well-earned reputation. A more thoroughly and hopelessly poor novel—one for the writing and publishing of which there is less reason or excuse—it has never been our misfortune to read. Years ago, like most American youth, we devoured the "works" of Mrs. Heutz, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, and that ilk, and in our critical capacity have toiled through much of modern sensational fiction; and after the bewildering surfeit we are probably as ready as any one to welcome even a mild attempt to return to the simplicity of nature; still these, however tiresome in many respects, cannot be said to fail for want of color and a certain kind of unhealthy interest; but why such a book as "Too Bright to Last" should be written, and how, being written, it could find any one willing to offer it to the public in these days, when there is certainly no lack of tolerably clever aspirants to authorship, is one of those paradoxical problems with which publishers are so fond of occasionally confounding the critics.

The plot of the story, if anything so threadbare from long use can be called a plot, is briefly this: A "city-raised," delicate, and decidedly insipid young girl of nineteen, during a visit to the country, falls in love with a Welsh farmer of thirty-five and promises to marry him, much to the horror of an ambitious and scheming Belgravian mother, who refuses her consent, and compels the young lady to wait two years until she is of age, which two years are spent upon the Continent. Returning after the time has expired, she marries the Welsh farmer, lives with him an indefinite time, say six months, at his little farm-house, when, feeling unwell, she returns to her mother's house in London, where one evening she appears at a party in a "magnificent black velvet," is taken sick at the supper-table, retires to the back parlor, and her husband, by a wonderful coincidence, appearing at the opportune moment, dies in his arms, giving expression to the usual eminently proper sentiments. Just at this juncture the party from the supper-room (who have hitherto, it seems, left the dying woman entirely alone) come in, and the book closes with the following tableaux: "Edith, paralyzed with terror, sunk (*sic*) helpless on the sofa; the rest of the women were, as might be expected, in different stages of imbecility;—the men, equally absurd, swearing, and calling savagely for help." Mark that last realistic touch. Men "swearing" (after the manner of gentlemen under the circumstances)

in the presence of the dead, and the author (in fine sympathy with the occasion) pronouncing it "absurd!"

But this framework, commonplace as it is, can convey no idea of the indescribable meagreness of the details, the utter poverty of inventiveness and incapacity of adapting even the stereotyped materials, and the supernatural dulness of the work as a whole. Any plot, however good, can be presented in a ridiculous light, and many of our best novels are entirely independent of plot; but, to compensate for it, there must be vivid characterization, a taste for the picturesque, and, at least, a degree of originality and invention in the incidents. "Too Bright to Last" is not less hopelessly deficient in all these requisites than in plot. The scene is laid in Wales, and as the field is new, much might have been made of the wild and rugged grandeur of the country, and of the extremely individual and lawless character of the Welsh peasantry, amounting almost to barbarism, of which we get a glimpse in Forster's *Life of Llandor*. But as far as local coloring or local character is concerned, the action of the book might have been laid in the mountains of the Moon. The authoress (for the writer is a lady, and a very young one too, or else the book is what we are half inclined to pronounce it, "a fortuitous con-course of atoms"), seems to think that all that is necessary to bring Wales and the Welsh before our eyes is to give the usual superfluity of consonants to the proper names. "Yronllwydd" is the only word in the book which bears even the resemblance of local significance.

Of characterization there is none. If anything more than personified sentiments and abstractions ever existed in the author's brain, their shadows only have found their way into these pages, and the attempt to recall them as we write is like chasing the phantoms of a vision. Simon Vane, Georgie, mother, sister, uncle, lover, servant—all the puppets to whom the different parts of the little story were assigned, "are such stuff as dreams are made of," and have about as much personal and individual life as the figures of a sum in Long Division. If criticism upon the motives and probabilities of human actions were not wasted on a book like this, we might take exception to what is the very key-note of the story—the love of the shallow, pretty young London girl for the hard, uncouth, and prosaic farmer. That he should love her is credible enough, our rustic swains being usually prepared to love anything in the shape of a woman that dresses well, is warranted "from the city," and is willing to smile upon them. But between the two characters, as the author endeavored to sketch them, there was and could be no point of contact. True, he is represented as "having read, oh! so much," and saying "the quaintest and most learned things" (though for this we have to take the author's word, there being no indication of it in his conversations), by way of distinguishing him from ordinary farmers; but even if this were so, it would be no recommendation to the affections of such a girl as the author intended to depict in her heroine.

If the book were worth criticising in detail, we might prove the inconsistency of nearly every in-

cident in the development of the story, for the author sets out in the first place with a radically false conception of the elements of sympathy between diverse characters; we might point out also some dozens of the grossest grammatical errors, most of which an ordinarily well-informed proof-reader might have corrected; but we have said enough to justify the hope that "Too Bright to Last" will be sufficient to convince even the author that literature is not her vocation; that it is not a question in her case of taste, cultivation, and practice; but that the old principle that "you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" applies to brain-work as to everything else in the domain of natural laws. If it convinces her of this, and deters her from further attempts at book-making (and it certainly cannot do less), it will have subserved at least one good purpose.

Thackeray's Miscellanies. Household edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

Catherine. A Story. By IKEY SOLOMONS, Esq., Jr. (W. M. THACKERAY). Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

THESE "Miscellanies," the intended publication of which we announced several months ago, supplement the Household Edition of Thackeray's novels, and for the first time enable the American reader to obtain a complete edition of the author's works. They embrace everything which the English critics have traced to Mr. Thackeray's pen—the papers, stories, and sketches which he contributed to *Punch* and other periodicals before he made his great reputation on "Vanity Fair," as well as his later productions.

Some of Thackeray's best writing will be found in these volumes, the very best examples we have of his exquisitely finished and incisive style (which shone to advantage in an essay), and they overflow with the author's liberal humor and caustic wit, but they also include many hasty, immature, and extravagant sketches, written under the inspiration of a transient impulse, which Thackeray himself would doubtless prefer should remain in the limbo of periodical literature. Such as these had best have been omitted. They have no intrinsic value, and can have little interest save to the critic, who feels a philosophical pleasure in studying the development of genius. It is like confronting a man, to whom experience has brought at least a measure of wisdom, with the follies and absurdities of his youth. Dickens is probably the only living writer who would be willing in middle life to endorse his first essays in authorship; but the "Sketches of Boz" are as characteristic and individual as anything Dickens has since produced, and form an altogether exceptional case.

"Catherine: A Story," which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have rescued from an old volume of *Fraser's Magazine*, and published in paper covers, is of the class which we have just been condemning. It was written many years ago, to counteract the injurious influence of various novels ("Oliver Twist" and "Eugene Aram" among the number) which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, cast a false romance about the lives of low and criminal persons, and tended to confuse the distinctions between right and wrong. The author endeavors to present a true picture of

what such life really is, and many good points are made; but he is evidently on unaccustomed and distasteful ground; is perpetually entering a disclaimer; the movement is slow and jerky; and the whole story is utterly destitute of the taste, temperateness, and precision which characterize all that is good in Thackeray's writings.

Thackeray, as he confesses in the preface to "The Newcomes," felt little sympathy with low life, and knew little about it; and before he died he would probably have agreed with the rest of us that no one was ever yet put upon better terms with crime by reading "Oliver Twist." "Catherine" is also included in the "Miscellanies."

Two Almanacs for 1870. *The Atlantic Almanac.* Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* *Appleton's Almanac.* New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The Atlantic Almanac for 1870 is of the same general character as the two preceding issues, but is even better and more varied in its literary contents.

It contains one of Mr. Hale's realistic ironical-narrative papers—"The Modern Sindbad, or Thirty-one States in Thirty Days"—which is a very excellent burlesque upon the custom of those wonderful Englishmen who rush through the cities and over the railways of the United States in the shortest possible time, and then go home to instruct the world, and particularly ourselves, concerning our government, habits, and customs, and our moral and intellectual condition; a story by Charles Dickens, and another by Thackeray; a poem by Tennyson, and also by W. D. Howells and Miss Phelps; and essays by Higginson, Kate Field, Mr. Brewer, and others of our best writers. There is also a specimen of William Cullen Bryant's translation of the *Iliad*, the first volume of which is nearly ready, which seems to us to give promise of a smooth, careful, realistic, but not very forcible work.

We have reserved for the last, for more particular mention, "A Good Word for Winter," by James Russell Lowell, to our mind very much the best contribution. Such delicious mingling of narrative and criticism, of genial humor and graphic description, we get from no other pen but his, and we confess that, in Mr. Lowell's paper alone, we find more than ample reason for the *Almanac's* existence.

The calendars and meteorological tables are of course good after their kind, but in the *Atlantic* these are always secondary features. The publishers have attempted what Mr. Ruskin would call "generalizing the English Annual and the ordinary Almanac," and the *Atlantic* is not in its essential features more of an Almanac than a number of the *ECLECTIC* would be made by the addition of meteorological tables. The illustrations are numerous, but, as usual, not very good; the only really excellent ones being the specimen cuts from forthcoming holiday books. The two pictures in colors are simply atrocious.

Appleton's Almanac is edited this year by Miss Susan F. Cooper, and makes its appearance, as regards externals, in truly "gorgeous array."

It has rather more of the special features of an Almanac than the *Atlantic*, the literary contents

having more particular reference to the months and seasons, and illustrating the varying aspects of nature as presented by the woods, birds, and flowers.

Miss Cooper's style of writing is very temperate and simple, generically different from what we are accustomed to in our usual periodical literature; but she has a thorough knowledge of, and a true sympathy with, her subjects, and those who read through the *Almanac* once will be glad to turn to it often as the months marshal the changes of the year. The illustrations are numerous and appropriate, and beautifully executed; and we think that, in finish of detail and general appearance, *Appleton's Almanac* is rather superior to any other annual we have.

The Court Circles of the Republic. By MRS. E. F. ELLET. Hartford Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.

THE publishers send us advance sheets of this work, which will be issued immediately and sold by subscription. It relates to "the beauties and celebrities of the nation, illustrating life and society under eighteen Presidents," and "describing the social features of the successive administrations from Washington to Grant." There is probably none other of our writers who, from social experience, familiarity with the subject, and literary culture, could perform this work so well as the author of "Queens of American Society;" and life in Washington from the time of the first President up to the present administration will afford ample scope for the exercise of all her knowledge and talents in this special field.

The book will be a handsome octavo volume, and will contain fifteen steel-engraved portraits of ladies who at various times have graced the society of the Capital. One of these is a picture of Mrs. Ellet herself, taken, we suppose, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and representing a face of such youthful simplicity, intelligence, and sensibility, as we venture to say it would be difficult to find in Washington to-day.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The History of Pendennis. By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 349. Copiously illustrated.

The Comet. By a Cometite. New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 543.

Nidworth and his Three Magic Wands. By E. PRENTISS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 279. Frontispiece.

Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and Other Stories. By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 212.

A Greek Grammar for Beginners. By Professor W. H. WADDELL. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 104.

The Minister's Wife. By MRS. OLIPHANT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 199.

The Woman who Dared. A Poem. By EPES SARGENT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 270.

Zell's Encyclopedia. Monthly Part, No. 12. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. Large quarto, paper, pp. 40.

Adventures on the Great Hunting-Grounds of the World. From the French of VICTOR MEUNIER. By WILLIAM LACKLAND. No. V., Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 297.

German Tales. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by CHARLES SHACKFORD. No. VI. Handy Volume Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 352.

A Chapter of Eric. By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. 18mo, paper and cloth, pp. 152.

The Elements of Tachigraphy. By DAVID PHILIP LINDSLEY. Boston: Otis Clapp. 16mp, cloth, pp. 122.

Uncle Sam Series for American Children, comprising the following poems:

Rip Van Winkle's Nap, by E. C. STREADMAN. *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln*, by BAYARD TAYLOR. *Putnam the Brave*, by R. H. STODDARD. *The Story of Columbus*, by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Illuminated covers. Colored illustrations.

Joseph Bonaparte. By JNO. S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth. Illustrated.

SCIENCE.

The Open Polar Basin (?)—This is a subject hardly "physical," and yet it touches very closely a question of astronomical physics. Some very important observations have been recently made upon it by Captain Hamilton, in a paper before the Royal Geographical Society. The author having expressed his belief that Baffin's Bay consists of an agglomeration of floes of ice kept apart by gales and tides, goes on to say that, reasoning from analogy, he infers that the Polar basin, which is of much larger extent than Baffin's Bay, must consist of similar floes always in motion where there is an outlet, and therefore he doubts the practicability of spring sledge-travelling from Spitzbergen towards the Pole, and advocates the Smith Sound route for sledge operations; he also believes the best prospect of a ship making progress is by keeping close to the weather shore. No arctic voyager takes the pack if he can avoid it. His observations lead him to the conclusion—1. That there is no practical proof of a warm undercurrent into the Polar basin, or ameliorated climate caused by its rising to the surface. 2. That the migration of birds is no proof of it. 3. The season at which the open seas of Penny and Morton were seen only show that local causes produce an earlier disruption of the ice there than elsewhere. 4. That the drifts of the Advance, Fox, and Resolute were quite unconnected with any movements of the ice in the Polar basin, and were owing entirely to local causes.

Dr. Tyndall's Theory of Comets.—Dr. Tyndall has given a full account of his views respecting comets. He supposes the atmosphere of a comet

to extend to an enormous distance on every side of the head, and that the interception of the solar heat-rays by the head leads to the prevalence of the actinic rays in the part screened by the head. Thus there results the formation of the same sort of cloud—an actinic cloud, he calls it—which is formed in Dr. Tyndall's well-known experiments. As the formation of this cloud-tail is not instantaneous, but may proceed with any degree of velocity (according to the structure of the cometic atmosphere), and as the destruction of the old cloud-tails when they come into the presence of the solar heat-rays may also proceed with any degree of velocity, the curved appearance of comets' tails is satisfactorily accounted for. Dr. Tyndall's theory is not without difficulties, however; and, as Mr. Huggins has remarked of Benedict Prevôt's somewhat similar theory, it is "obviously inconsistent with the observed appearances and forms of the tails, and especially with the rays which are frequently projected in a direction different from that of the tail, with the absence of tail immediately behind the head, and with the different degrees of brightness of the sides of the tail."

Photographs of the Approaching Transit of Venus.—We have already mentioned that De la Rue advocates the application of photography to the transits of 1874 and 1882. Major Tennant has made several important suggestions as to this mode of utilizing the transit. It would obviously be an immense advantage if the difficulties of ordinary observation of Venus in transit could be got over by photographic skill. It may be found that we are to look to photography for the best determination of the fundamental element of astronomy—the sun's distance. Many points of difficulty seem to be mastered in theory by the application of photography. We know that Halley's method of utilizing a transit substitutes a time-measurement of the chord traversed by Venus for the determination—not of the real length of that chord—but of the greatest approach of Venus to the sun's centre. And the reason for the change is obvious. If an observer were sent out to determine how near Venus approached the sun's centre, as seen from a northern or southern station, he would be subject to a number of difficulties. In fact, a very slight consideration of the subject shows that the micrometrical determination of the distance would be practically valueless. But the photographer can at once secure a picture of the sun with Venus on his disk at the moment of estimated nearest approach, besides several photographs taken (at short intervals) before and after that moment, and the examination of these photographs afterwards by an astronomer in his study, with the simple appliances of dividers and protractors, will tell everything that could be learned from trustworthy micrometrical measurements, were such measurements possible.

Mr. Hind's Elements of the Transit of Venus in 1874.—Some surprise was occasioned by the circumstance that M. Puiseux had deduced different results than Mr. Hind from Leverrier's tables of the sun and Venus. Mr. Hind, having little faith in the efficacy of a re-examination of his own calculations by himself, placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Plummer, the assistant at Mr. Bishop's

observatory, a very able and acute computer. The results of Mr. Plummer's calculations accord so closely with those already published by Mr. Hind as to leave no doubt that M. Puiseux has fallen into some error in the course of his calculations. Mr. Hind's elements for external and internal contact at ingress differ only 14 s. and 27 s. respectively from Mr. Plummer's values; while the elements for external and internal contact at egress differ only 3 s. and 1 s. respectively. As Mr. Hind remarks, "these differences for such a phenomenon are insignificant; the possible errors of any predictions of the times of contact must be very much larger." The result is fortunate for those astronomers who had taken Mr. Hind's elements as the foundation for inquiries into the circumstances of the approaching transits; though very little doubt was felt that the difference between Mr. Hind and M. Puiseux would be settled as it has been.

The November Meteors.—There is considerable doubt as to the nature of the display of November shooting-stars to be looked for this year. Last year, contrary to the expectation of astronomers, the shower was well seen in England. It was seen also in the United States and at Cape Town. Therefore, it is perfectly clear that the portion of the meteoric system passed through by the earth last year was very much wider than the parts traversed in 1866 and 1867. It seems likely that the part traversed this year will be even wider, and therefore if the weather is fine we can scarcely fail to have a shower. Whether, however, the shower will be a very brilliant one is much more open to question. The probability is that it will not be, as all former experience points to the conclusion that the real maximum of condensation was passed by the earth in 1866. However, it is certain that there is great irregularity in the structure of the meteor-system, and therefore it is not at all impossible that during the morning of November 14 there may occur at intervals several well-marked showers, each lasting but a short time. It will be useless to watch much before midnight (of November 13-14).

A New Anæsthetic.—A new anæsthetic has been lately discovered by Dr. Liebreich, to which he has given the name Chloralhydrat. It is highly spoken of by the faculty, and is said to be superior to chloroform, producing a more complete state of unconsciousness, while it neither induces feebleness nor leaves any bad effects behind. A medical gentleman has informed us that he has held rabbits from twelve to fourteen hours under the influence of chloralhydrat, during a part of which time he kept them suspended over the back of a chair, and as soon as they wakened up they displayed their usual activity and fed with unimpaired appetite. We have also learned that the newly discovered body has been most successfully applied as a sedative in the treatment of the insane. Chloralhydrat resembles chloroform in appearance, but it is not so heavy, and being much less volatile than that body, it has of course a feebler smell. On the tongue it has a sharp, but not an acid taste, and though it reminds one of chloroform, it gives the sensation neither of the warmth nor sweetness of the latter substance. Chloralhydrat is absorbed, and not inspired, and

in this respect it differs from all other anesthetics. When liquid ammonia is added to a solution of this body, chloroform is precipitated.

The Sun Spots.—The sun's surface has continued to be much disturbed during the past three months. It is as yet uncertain whether the maximum of disturbance has been attained. Several of the spots which have recently appeared have been of surprising dimensions, and it seems likely that for several months to come the telescopist will find the sun a most interesting object for observation.

Important Discovery in Photography.—The important problem of measuring distances and constructing plans and maps by means of photography has at length been solved. Since the art of photography has been sufficiently improved to permit the apparatus to be easily moved from place to place, and to produce pictures which are correct in a perspective point of view, the Berlin photographer, Mr. Maydenbauer, has paid great attention to the subject. At length he succeeded in convincing the Prussian Government of the correctness of his theories, and was commissioned to survey a fortification. The task was beset with innumerable difficulties, which for the most part sprang from the defective nature of the instruments. In six months, however, he had succeeded in obtaining 800 plates, and in doing so had gained invaluable experience, so that he met with no great difficulty in completing a photographic instrument of such simplicity that a workman quite unacquainted with the art was able to draw up a special plan of a fortress on the scale of 1 to 2,500 after a few short instructions. The photographic camera can therefore in future be employed for a number of important purposes.

Tobacco Smoking.—Tobacco-smokers must look to their eyes. Proofs are accumulating that blindness, due to slowly progressive atrophy of the optic nerves, induced by smoking, is of frequent occurrence. In one of the volumes of the "London Hospital Reports," Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has narrated several cases of amaurosis, the histories of which go far to establish the fact, that in each case the blindness was brought on by that rapidly increasing habit; and in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, Sept. 4, the same distinguished surgeon has described another striking case of "tobacco amaurosis, ending in absolute blindness, induced in eighteen months." The patient, aged fifty, a railway clerk, enjoyed good sight until January, 1867, and excellent general health, with the exception of a single attack of gout.—*Medical Mirror.*

A Wonderful Engineering Operation.—In the work of straightening and widening some of the very crooked streets of Boston, it became necessary to move a huge building known as the "Hotel Pelham." This building is of freestone, 96 feet high, and weighs 10,000 tons. It was moved 14 feet in three days, by means of rollers and screws, a portion of the sidewalk being also moved with it. So carefully and well was the work done, that not a crack was made in the building, and nothing in it was at all disturbed. Large crowds of people watched the process, and the fastest time accomplished was two inches in four minutes. A large bank building adjoining the hotel was used to brace the screws against. A great number of these screws, 21 inches long, were employed.

\$25,000 was paid the contractor for moving the hotel.

Some one has been going carefully over the expenses of royal families in Europe. It is found that in the aggregate the people of Europe pay about \$40,000,000 a year for the support of royalty. The most expensive of the monarchies is that of Russia, which costs \$8,500,000; followed by France, \$7,000,000; Turkey, \$6,600,000; Austria, \$4,000,000; Italy, \$3,200,000; Prussia, \$2,400,000; England, \$2,350,000; Bavaria, \$1,250,000; Portugal, \$665,000; Holland, \$500,000; Norway and Sweden, \$260,000; Denmark, \$240,000; Wurtemberg, \$220,000, and Rome, \$200,000. Spain and Greece do not appear in the list.

Geological Map of Central Europe.—It is asserted by Cosmos that a very greatly improved and enlarged geological map of Central Europe has been prepared and edited by the well-known geologist, *emeritus* Director-General of Mines for Prussia, Herr von Dechen. This new map is on a scale of 2,500,000ths, and embraces the whole of Germany, France, England, and adjacent countries. The same author has recently finished a large geological map, in 32 sheets, of Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia, which may be considered as one of the best ever executed of the kind, and one of the finest specimens of chromo-lithography ever published. The price of these works being very moderate, will insure them a largely extended sale.

Curious Fact in Physics.—We have all heard of artesian wells, but a wonderful novelty is now announced in Algeria in the shape of Artesian fisheries. A well lately sunk at Ain Sala to the depth of 44 metres threw up not only a large body of water, but, to the great surprise of the engineers, an innumerable quantity of small fish. These subterraneous vertebræ are described as being on an average half an inch in length, and resembling white bait both in appearance and taste. The female is distinguished from the male by the presence of dark-colored stripes on the upper part of the body. From the fact of the sand extracted from these wells being identical with that which forms the bed of the Nile, it is concluded that an underground communication must exist between them and that river.

The Cod.—Mr. Crowe, her Majesty's Consul-General at Norway, reports that the fecundity of the cod is beyond conception. It is well known that they visit the Loffenden Islands in dense shoals, generally in two or three tiers, one above the other, for the purpose of spawning. During the brief period the fishing lasts between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 fish are caught. The roes of the fish are slightly salted and shipped off to France, there to serve as ground bait for sardines; between 30,000 and 40,000 barrels are annually shipped for this purpose.

Flint Implements in the Valley of the Thames.—At the Exeter meeting of the British Association, Colonel Lane Fox gave an account of some investigations lately carried out at Acton and at various places along the Thames valley. He had found a large number of flint implements in such a position as to leave no doubt that the river Thames had once occupied banks 100 ft. higher than the present, and for many miles in width.

ART.

Fagnani's Nine Muses.—If Mr. Fagnani's nine large paintings were not exhibited in so conspicuous a manner, it would be scarcely worth while to make them the subject of extended comment. They are not pictures to interest or claim attention from the general public, and certainly they are not pictures with which the art critics need have much concern. But here they are, in a large room by themselves, set forth in a row, their names discreetly marked on them and beneath them, to make sure of their identity; and the visitor is supplied on application with a descriptive catalogue of such sumptuousness and cost as befits the quality of the ladies and their visitors. We have always felt a liking for Mr. Fagnani; for although most of his painting has the air of being done in the presence of wealth and fashion, he now and then puts into his faces a touch of innocence, a natural sweet simplicity, that partially redeems the uniform thinness of coloring and pretentiousness of style. But it was not easy, standing before the nine Muses, to recall any of these gracious traits. In that room the atmosphere of wealth and fashion was too much for naturalness, sweetness, or simplicity. Neither of the Muses would seem to have been present in spirit when this work was in hand. What spirit was present it were needless to say.

The pictures challenge admiration from three classes of persons, and on three distinct grounds. The lovers of classic art are invited to feast their eyes once more on those divine forms that embodied the Greek conceptions of æsthetic beauty. Can we ever gaze enough on those heavenly figures? The lovers of feminine beauty are invited to the rare privilege of beholding, on canvas indeed, but not exquisitely modest canvas, the most distinguished beauties of New York fashionable society. And in addition to this, nine large circles of friends are bidden to admire the portraits of their darlings. Art, if there were such a thing here, would be thrown into the shadow by so much of incidental and meretricious attraction. But as it is, were these attractions away, the art would be quite unappreciable. It looks even as if the artist, relying on his worldly fascinations, had excused himself from drawing on his resources. The poor muses have surely fallen on evil days if they are satisfied with these counterfeit presentments. Their genius has gone from them. The soul has fled. The grace has departed. The divine calling is forgotten. The dignity and grace have fled. They hold their instruments as if they did not know what they were made for, and were tired of carrying them. Their thoughts, if they have any, are intent on other and less happy things. The comic Thalia is about bursting into tears. The amorous Erato is vacant, cold, and sadly incommoded by her heavy lyre. Urania finds a globe harder than a cushion to lean on. Calliope has lost in our degenerate times the glow of epic inspiration, and is conscious that she is playing a part. Euterpe brandishes a flute as if it were a fan; and Clio is in no haste to pursue her historical studies. The muse of the lofty hymn, Polyhymnia, is more in the mood of a love song; and Terpsichore's dance suggests a different movement from that of the choral procession. The

muse is clearly a borrowed muse. These are no goddesses of heavenly art and song. They are simply pretty women, tricked out in garments no human creature could wear, and affecting characters they do not comprehend and cannot imitate. Pretty women they are, very pretty; at least they would be if they were becomingly dressed, and placed quietly at home, instead of being transported into the uncongenial regions of classical mythology. The circumstances are particularly trying to loveliness, and they are not to blame if they appear awkwardly in postures they probably never assumed, except in the artist's studio, and in costumes it would be quite impossible for them to carry.

Of the merits of the pictures, considered as portraits, it is for those to judge who know the ladies personally. It would be pleasanter, on the whole, we should think, to believe that the likenesses were not good, for then they might pass for fancy pictures, and by and by be rolled up and laid away without offence to any private feeling. We should be sorry to see dear charming friends of ours playing a part in so unworthy an attempt to give the prestige of notoriety to very poor art.—*Tribune.*

Adolf Stahr, in his charming book *Ein Winter in Rom*, just published in Berlin, makes an amusing exposition of the signification of the *soprannomi* of the most celebrated Italian painters. Most of these names were originally given by boon companions, but stuck to the artists, and finally usurped, in the history of Italian art, the true name of the artist. Thus we all know of Guercino, which means "the little squirt" his true family name being Barbieri. Robusti was called Tintoretto, "the little dyer," by which name alone he is now known. So also Barberelli was, and is still, called "Giorgione" (fat George), Conradi as Ghirlandajo (the garland maker), Ribera as Spagnoletto (the little Spaniard), Andrea Vanucchi as Andrea del Sarto (Tailor's Andrea). There are also two well-known painters mentioned nowadays as Lucca della Robbia (Madder Luke), and Masaccio (Dirt Thomas), whose real names it would now be difficult to discover.

It will be recollected that the Reformers of our National Academy of Design obtained control of the institution at the elections last Spring, carrying all except the higher executive offices. It seems that these also will fall into their hands without the necessity for another struggle. Mr. Huntington, who has been President for so long, has put his resignation in the hands of the Managing Committee, and Mr. Page, a thoroughly liberal and progressive man, and one of our best artists, is spoken of as his successor. This may be said finally to terminate the conflict in favor of the Reformers. The Academy is now entirely under their control, and the public will hold them responsible for carrying into effect the original designs of the institution—namely, the fostering of national (not local) art, and the establishing of art schools, where students may obtain instruction in the routine of their art.

There is to be an Exhibition of Ecclesiastic Art in Rome during the session of the Ecumenical Council.

The poverty of Italy in artists has just been illustrated in a singular manner. The Committee having in charge the erection of a monument to Manin, in Venice, offered a prize for the best design. Forty-four models were sent, every one of which was rejected, on account of an utter lack of artistic merit. The most of them were imaginary figures, without the slightest resemblance to Manin.

The Giornale di Napoli announces that the picture of a battle, recently discovered at Pompeii, will be shortly placed in the Neapolitan Museum. The same journal adds that the excavations at Herculaneum, notwithstanding the zeal of the director, Commander Fiorelli, go on but slowly.

Jean Pierre Danton, a noted sculptor of the grotesque, has recently died in Paris, in his sixty-ninth year. His caricatures of famous men are numerous and said to be unequalled. His most serious works include a statue of Boieldieu, now in Rouen, one of Adelaide Kemble, one of Rose Chéri, with busts of Grisi, Cherubini, and Thalberg.

The Earl of Rosse, the distinguished astronomer, has been honored with a cenotaph in the church at Parsonstown, Ireland. The inscription (after the usual specifications) says: "He was renowned in the loftiest range of science, and he revealed to mankind, by the unrivalled creation of his genius, a wider vision of the glory of God."

The Ladies' Art Association, of this city, reorganized a few months since, numbers about thirty-five members, all artists. A very interesting collection of their paintings is on exhibition at the rooms of the Woman's Bureau, in Twenty-third Street, near Fourth Avenue. The Association has hired studios in Clinton Hall, for the purpose of assisting the younger artists by furnishing them easel-room at a moderate rate.

"*The Poet of our Woods*" is the title of an important picture upon which Hennessy is now engaged. It represents the poet William Cullen Bryant seated in his favorite woods, and in a characteristic attitude and mood of contemplation. Mr. Bryant has given Mr. Hennessy several sittings for the picture.

An interesting discovery has been made in the crypt of the church of St. Geryon, in Cologne. After removing fifty coats of whitewash from the vaulted ceilings, a series of superb fresco paintings, three or four centuries old, was revealed. The work of restoration is now going on.

Belgian Art has sustained a severe loss this year in the death of Baron Leys. He died in Antwerp, where he was born, on the 26th of last August, fifty-four years old.

Bayard Taylor says, in Putnam's Magazine, that if the present practice of giving the honor of a monument to every celebrity, major and minor, continues for two or three centuries, Europe will resemble an immense Central Park.

There are said to be not less than one hundred colored men in Rome studying for the priesthood, with a view to extending Roman Catholicism among the freedmen of the South.

Luigi Poletti, the most famous Italian architect, has just died in Milan, at the age of sixty-seven. His last work was to direct the reconstruction of the Church of St. Paul, at Rome.

George Jones, for a long time Keeper and Librarian of the London Royal Academy, has just died. He was one of the oldest members of the Academy, and a contemporary of Chantrey and Turner.

At last Oliver Cromwell is to have the honor of a statue in England. It will be the work of the sculptor Noble, and will be placed in the City Hall, Manchester.

The Egyptian Museum at Cairo, under the direction of Mariette Bey, has become one of the finest collections in the world.

A statue of the great composer Handel, by Neuber, has just been placed in the Church of St. Nichol, at Hamburg.

The Brooklyn Art Association will commence immediately the erection of their art building on lots adjoining the Academy of Music.

It will be in accordance with plans prepared by Mr. J. C. Cady, and is estimated to cost \$100,000, exclusive of the value of the lots.

It is stated that a discovery of forty-two pictures by the celebrated Spanish landscape painter, Goya, has been made at the palace of the Escorial, in Madrid.

A statue of George Peabody is to be erected in Rome by order of the Pope. Pio Nono is a warm admirer of the great American philanthropist.

A monument to the French composer, Chopin, is to be erected in Warsaw. Prince Orloff heads the subscription-list.

A fresh attempt is to be made to redecorate and beautify St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.

Lamartine's photograph has been sold to the extent of five million copies in France.

VARIETIES.

Early Inventions of the Chinese.—Other nations have outstripped the Chinese in the career of material improvement, but to them belongs the honor of having led the way in many of the most remarkable inventions, and of anticipating us in the possession of some of those arts which constitute the boast of our modern civilization. We shall briefly notice a few of those discoveries by which they have established a claim to our respect and gratitude. Tea deserves to head the list, as a substantial contribution to human comfort, and the leading staple of an immense commerce that has resulted in drawing China out of her ancient seclusion. Discovered by the Chinese about A. D. 315,

it was introduced to the people of the West about two centuries ago as an uncertain venture. The elegant ware in which our tea is served preserves in its name the evidence of its Chinese origin. "China-ware" came originally from China; and the name of "porcelain," given to it by the early Portuguese merchants, may be taken as proof that nothing of the kind was at that time manufactured in Europe. They called it *porcellana*, because they supposed it to be a composition of egg-shells, fish-glue, and scales. The silks that glisten in our drawing-rooms and rustle on our sidewalks, if not imported directly from China in the woven fabric or the raw material, remind us of an obligation of an older date. It was the Chinese who first learned to rear the insect spinner and to weave its shining web—an art which they ascribe to their famous empress Yuenfei, B. C. 2637. Gunpowder, which has not only revolutionized the art of war, but proved a potent auxiliary in the arts of peace, literally removing mountains from the pathway of human progress, was discovered by the Chinese many centuries before it was known in the West. Roger Bacon was acquainted with its composition in A. D. 1270; but he speaks of it as already known earlier. The current opinion refers it to the Arabs, but there is reason to believe that they were not authors of the invention, but merely the channel through which it was transmitted—in a word, that it found its way from the remote East along with the stream of Oriental commerce.

The heaviest item in the bill of our indebtedness to the Chinese is for the discovery of America. On the alleged voyage of a party of Buddhist priests to the shores of Mexico we lay no stress; but it is not difficult to show that the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus was directly due to the influence of China. China supplied at once the motive for his voyage and the instrument by which it was effected. It was the wealth of China which, like a magnet, attracted him to the westward; and it was the magnetic needle, which originated among the Chinese, that directed his adventurous course.

As to that mysterious instrument which has unlocked to us the treasures of the ocean, and proved itself the eye of commerce, its origin is certainly not due to the Neapolitan Flavio Gioja, who is reputed to have invented it in A. D. 1302. The French, the Swedes, and the Syrians all possessed it before that date; and there is unquestionable evidence that the Chinese had then been acquainted with it for more than two thousand four hundred years. The Chinese first employed the mariner's compass on land, as we may infer from the name by which they describe it; and at the present day it is still the custom for a mandarin to carry one in his carriage or sedan-chair, though he may not be going beyond the gates of his native city. It is inconceivable that the Polos and other mediæval travellers should have returned from China across the deserts of Central Asia without providing themselves with such an unerring guide.

Paper-making and printing, two arts more characteristic of our modern civilization than even steam and electricity, there are strong reasons for ascribing to a Chinese origin. The former they invented in the first century, and the latter at least eight hundred years before the time of Gutenberg and Faust.

Inoculation, which, prior to the great discovery of Jenner, was regarded as the best protection against the horrors of the small-pox, was practised in China at a very early period, and probably found its way to Europe by the same secret channels as those other arts whose footsteps are so difficult to trace. Western Europe obtained it from the Turks, Lady Mary Wortley Montague having made the first experiment of its efficacy by inoculating her son while residing at Constantinople.

Like the modern Greeks, the Chinese of the present day, content with the legacy of the past, have ceased to invent; but without doubt they were once among the most ingenious and original of the inhabitants of the earth.

The Chinese have not gone back, and that is saying a great deal in their favor; but in respect to material progress, for ages they have made no advancement. Four centuries ago they were in advance of Europeans in everything that contributes to the comfort or luxury of civilized life; but where are they now? Authors of the compass, they creep from headland to headland in coasting voyages, never venturing to cross the ocean or to trust themselves for many days out of sight of the shore. Discoverers of gunpowder, they supply the world with fire-crackers, while their soldiers fight with bows and arrows, wooden spears, and matchlocks. Inventors of printing, they have not yet advanced to the use of metallic type and the power-press, but continue to engrave each page on a block of wood and to print it off by the use of a brush. Sufficiently versed in astronomy to calculate eclipses two thousand years before the Christian era, they remain to this hour in the fetters of judicial astrology; and among the earliest to make advances in chemical discovery, they are still under the full sway of alchemy and magic.—W. H. P. Martin, in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

The Empress of the French and her Toilette.—The Paris correspondent of the *Court Journal* says: Her Majesty, whose resources of imagination are boundless, has invented a toilet car, wherein her whole dress may be changed without inconvenience or loss of time. Thus, on her arrival at Lyons, after having passed by the last station in a plain travelling costume of little black straw hat and wreath of flowers, a tight black tunic, and dark blue skirt, she appeared at the *gare* of Lyons, where the authorities were waiting to see her, in a magnificent court dress of sea-green satin, with a long train of the same fastened on each shoulder with a dark red rose; a splendid pearl necklace clasped with rubies, and a coiffure of water lilies and ruby studs, to the immense admiration of the bourgeois of the place, who felt the compliment and acknowledged it accordingly.

Married Men.—There is an expression in the face of a good married man who has a good wife, that a bachelor's cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad breast is a pillow for somebody's head, and that little fingers pull his whiskers. No one ever mistakes the good married man. It is only the erratic one who leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generally agreeable to the ladies, and yet

never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

The following list of the ages of living American authors will, no doubt, prove of interest to our readers. It has been compiled with care, and will be found, we think, entirely correct: Gulian C. Verplanck, 87; Richard H. Dana, 83; George Ticknor and Charles Sprague, 78; John Neal, 76; John P. Kennedy, 75; Sarah J. Hale, 74; Wm. Cullen Bryant, 73; Stephen H. Tyng, Francis Lieber, and George Bancroft, 70; Wm. H. Seward and Catherine E. Beecher, 69; Lydia M. Child and Leonard W. Bacon, 68; William H. Furness and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 67; Horace Bushnell and George D. Prentice, 66; William Gilmore Simms and M. F. Maury, 64; Theodore S. Fay, John G. Whittier, Louis Agassiz, and H. W. Longfellow, 63; James Freeman Clarke, Isaac McLellan, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, 60; Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, and Alfred B. Street, 59; Harriet Beecher Stowe and Samuel Osgood, 58; C. R. Cranch and John S. Dwight, 57; J. T. Headley, W. H. C. Hosmer, H. T. Tuckerman, Henry W. Bellows, Henry Ward Beecher, and E. H. Chapin, 56; Richard H. Dana, Jr., and John Lothrop Motley, 55; John G. Saxe and Epes Sargent, 54; E. A. Duyckinck and Parke Godwin, 53; James T. Fields, John Bigelow, and Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 52; William E. Channing, Henry Giles, Mrs. E. D. Southworth, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, F. S. Cozzens, E. P. Whipple, and James Russell Lowell, 51; Julia Ward Howe, Thomas W. Parsons, C. A. Bristed, and Herman Melville, 50; T. B. Read, Samuel Eliot, J. G. Holland, and Edward Everett Hale, 48; Alice Cary, William R. Alger, James Parton, and Donald G. Mitchell, 47; Francis Parkman and George W. Curtis, 46; Richard H. Stoddard, George H. Boker, Bayard Taylor, and Charles G. Leland, 45; Mary A. Denison and Charles L. Brace, 43; Paul H. Hayne, Mary L. Booth, and William Croswell Doane, 38; William Swinton, 36; Ellen Louise Chandler and James Grant Wilson, 35; Thomas B. Aldrich and E. S. Rand, Jr., 33.—*Appletons' Journal*.

Byron in Bed.—Upon one occasion he found the poet in bed, with his hair *en papillote*, upon which Scrope cried, "Ha! ha! Byron, I have at last caught you acting the part of the Sleeping Beauty." Byron, in a rage, exclaimed, "No, Scrope, the part of a — fool, you should have said."—"Well, then, anything you please; but you have succeeded admirably in deceiving your friends, for it was my conviction that your hair curled naturally."—"Yes, naturally, every night," returned the poet; "but do not, my dear Scrope, let the cat out of the bag, for I am as vain of my curls as a girl of 16."—*Gronow's Reminiscences*.

The Expedition Under Sir Samuel Baker.—A letter from Alexandria, dated the 26th ult., says:—"The expedition to Central Africa, which the Egyptian Government has directed to be organized under the superintendence of Sir Samuel Baker, will shortly proceed on its journey. Great political results are expected from this undertaking, which it is anticipated will lead to the conquest of very extensive and wealthy territories for the Viceroy. Sir Samuel Baker has been given the

rank of Bey, and has engaged to remain for four years in the Egyptian service. The force at his disposal is to consist of 1,500 men, selected from the Viceroy's best troops in Soudan, and placed under the command of an experienced officer. Hostile operations will probably commence in the country of the Bari tribe, which, though nominally under the Egyptian rule, has hitherto refused to recognize it. The five iron river steamers ordered by Baker Bey in England are daily expected, and the Egyptian Government has spared no expense in order to secure the success of the expedition. The cost of the preliminary outfits, &c., already amounts to 25,000*l*. This expenditure, however, is expected to be recovered in the first year of the expedition."

A Vast Literary Undertaking.—A literary undertaking of vast extent has been projected by a society of savans in Paris, having for its object the reproduction of all the masterpieces of literature which have appeared in ancient and modern times. The title of the work is the "Bibliothèque Internationale Universelle," and it is to consist of some 200 volumes in large octavo, to be issued at the rate of two volumes each month, at an unprecedentedly low price to subscribers. The works reprinted are to be in the best French translations, and are to appear on a prescribed plan, in order to show how primitive ideas have been developed into organized forms, and how these have undergone transformations and produced reactions upon spheres beyond their own. The French Government has recognized the importance of the work, and has approved its publication, and many eminent men have promised their co-operation.

Foot's Puzzle.—Macklin was once lecturing upon literature and the stage, and in discussing the education of memory, boasted that he could repeat any formula of words after once hearing it. Foote at once wrote and sent him that riddle that has since grown so famous:—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picininnies, the Joblillies, and the Gayrulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself with the little round button at the top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Macklin failed, and so has everybody else that ever tried to repeat it.

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